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LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
PHILLIPS BROOKS

VOLUME II

Aet. 27

Phillips Brooks

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

PHILLIPS BROOKS

BY

ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN

Professor in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge

With Portraits and Illustrations

VOLUME II

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF

PHILLIPS BROOKS

CHAPTER I

1865

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. THE DEATH OF LINCOLN. THE PRAYER AT HARVARD. DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE

The year 1865 was memorable in the history of the republic, memorable also in the experience of Phillips Brooks. In connection with the closing scenes of the war, its victories and its tragedies alike, his personal power reached the climax of its influence and eloquent expression. He had become so identified with the national life that other interests, his family, his parish, might seem to be in the background of his consciousness. But the home correspondence went on undiminished in frequency and interest. Incidents also were occurring of no slight importance in his successful career as a parish minister. First among these was the completion of his scheme for endowing a professorship in the Divinity School. The contributors to the fund had met, and given to Mr. Brooks the power to nominate the incumbent of the position. On Epiphany Day, he sent to the trustees the name of Rev. D. L. Goodwin, then provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and a few days later he waited on Dr. Goodwin in company with Mr. John Bohlen and the Rev. Dr. Howe, to inform him of his election. On that piece of work he felicitated himself, then and afterwards, as something good to have done.

Early in the year there came to him two urgent calls from parishes in San Francisco, — one to a church with fine prospects, but still in its beginnings, and another from Grace Church, whose rectorship, made vacant by the resignation of Bishop Kip, was offered to him, with the inducements of the finest church building on the Pacific coast or west of the

Alleghanies, and a salary of $7000 in gold. These invitations were at once declined, but they left their effect in his soul, the vague longing to be connected with a new country in its new life, free from the trammels, as they seemed, of an older civilization.

As he passed into the season of Lent, he remarks that he never had more enjoyed its peculiar work and privileges. He seems, however, to have been annoyed with a circular which he had received, giving a list of daily services in Emmanuel Church, Boston, under the rectorship of Rev. F. D. Huntington. It was a sign of coming changes in the Episcopal Church, which he did not wholly welcome. "We don't undertake anything like that," he says in reply; "only a Wednesday evening and a Friday afternoon service."

Early in the year he had paid a short visit to Boston, availing himself of the opportunity afforded by being in its vicinity at Providence, where he had gone to deliver his sermon on the Prayer Book. His father had looked forward to this visit with pleasure, and his mother with great joy. But his father had complained that he did not preach in Boston. He was constantly being asked by his friends and others why Phillips did not come oftener to Boston, that they might have the pleasure of hearing him. It was an old question, and Phillips shows some sensitiveness in his reply. He disclaims with some vehemence the inference, which he fears his father draws, that he does not care to preach in Boston. Thus were the intimations on the increase which foretold the final transfer. But at this time his attachment to Philadelphia was at its strongest. To his brother he writes, defending it in a comparative estimate of cities: —

PHILADELPHIA, February 20, 1865.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Hurrah for Columbia! Is n't Sherman a gem? I ought perhaps to be shouting for Charleston. But that shall be yours for next Saturday. It certainly does look as if we were seeing the way safely through, and by the time I see you again, after the great battle has been fought (for that I believe has got to come), we may shake hands over peace. Everything here quiet and calm. Philadelphia does n't easily get stirred up.

We sit still and look at constitutional amendments, great cities taken, and all that, and are just as glad as anybody if we don't have jubilation meetings or fire a great many cannons. Northern people are apt to sneer at us, but there is no city which has done more for the war, been readier with its regiments, done more for the Freedmen, or kept up the Sanitary and Christian Commissions more splendidly. Don't sneer at Philadelphia. She 's a splendid city.

He writes home, in answer to his father's inquiries, encouraging reports about his brother Frederick in the Divinity School. His father was wondering what kind of a preacher Frederick would make, and how he would appear in the pulpit. Phillips replies that "Fred held a service in Mr. Cooper's Mission Chapel last Sunday evening, and made an address. I hear that he did very well indeed." And his father rejoins: "Your notice of Fred was very gratifying. I have great hopes of Frederick because I think he is conscientious in his profession. . . . I don't know that I can just fix in my mind's eye what Fred's address and style before an audience would be, except generally it would be an interesting one." In this forecast his father was not mistaken.

The interest of Mr. Brooks in the freedmen and his activity in their cause continued unabated. He was proud of his aunt Susan for the work she was doing for them in Washington. "What a great character," he writes to his father, "Miss Susan is becoming. I hope her fame won't turn her head." He was very determined about the matter of the street cars, from which in Philadelphia the negroes were still excluded. "A week from to-night (January 13) we are going to have a great meeting here to try to get rid of our special Philadelphia iniquity of excluding the negroes from the cars. I think it will do the work. The meeting will be held either in Concert Hall or the Academy of Music. There are to be a number of speeches, and I have promised to make one." When he hears that the Episcopal Church in Boston is becoming interested in the same cause, he expresses his pleasure, and thinks it will do the church as much good as the

freedmen. But on reflection he changes his mind, and deprecates the effort to take the great movement into denominational channels.

Saturday, March 4, 1865.

I hoped before to-day we should have heard from Sherman definitely. It has been a very anxious week. I cannot feel he is in any great danger, but it will certainly be a great relief when we get certain news. A letter from Father to-day with an account of the new Episcopal Freedmen's Society. It won't do much with —— to engineer it, although there is a clear ground on which even a pro-slavery man may go in for helping these people. I have yet to see the man who is not an abolitionist who is really bravely and strongly in favor of giving them the rights and the education of freedom. And then besides I doubt the expediency of special church action at present. It cannot certainly take the work of the larger organizations. I would rather see it carried on as a great national religious movement, such as it has been under our Freedmen's Aid Societies. Still, if the Episcopal Church in Boston wants to help the negro let it try. It won't do the negro any harm, and it will do itself great good. If you get a chance to talk to any of them put the thing on its own ground as a part of the work of Emancipation. I am going to Harrisburg for a Freedmen's meeting next week.

Willie Huntington preaches for the Church Home in my church to-morrow evening.

Philadelphia, March 18, 1865.

I have had three letters this last week, one from you and one from John and one from Mother. It is first-rate. I like the sensation, and wish you would all keep it up. Tell Mother I shall answer hers just as soon as I can get a moment. I cannot thank her enough for it. Fred was in this evening (indeed he has just left my big chair, where his sluggish length has been stretched out for two hours while I have been finishing my sermon). He 's got a new hat!! and he is in the same state of exhilaration about the letters he has been getting. So you see we are both of us pretty happy.

These are my busiest weeks. I am hard at work in many ways, but never enjoyed a Lent more than I do this. The people seem to enjoy it too. Our church is always full, and our Confirmation class which I have just opened — Confirmation comes the 14th of May — is already filling up.

Last Monday evening I spent at Harrisburg. We held a meeting in the Court House and had a pretty good audience. The

cause seems to be growing there. My next work in this line is to be at a big meeting at the Cooper Institute in New York about the first of May. It is to be the beginning of more united action among various societies. Beecher is to speak for the New York Society, Governor Andrew for the Boston, and I am to bear the responsibility of Ours. A great time is expected. For Particulars see small bills.

Good news this week again. Sherman and Sheridan are doing nobly. It is only a question of time now, and I begin to be quite interested in wondering which of us will have it his turn to write hurrah for Richmond. Gold is down, but I have n't got any, have you?

Saturday, April, 1865.

This is All Fools' Day. I have run no risks yet, for I have been sitting still by my table all the morning writing. Perhaps I have made a fool of myself there however. Out of the window I have seen many small boys fastening pieces of paper on to people's backs, and watching mysterious-looking paper bundles that are lying on the sidewalk. I think I remember that we used to be up to some tricks of the same sort ourselves.

Many thanks for the Report of the Episcopal Freedmen's Meeting. It is all very well as far as it goes, and I hope it will do good, but I don't think very much of a society with that list of officers.

Grant is moving again, and just as he moves, there comes this long rainstorm. I hope it has not reached and hindered him. If Sheridan can only succeed in Berkesville it does seem as if the last chance were up with them. We may have peace by Easter yet. Fred is going to leave me for you next week. Be sure you take good care of him and return him safe and sound. I had some hope of getting home myself at Easter, but I have n't been able to. I can't get away, there are so many irons in the fire. We are going to have a fine time at Easter with our Sunday-schools. I hope Father will come back with Fred. We want to see him very much.

Business men here seem to be getting anxious and troubled, but look as if they would take peace if it cost them all they had.

In the spring of 1865 all other things were subordinate to the one great event, the close of the civil war. What that meant to those who for four long weary years had followed, in its varying fortunes, the fratricidal struggle, it is impossible to describe. It was something personal and close to every

heart. But to Phillips Brooks it was even more than it was to others. In his career it was a momentous epoch. He was carried away by a bewildering enthusiasm, to which ordinary rules are inapplicable. His greatness is seen most distinctly in this, that he could be taken out of himself by the fire and sensibility of his genius, till he lived in the life of the nation and became the spokesman of a whole people. To his imagination the war had appeared as a Titanic conflict between two great forces, as though heaven had entered into a contest with earth, when Freedom and Slavery became the contestants for the possession of American nationality. What he had watched in its incipient stages, as a student in the Virginia seminary, he was now to behold in its final act, when the awful tragedy of the drama should close in a manner to justify and consecrate anew every principle which he held most sacred. It was God directly appearing on the stage of human affairs, an overpowering revelation of the divine will.

When the end came at last, it seemed to come suddenly and by divine intervention. Yet events had been moving fast in this direction. On February 20 had come the news of the taking of Columbia, S. C. This had been followed, on February 21, by the news of the evacuation of Charleston. On the 22d of February, Washington's Birthday, Fort Sumter had been retaken. Then there was a pause, while General Grant, with an army larger than ever before had been marshalled in human history, confronted the stronghold of the Southern Confederacy. It was on Monday, April 3, that the Union troops entered the city of Richmond. On the night of the fall of Richmond, his young friend Franks, who was staying with Mr. Brooks, remembers how he said before retiring, "Let us kneel down and pray." It was the impromptu thanksgiving of one who was surprised in his joy. On the next day, Tuesday, April 4, there was a meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia in front of Independence Hall, where Phillips Brooks made the prayer. Among his papers is found a rough draft, which may correspond in some measure with the actual utterance.

O Almighty God, the Sovereign Commander of all the world, in whose hands is power and might which none is able to withstand: we bless and praise, we laud and magnify, Thy glorious name.

We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

We thank Thee, O God, for the power of Thy right arm which has broken for us a way, and set the banner of our Union in the central city of treason and rebellion. We thank Thee for the triumph of right over wrong. We thank Thee for the feet of loyal soldiers planted in the streets of wickedness. We thank Thee for the wisdom and bravery and devotion which thou hast anointed for Thy work and crowned to-day with glorious victory.

Thou hast led us, O our God, by wondrous ways. Thou hast opened the deep sea before us to pass through. Thou hast made the walls of our enemies to fall before us. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the praise for Thy loving mercy and Thy truth's sake.

O God our Father, teach us the true spirit of thankfulness and praise. Not in mere exaltation, not in bitter and revengeful malice, not in mere pride and selfishness, but in a solemn reverence, in a profound humility, in an absorbing and controlling sense of Thee, may we bow down our glad heads and thank Thee for the triumph which Thou hast given to Thine own dear cause of Law and Truth, of Human Progress and Human Liberty. Glory! Glory to Thy name. May we stand still and hold in our breath and know that Thou hast done it.

And now, O God, we pray Thee to complete Thy work. Whatever yet remains to do, oh, do it for us. Thou who hast triumphed gloriously desert us not, complete Thy triumph. Pour yet more constancy and long-suffering into the hearts of Thy people. Clothe with new might the arms of our brave soldiers. Turn back rebellious hearts to their allegiance. And if new conflict must yet come, give, we beseech Thee, victory to our armies till the great work is done, and there is no longer a rebel or a slave in all our Land; till, in the perfect triumph of the right, peace shall come down, Thy peace, and rest upon us.

We intercede before Thee for the wounded and the suffering, for brave men bleeding in Thy cause, for captives in the hands of the enemy. Give them Thy strength and comfort. Stir up our hearts to help them. Be their God and friend. Come with Thy tenderest consolations to all the hearts that Thou hast wounded, into the homes that Thou hast broken. Lift all Thy people up, not only to noble action, but to patient suffering. Be the God of mercy as Thou art the God of strength.

We stand in the presence of this Victory, O Lord, and anew, deliberately and solemnly and to the end, we pledge ourselves to Thee. Take us, our strength, our means, our all, Us and our Land, for Thine. We dedicate the country Thou hast saved to a purer life, a more religious, unselfish patriotism, a deeper loyalty to the great kingship of Thy Son. Work out in her, by her, what purposes Thou wilt. She is not ours, but Thine, henceforth. We are Thy servants. Give us willing and patient hearts and hands till Thou shalt create in our country Thy chosen pattern of Christian Government and Christian Liberty, before the nations of the earth.

Father, we stand before Thee, and know not how to speak. Read Thou our hearts and see our thankfulness. Thou art our God, and we will praise Thee. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We look up into Thy face, O Thou who hast done great things for us, and beg Thee to hear our thanksgiving and to answer all our prayers for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour and our Lord.

On Thursday, April 6, there was a flag-raising at the Divinity School, when "the beautiful flag," says the report, "was flung to the breeze by Mr. Frederick Brooks," and "the Rev. Phillips Brooks made a very eloquent speech." The following Sunday had been appointed as a day of thanksgiving by Governor Curtin. To the preparation of his sermon he now devoted himself.

Friday, April 7, 1865. Began sermon on Luke xix. 40 ["And he answered and said unto them, I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out"]. . . . Sheridan still pursuing Lee and has routed him terribly.

Saturday, April 8, 1865. A. M. Finished sermon for to-morrow.

Sunday, April 9, 1865. Next before Easter. Thanksgiving for victories. A. M., at Holy Trinity I read, and preached, Luke xix. 40. . . . Ten P. M., news arrived of surrender of Lee with his whole army to General Grant.

He referred in his sermon [says the newspaper report] to the recurrence of Palm Sunday in the Christian year, and of the triumphal entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, of the strewing of palms in his way, of the Pharisees asking that the disciples be restrained in their jubilations, and of Christ answering in the words of the text. . . . He hoped that all had come with hearts

of gratitude to God, and were ready to say, "Blessed be the Lord, for he hath shown us his marvellous kindness in a great city." . . . Men sang praises because they could not help it. Did you ever see anything so unprecedented as the joy that began in the morning (April 3) and continued long into nightfall? If on that day any Pharisee had asked that the joy should be stopped, we could have said, "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." And if the people here had failed to give utterance to their joyful feelings, there are hearts in the furthest corners of the earth which would rise up for joy at the great Christian triumph.

Thus he passed into Passion Week with its daily services. On Monday he records that he was "down town. Great excitement about the news." On Maundy Thursday, in the evening, there was the administration of the holy communion at the Church of the Holy Trinity. On Good Friday he preached from Matt. xxviii. 6,[1] and began the writing of his Easter sermon on the text John xii. 24.[2] Early in the morning of Saturday came the news of the great sorrow, which turned the jubilation into weeping.

Saturday, April 15, 1865. This morning we woke up to hear that Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States, was murdered last night in Washington. The whole land is deep in sorrow, and there is nothing to do but to pray for help.

Saturday, April 15, 1865.

My dear William, — I cannot write to you to-day. I had hoped to write a jubilant letter for Victory and Easter, but though neither of these things is taken from us they are shadowed out of sight by this fearful news. May God help us to bear it.

Sunday, April 16, 1865. Easter Day. A sad Easter Day. A. M. I spoke to the Sunday-school of Mr. Lincoln. Then at church I read and spoke again of the President.

On this Easter Day the churches were draped in mourning. The Church of the Holy Trinity was the centre of attraction and was crowded to its utmost capacity, for there

[1] "He is not here: for he is risen as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay."

[2] "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

was a general expectation that something would be said to meet the want of the people. The people were not mistaken, for in the heart of Phillips Brooks there had grown up unbounded admiration for the martyred President. He had not intended to speak, but his soul was full, and when he saw the waiting congregation and felt the expectation, he poured forth his thought and emotion in an address, of which there was the following report in the newspapers: —

My Friends, Easter Day is not what we expected it to be. We have not met this morning with that jubilant rejoicing of hearts for which there was no language but singing praises to God, such as we expected to bring here to-day; and yet I would not think, and I would not for one moment have you think, that any part of our Easter service, or any thought appropriate to Easter Day, is unfit for the solemn and sad associations which we bring into our church this morning. If ever we ought to thank God for Easter Day, it is to-day. If ever our whole hearts and souls ought to be in the spirit of Easter Day, it is this Easter Day above all others; for Easter celebrates the glorious victory through Christ of humanity over the grave. . . . Even when sadness is upon us heavy as it is to-day; when death in its most terrible personal form has come upon us; when death has dealt to us a most tremendous blow, do we not need the Easter Day of all days, — the story of how Christ, the martyr, conquered death and rose above it, and out of His resurrection hope came to all the world He had redeemed?

I confess that there is one thing which surprised me yesterday when I read in some of our papers that natural allusion which occurred to all men, to the correspondence between the day of the death of our martyred President and the day on which our Lord was crucified in our behalf, and I saw that the papers, almost with a tone of apology, spoke as if it were a lack of reverence to associate the two, as if there were some degradation to the dignity of Christ's nature when we took the day of his death and called it a fit day for one to lay down his life for a noble cause. I feel that if there were any day in all the year fit for martyrdom; if there were any day when one was to be a martyr for the cause he loved, might choose above all others, it would be that Friday which, with all the solemnity and sadness which hung about it to those who love their Lord and Master, the whole Christian world has risen up in its gratitude and called Good Friday. . . . For remember what Christ is. Christ was not

merely a God who stood above us; the very meaning of Christ's coming into this world is that He was a divinely human being in whom every high quality of man was shown forth in its perfection, so that all goodness thenceforth was to be but the copy of the life of Jesus Christ, the perfect man. If there has been any high heroism in the world, any triumph over evil and iniquity, it has been only a faint repetition of that great work which the Perfect Man did when He triumphed once for all over sin, in behalf of His redeemed world. If there has been any man setting himself earnestly against iniquity as he found it at his especial time and place, it has been only a rebound from that courage with which Christ set himself against the wickedness that was in the world at his time. And if so be that another Pontius Pilate, as weak as he, is made the agent of an iniquity as deep as that which brought the suffering Saviour to His death, and comes up and strikes at another man pure and good and true to some high object, shall we not say that the day is fit? Do we not know that God has done all things, even the least things that concern Him, well? And then when we pass from Good Friday into Easter Day, shall we say that there is no association when we see that same Christ, martyred for the sins of man, laying down his life meekly and humbly for a great and noble cause, after patiently suffering for it during his three years, rising gloriously from the grave and shedding thenceforth an influence which his mere personal presence would not have attained? And may we not derive example and inspiration from this new martyrdom and look forward to the resurrection that is promised out of it? Thus take, my dear friends, everything out of the parable of those old times, and without a fear of irreverence (feeling that it is the most reverent thing that we can do) apply it to this trial in the midst of which we live, and make it a lesson which shall be the solemnizing strength of all our lives, that henceforth we may be worthy of having lived in the time, and seen the life and death of Abraham Lincoln.

Of that man it is not time now to speak. We are met to-day not to eulogize the dead, but simply to pour out our tears before the Living God in company with the living. We are met not as those who meet in an assemblage to praise some great man of the world. We are met like children who gather round the hearth-stone the night their father dies, to tell one another how they loved him, and how they mourn his loss. We are met with a distinctive personal feeling that every one of us has suffered in the loss, not merely of a President who ruled in the interests of our State, but of a man who was to us a friend. If anything struck us as we walked the streets yesterday, it was not the mere solemnity which

realized an awful national loss; we also felt how near home that loss had come.

When the character of Abraham Lincoln comes to be gathered up, it seems to me that this is what shall be said of him, that of all the men who have ever lived in these United States, and come forth into prominence before the world, he was the man most distinctly and in the best and truest sense an American; and he is to stand so before the nations in coming time. . . . In him was represented the majesty of those simplest virtues which all mankind honor and admire, and which so few men are inclined to cultivate and praise by the personal practice of their own lives. . . . His moral character, too, as distinguished above the intellectual, is beginning to be appreciated. . . . If there were anything in this man which shone forth conspicuously to his honor, it was the instinctive love of truth which was in him. Here was a man who had stood before the world, a most searching world, at a singularly eventful period, and up to the day when he laid down his life for the truth . . . he spoke the words which his nature urged him to speak. Bravely and boldly he told it, no matter how men might differ with him or seek to dissuade him. . . . The sublime independence of this man . . . led him to go forward as fast as his conscience drove him and not faster because others would drag him forward. . . . We knew that we had a true man to rely upon. Where shall we find another that shall take his place? The earnestness with which he rebuked the old conservatism and the vast radicalism of our time at once — the noble independence with which he came forward, and in the face of all men stooped down and took up the quivering slave . . . and said, "My brother, my poor brother, I and my people will protect you." . . .

Shall I say more? Yes, there is more to say, for when we speak of the truth and independence of such a man, they are only vestibules to that higher quality, his reverent fear of God. I believe from my heart that if there be a man who has left on record that he was a Christian man, a servant and follower of Jesus Christ, it is he who lies dead in the coffin to-day. What are the evidences of the service of Christ? If they be a constant submission to His will, an habitual reverence to His authority, an eye that always looks up in danger for deliverance, and looks up in success for thankfulness, an eye that always seeks out a guidance which is not of man but of God, which is always ready to be led and is always afraid of going beyond the commands of a Higher Voice — if this constitutes a Christian character, all this there was in him. We rejoice in the hope not merely of a noble

influence for our country, but of a glorious resurrection and an eternal life for him whom we have revered as a father and loved more than we could love any human friend. . . .

Dear Friends, I would that I might speak one word to that class in this congregation with whom my sympathies are always deepest, — the young men of this people. Abraham Lincoln has been the noblest type of American character. Abraham Lincoln must be your example and mine, and something of his character must be reproduced in us, or we shall be unworthy of our times. I go about our city and I shudder (when I think of such a man as he) at the frivolous, weak, and inefficient lives our young men lead. I see them mere dawdlers in society. I see them spending their time like mere babies, when there is a man's work to be done. I see them trifling, when God has imposed a responsibility that reaches every man. Dear friends, young men of this congregation, of Holy Trinity, of this city, of this land, we need to be girded up, every one of us, to a more earnest fulfilment of whatever special work God has given us to do. . . . Shall we not pledge ourselves, by the side of this earnest man's grave, to a new earnestness and a more reverent cultivation of the love of man in the fear of God until we die? . . .

On Easter Monday, the day after this address was delivered, there was a meeting of the Union League, which Mr. Brooks opened with prayer. Again he gave expression to a full heart in a burst of thanksgiving to God for the life and character of Lincoln: —

We thank Thee that thou didst put into the hearts of this people to choose such a man, so full of goodness and truth and faithfulness, of patience, serenity, and composure, of such wisdom to perceive the truth and such steadfastness to do it; for the earnestness with which he laid hold upon the great purpose before him, and the calm and wise perseverance with which he followed it. . . . We pledge ourselves anew to Thy service. Hold us up until the great end of Thy Providence be fulfilled, until all the wrong that has cursed our land be righted and the iniquity of our fathers be done away.

This service at the Union League was at twelve o'clock. At one o'clock there was a meeting of the women of Philadelphia in Concert Hall, to grieve over the national loss. "It was perhaps," says the report of its proceedings, "the

most extraordinary meeting ever held in this city. The audience was composed entirely of ladies, and the subdued sound of a kid-gloved applause had a peculiar effect." To this meeting came also Phillips Brooks, and this was the substance of his remarks: "God allowed Abraham Lincoln to stay until he stood at the grave of slavery. God allowed him to stand and look on the land and not see a black face which was not radiant with freedom. Slavery had been blotted out before God called him to his rest. It is for this that we have cause to thank God for Abraham Lincoln. Now the women of America have a duty to perform. They can by their influence shut out from social intercourse those who palliate the great crime of the century. Another thing can be done by women. Never before had we witnessed such frivolities and extravagances as during the last winter. If from this day forth they do not resolve to stop this, it had been better we had not met, and the great loss we have suffered will be in vain."

Wednesday, April 19, 1865. The whole city in mourning for President Lincoln's funeral. Service in church at the hour of the Funeral, twelve M.

Friday, April 21, 1865. Began sermon on Ps. lxxviii. 71–73: "He chose David also his servant, and took him away from the sheepfolds: . . . that he might feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. So he fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power."

Saturday, April 22, 1865. A. M. Finished sermon on the Character, Life, and Death of Mr. Lincoln. P. M. President Lincoln's remains arrived from Washington, and will lie in Independence Hall all day to-morrow. I went down with the Union League when the body was received, and saw it.

The sermon which was preached on the first Sunday after Easter, April 23, on the character of Mr. Lincoln, was at once published by request, and must rank among his great sermons. The same unbounded enthusiasm which had inspired his address on Lincoln the Sunday before is also apparent here; but things hinted at then in broken sentences are here developed. The sermon is now chiefly important in this connection as forming a chapter in the biography of

Phillips Brooks himself. It is full of self-revelation. No man can study the life of another, as he was studying the life of Lincoln, and especially no man can admire as he admired, in gratitude and reverence and love, without being influenced by the model he had chosen. Among the forces which combined to mould the life of Phillips Brooks, a prominent place must be assigned to the character and the career of the great martyr of the civil war. In the formative moment when one is receiving deep and lasting impressions, Lincoln became to him the typical ideal of a man and of an American. His faith in humanity was quickened and deepened by the conviction that he had seen and known in his own age a man who would stand on the heights of human greatness.

The sermon also indicates a change, a forward step in the development of Phillips Brooks. He was now beginning to pass out of the youthful worship of the intellect as the highest quality in man. That worship had attended his way through college, through seminary, through the earlier years of his ministry. It would still require many years before it would cease to control his character. Yet even when he was making his preparatory studies at Alexandria, he had been confronted with the question of the hidden relationship between the intellect and the will, or how ideas could be made effective in the development of moral character. When Lincoln died, the question was on the lips of many, who were forecasting the estimate to be made of him by posterity, whether or not he were an intellectual man, or whether his greatness were not exclusively in the moral sphere. There was a certain tone of resentment in Phillips Brooks's soul that such an issue should be raised. Already he had begun to see the solution of what was his own life problem. The following passage deserves to be quoted, for it has an autobiographic quality: —

> As to the moral and mental powers which distinguish him, all embraceable under this general description of clearness or truth, the most remarkable thing is the way in which they blend with one another, so that it is next to impossible to examine them in separation. A great many people have discussed very crudely

whether Abraham Lincoln was an intellectual man or not; as if intellect were a thing always of the same sort, which you could precipitate from the other constituents of a man's nature and weigh by itself, and compare by pounds and ounces with this man in another. The fact is that in all the simplest characters the line between the mental and moral natures is always vague and indistinct. They run together, and in their best combination you are unable to discriminate, in the wisdom which is their result, how much is moral and how much is intellectual. You are unable to tell whether, in the wise acts and words which issue from such a life, there is more of the righteousness that comes of a clear conscience or of the sagacity that comes of a clear brain. In more complex characters and under more complex conditions the moral and the mental lives come to be less healthily combined. They coöperate and help each other less. They come more to stand over against each other as antagonists; till we have that vague but most melancholy notion which pervades the life of all elaborate civilization, that goodness and greatness, as we call them, are not to be looked for together; till we expect to see, and do see, a feeble and narrow conscientiousness on the one hand and a bad, unprincipled intelligence on the other, dividing the suffrages of men.

It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's that they reunite what God has joined together and what man has put asunder. In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. The twain were one flesh. Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction, with such loving and implicit trust, can tell you to-day whether the wise judgments that he gave came most from a wise head or a sound heart. If you ask them they are puzzled. There are men as good as he, but they do bad things; there are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom. For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction. The union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children, but in them it is unsettled and unpractical. But when it is preserved into a manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified childlikeness, that high and revered simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen by God to fill his purposes when He needs a ruler for His people of faithful and true heart such as he had who was our President.

There is in these words a description of Phillips Brooks

himself, — his own answer to the question raised concerning him after he, too, had passed away, how far his greatness was intellectual. His description of Mr. Lincoln was the forecasting of the ideal he himself was to fulfil. It should therefore be borne in mind; it will recur again in the course of his biography and in even more impressive relations. For the rest as concerns his estimate of Lincoln, the sermon is in print and has been widely disseminated. It calls therefore for no summary or analysis. He touched the subject of the origin of the civil war, asking whether the Northern abolitionists were right or wrong, whether they did harm or good. He replies that the issue was an inevitable one, the conflict between two different types of civilization, two divergent natures, long advancing to an encounter, meeting at last, and a whole country yet trembling with the shock to bear witness how terrible the meeting was. But he separates himself from the ranks of extreme reformers, known as abolitionists, placing himself with Mr. Lincoln among the great mass of the people who caught the spirit of opposition to slavery and asserted it firmly, though in more moderate degree and method.

The funeral procession of Mr. Lincoln reached New York on the 24th of April, and Phillips Brooks was there the whole of the next day to witness the repetition on a still larger scale of what he had seen in Philadelphia. He could not have stayed away; he was bent on reading the message of the hour; an immense concourse of people moved by one common impulse such as this was an irresistible fascination. From his father came an account of the occasion in Boston. He, too, had been so deeply moved that he could only call out to his son, "Oh, my dear son, where are we now! I am too heartsick to write." Writing of the recognition of the sad event in Boston, he says: —

> A solemn day. I have never seen one here more so. I went into the Exchange in the morning; the room was full, but all was hushed and still, where generally we find noise and bustle. So it was everywhere; the streets were full all day, but all quiet

and subdued. The attendance at the churches was good. The Bishop gave us a very good address with other services, minute guns were fired, bells were tolled, and with a meeting for prayer and addresses on the Common the day closed. A more general closing of stores I have never seen, even more so than on Sunday.

Saturday, April 29, 1865.

Dear William, — I know how neglectful I have seemed to you all in having written so little through these last weeks when we have all been feeling so much, — the most intense weeks probably that we shall ever be called to live. The fact is I have not been fit to write. The excitement has made me good for nothing for work, and yet I have had more work to do than at almost any other time that I remember. I wish you would say to Father that I am really not ungrateful for the letters he has written me, and will write to him just as soon as I can. So Johnston has surrendered to Sherman, and the Government wants no more soldiers or forts, and the war is over. It is a splendid thing to be sure of that, but how different our feeling is from what we expected it to be. There is just as much thankfulness and gladness, I believe, but how much less of exhilaration and jubilation. The frightful Death has taught the whole country to rejoice soberly and solemnly. I am glad Booth was overtaken, though his life or death was of no very great consequence in the future, and I think the death he died was about as fit as any that could have been devised. I think we shall learn very strange things from some of his accomplices before we get through. As to Mr. Lincoln, who would ask for himself a nobler life or a nobler death? We surely can rejoice and thank God for him. I have thought so constantly about him for the last two weeks that I feel as if he were an old and close friend, and can hardly realize that I never fairly saw him satisfactorily. His procession here a week ago to-day was very fine, — fine in the genuine and general feeling which it showed of personal sorrow for his loss. When it is printed I will send you the sermon that was preached in our church on the Sunday while he was lying in Independence Hall. Last Monday I went on to New York, partly to see the great funeral procession, partly to get a day's respite from parish work. I came back again on Tuesday. It was a splendid sight. I wish I could have met you there. Fred has come back, and we are glad to see him. He is in good clothes and in good spirits, and seems hard at work again. He is doing first-rate, and seems to be at the head of the seminary. In a little more than a year now he will be preaching. Our Confirmation comes two weeks

from to-morrow, and I am very busy getting ready for it. I have a very interesting class, and except that I have a lot of other things to worry and bother me all the time I should enjoy it very much. I am beginning to look forward with a good deal of longing to my summer holiday. I had a letter the other day from Mr. Patrick Grant, asking me to preach at Nahant, which I have declined.

With the sermon on Lincoln, his father was greatly pleased, sending on five dollars with the request that the money's worth in copies of it be sent to him. These were distributed to influential centres in Boston. His mother during these eventful days was silent. She sent on word to Phillips that she could not write. What she thought we know, — it was to her a manifestation of God, His will and not man's throughout. But everything that happened sent her back upon the great irreparable loss of her son, whom God had demanded in sacrifice. She thought of him as having gone up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. She did not write, but she pondered these things in her heart. Once she broke the silence because Phillips had written, asking why he had no letters from her: —

Boston, March 15, 1865.

My dearest Philly, — I was delighted to get your letter, and will gladly comply with your request to answer it. I am fully aware of my long silence, but, my dear boy, it is *not neglect;* that is the last sin I shall ever commit towards *you* or any of my children.

And I know, too, how I used to write to you at the Seminary, but, Philly, things are all changed now. I cannot write letters now that are worth answering, and therefore I hate to tax any one to answer them. My thoughts are *all dead*. Sometimes I really feel that nothing but the Mother's love remains in me. That will never cease, for the dead or the living. And, Philly, often now, truly I don't feel *equal* to writing to you. You have got *before* me now, and this is the course in all nature. The old stalk is good for nothing after it has yielded its fruit. Just so it is with you and me. My work is done, and I am perfectly willing to have it so when the fruit so far excels the parent stock. Now, Philly, I feel all this, and this is one reason, I suppose, I do not write often.

At the same time I allow no position nor powers nor learning

can alter the relation of parent and child. That shall remain dear, precious, holy, invaluable, forever to both of us. And I thank you and love you, dear Philly, for placing such a value on the old stock when it has become such a useless thing. . . .

Don't you think you may give us another flying visit after Lent? Your last did us good and was a bright spot in our winter life. I am very glad you think Fred may come on. We miss all our absent ones sadly; it changes the good old-fashioned home, though the three remaining act their part well to the old folks at home. I always think a great deal of you in Lent; it is pleasant to think we are enjoying it together. It rejoices my heart, Philly, that you are so interested and faithful in your work. You well deserve to feel the satisfaction that you have fully gratified the highest wishes and honest pride of your humble and grateful MOTHER.

There must have been some reaction in Mr. Brooks after the high tension and exaltation of spirit connected with his part in the death of Lincoln. He shows the signs of weariness. Thus he began his sermon as usual on April 27 (Friday), but on the next day he says, "Tried to finish sermon, but with no success." He was holding meetings for the preparation of his class for Confirmation. Other things of an exceedingly trying character were annoying him to the last degree. But he kept to his work as usual, the sermon-writing and the visiting, and to the studies, which he still continued. On the fourth Sunday after Easter, May 14, came the Confirmation, when eighty-one candidates were presented, to whom he made the address, as the bishop was ill. On May 23 he was in Washington with Cooper and Strong, where he spent the whole day in seeing the great review of the Army of the Potomac, before it finally disbanded and the soldiers returned to their homes. Then came the annual Diocesan Convention. He preached the Baccalaureate Sermon before the University of Pennsylvania on Sunday, the 28th of May. He writes to his brother: —

May 29, 1865.

. . . I was very busy all day Saturday, preparing a sermon which I preached last night as the Baccalaureate of the graduating class of the University of Pennsylvania.

By the way, I had a letter the other day from Professor Child

at Cambridge, inviting me to make a prayer at the Commemoration of the Harvard Soldiers at Harvard on the 21st of July. I wrote accepting. It will be a great time, I expect. There is to be a Freedmen's meeting at Music Hall on Thursday evening, at which I hoped to be present, but it comes on Fast Day and I must be at home. I hope you 'll go and be sufficiently interested. I went to Washington last week for one day of the Review. It was a splendid and most touching sight. Fred went down for the second day, and seemed to enjoy it very much. I did n't meet him there, for I had to hurry home for the Diocesan Convention which met on Wednesday. We had a very good Convention; appointed Loyal Delegates to General Convention (which I see Massachusetts did n't) and divided our big Diocese into two.

I want to see the house in its new dress. You must be very fine. I hope to get among you about the middle of July. I mean to leave here a little later, and so get back a little later than usual.

So Kirby Smith has surrendered, and the war is finally over. How hard it is to feel it. These four years are drifting back into History, and we are understanding them better than ever before. Surely none of those who have given their lives could have asked a more complete consummation than we have reached.

It was one of the strange vicissitudes of the war that when the long agony was over, instead of keeping festival of thanksgiving, the nation was called by the proclamation of Mr. Johnson, Lincoln's successor, to a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. The sense of loss in the death of Lincoln was uppermost in the national consciousness, and the national mourning on the first day of June was wide and deep. Mr. Brooks came once more to the study of Lincoln's life and character. He preached no sermon, but read to his congregation selections from Lincoln's immortal speeches, interspersed with remarks of his own, — the whole constituting an epitome of the war, with Lincoln's words as the commentary on its meaning. Throughout the service Lincoln was speaking, — in his farewell address to the people of Springfield when he invoked the people's prayers, in the Emancipation Proclamation, the address at Gettysburg, and finally the pathetic second inaugural. Mr. Brooks connected each of these great utterances with a few preparatory words

of his own, concluding the services with the reading of Lincoln's favorite poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" — a poem of no very high order of merit in itself, but from its associations with the great martyr, and as expressing the inward sadness which was his predominant mood as he looked out on the world of human life, it became "the accompaniment of the Dead March wailing in the people's ears."

The year of parish work which had begun with September, 1864, was now drawing to its close. The congregation of the Church of the Holy Trinity were beginning to disperse for the summer. To Mr. Brooks the approach of the summer brought with it a determination which must have been long maturing in his mind, although no mention is made of it in his letters, — the plan of spending a year in foreign travel. There was no sign of physical exhaustion, but he needed some marked and prolonged change after what he had been through, before he could resume the ordinary tenor of his ministry. Without some such break in his life, with the opportunity for reflection and of calm subsidence into his real and deeper self, there may have been the possibility of his being diverted from the work of the preacher into the rôle of a social or political reformer. His request for a year's absence from his parish was granted at once by his devoted vestry, together with the generous gift of the continuance of his salary while he was away. With this expectation in view, of seeing and knowing his world with his own eyes, of realizing in actual vision the scenes on which he had lived in imagination since his boyhood, his spirit revived, and the great healthy process of restoration to the normal order of life began. To his family his plan of going abroad was an important incident.

I cannot resist telling you [writes his father] how much pleased we are with your determination. I rejoice that you feel you are in situation to do it, and I know it will be time well spent; but how we shall miss you! — a whole year! You don't say the church has granted it, but I suppose you know about that. How I shall envy you, as I do every one that goes; but that cherished

wish of my heart must now be given up. You do right to go when you are young and unencumbered. Let us see as much of you as you can before you go. It is a good time to go and you will enjoy it. Can't you find some good friend to go with you?

Mother is much gratified that you can go, but she fears the danger. She will write you in a day or two. We shall think of you in your preparations, and if we can assist you in any way let us know. Our blessing will go with you. We will talk it over when we meet.

One function remained to be performed before leaving Philadelphia. On June 22 he preached the sermon at the annual Commencement of the Divinity School. His text was from 2 Corinthians v. 18: "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation." The sermon left a deep, unusual impression on all who heard it, evinced by the many reports of it furnished to the newspapers. The subject was much in his mind at the time, — the reconciliation of humanity to God which had been wrought by Christ. It was also very much in the air, as we say, in circles where theological issues are discussed. Bushnell's work on the Vicarious Atonement had appeared not long before, giving rise to much discussion. The subject will be alluded to again, but here it may be said that the sermon of Mr. Brooks satisfied the leaders and representatives of the Evangelical school, who were gathered together on what was a representative occasion. The burden of his sermon was that all the power came from God in the work of reconciliation and conversion, not from man or by man. The preacher's part was to announce the message, to point out the way to God, but the work itself was of God alone — through Christ. After the sermon, as he records in his diary, he dined with Dr. Vinton and Dr. Dyer, at Mr. Cooper's. During the few remaining days he was engaged in packing up his books and moving his furniture. He went to a reception given to General Grant. On Sunday, the 9th of July, he gave a farewell sermon to his congregation.

Allusion has already been made to an invitation given him

by Harvard College to make the prayer at the coming Commemoration Day, when the sons of Harvard who had died in the war were to be remembered. The invitation had been pressed upon him by his former teacher at Harvard, the late Professor Francis J. Child, who among all his teachers must have discerned most clearly in him the signs of coming greatness while he was yet an undergraduate. Professor Child had also followed the work of Mr. Brooks in the cause of the freedmen, in which he himself also was greatly interested. He had been disappointed in not hearing him once in New York, when there had been a vast assemblage with distinguished speakers, and Mr. Brooks had been unable to go. He had urged him to make up for this disappointment by giving a speech in Boston on the 1st of June at Music Hall in conjunction with Governor Andrew and others, when Mr. Brooks had again been compelled to decline. Now he urged him to let nothing prevent his attendance in Cambridge at the Commemoration of the Harvard soldiers.

The day fixed for the ceremony was Friday, the 21st of July, and it was intended that it should be a great day in Harvard annals. All the glory and strength of New England should be represented there, the sons of Harvard from far and near, and her most distinguished representatives. Those who had won fame in literature were to contribute of their best to glorify the hour. Original poems were to be read by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and by James Russell Lowell. A great company of returned Union soldiers were to be there to receive a greeting, and in the remembrance of those who had gone forth to return no more, the deep emotions would be stirred which the living feel when contemplating the valor and the sacrifice of the patriotic dead.

The day was fine, although exceedingly warm, and a very large number of people assembled in and around the college grounds to witness the formation and march of the procession. Massachusetts, Harvard, and University halls were handsomely decorated in front with flags, bunting, and shields, and flags were displayed from several other university buildings.

At ten o'clock the graduates and undergraduates and invited guests assembled at Gore Hall, and formed in procession which moved at eleven o'clock in the following order: —

Gilmore's Band.
Chief Marshal of the day, Colonel Henry Lee, Jr., and Aids.
His Excellency the Governor, and the President of Harvard College.
The Chaplains of the day.
Invited Guests.
Vice-President of the day.
Committee of Arrangements.
Students of Harvard who served during the war in the Army or Navy, in the order of their classes.
Students of the College who have not served during the war.

On passing out of the hall the first portion of the procession passed through the opened ranks of the civil alumni amid great cheering.

The procession, after making a tour of the college grounds, marched to the Unitarian Church, the galleries and side pews of which were densely crowded with ladies and gentlemen. As the long array of heroes passed up the central aisle, the audience showered upon them repeated applause. Brigadier-General Bartlett, particularly, was greeted with tumultuous cheering as he ascended the platform.

Hon. Charles G. Loring presided, and the services began with the singing of Luther's psalm, "A mighty fortress is our God," by a select choir under the direction of Mr. J. K. Paine. Rev. Dr. Walker, ex-President of the College, then read selections from Scripture, after which a portion of the requiem by Cherubini was sung by the choir.

After prayer had been offered by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, the hymn written by Robert Lowell, Esq., was sung by the congregation to the tune of Old Hundred. Rev. Dr. George Putnam of Roxbury was then introduced, and delivered the address.

A pavilion was erected on the lawn in the rear of Harvard Hall, where dinner was served at three o'clock, thirteen hundred guests taking their seats. Among the distinguished guests were Generals Meade and Barlow. Among the guests who were alumni, or had been connected with the College, were Major-Generals Barlow, Force, Devens, Paine, Hayes, and Loring; Brigadier-Generals Bartlett, Eustis, Sargent, Ames, Walcott, Stevens; Colonels Higginson, Savage, Palfrey, Crowninshield, Russell, Huidekoper, and many others. Remarks were made by

General Barlow, General Devens, Governor Andrew, and President Hill. "Fair Harvard" was played. Poems were read by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, R. W. Emerson, Dr. O. W. Holmes; and James Russell Lowell read his famous Commemoration Ode.[1]

It is a most rare event when a man appears who can utter the word which a great moment demands. Such an event it had been when Lincoln made his address at Gettysburg. Processions, a rich ceremonial, high dignitaries, the badges of office and distinction, elaborate and fitting music, the vast crowds in waiting attendance, great orations, great poems, these contribute, but these all may fail to come up to the expectation of the human soul. We do not know that they have been inadequate until the one word is spoken. And such a word it was given to Phillips Brooks to speak. When the prayer was over, the people turned and looked at one another.

"That prayer! O that prayer!". These were the words I heard as I reëntered the college grounds [says one who was present]. It was given by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, a graduate of Harvard, ten years previous, now an Episcopal clergyman of Philadelphia. As he stood in all the majestic beauty with which he is endowed by favoring nature, he stood, to mortal eye, confessed of hosts the leader and of princes the king. . . . One would rather have been able to pray that prayer than to lead an army or conduct a state. . . . It is not too much to say that that prayer was the crowning grace of the Commemoration.

Colonel T. W. Higginson told me [says the Rev. C. A. L. Richards] that when he saw the name of Mr. Brooks on the programme, he wondered why a young man of whom he had never heard should be so chosen. He put himself in a mood of endurance through what he regarded as a dull formality. But with the first sentence from those burning lips, his attitude changed. He found himself listening breathless. He felt that he had never heard living prayer before; that here was a man talking straight into the face, into the heart, of God. When the "Amen" came, it seemed to him that the occasion was over, that the harmonies of the music had been anticipated, that the poem had been read and the oration already uttered, that after such a prayer every other exercise might well be dispensed with.

[1] Extract from the *Boston Advertiser*, July 22, 1865.

All the circumstances connected with the event [writes Dr. William R. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, New York] have faded from my memory. All that I discern as I look into that holy blessed mirror is the image of Brooks, standing in his black gown in the pulpit of the old Harvard Square Church where Commencement Exercises were wont in those days to be held, his great head thrown back, his face looking as if it might be Stephen's, while there went forth from his lips a fiery stream of thanksgiving and supplication the like of which I never knew. I remember where I was sitting in the crowded north gallery, and I remember Brooks, and I remember my pride in him — these three, the place, the man, and the pride, are all that I remember.

The late Colonel Henry Lee, who was Chief Marshal of the occasion, nearly thirty years afterwards recalled the impression made on him, and sent these words to Mr. Brooks: --

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

How few words are fitly spoken; and those few abide in the memories and sink into the hearts of all who hear them.

In our day Emerson has delighted and instructed men by such pregnant words.

A few words uttered by Abraham Lincoln on the field of Gettysburg and in his last inaugural warmed the hearts of men in two hemispheres to that man of sorrows, and made the whole world kin.

In the annals of our College, there is a red-letter day, Commemoration Day; when after years, haggard with anxiety, the mother welcomed back the remnant of her children who had escaped "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

On that day words seemed powerless; they did not vent the overflowing of sympathy and gratitude all felt.

But in the exercises came a prayer, a brief prayer of a few minutes, of one inspired to pour forth the thanksgiving of the assembled brethren.

From that moment the name of that inspired young man, till then unknown, became a household word.[1]

These comments imply that Mr. Brooks was still unknown to Boston and to Harvard when he came to Commemoration Day. This was true; but it was also true that he was chosen

[1] Proceedings of Mass. Hist. Soc. 2d Series, vol. viii., 1892–1894, p. 82.

because he *was* known through his patriotic utterances in Philadelphia, and well known also to many of the Harvard youth who went to the war. But now he became known in another way. In speaking before God, he had spoken to the heart of an audience which stood for all that was eminent in the social and intellectual life of the country. "It was the most impressive utterance," says President Eliot, "of a proud and happy day. Even Lowell's Commemoration Ode did not at the moment so touch the hearts of his hearers; that one spontaneous and intimate expression of Brooks's noble spirit convinced all Harvard men that a young prophet had risen up in Israel."

Of this prayer it must be further said that no record of it remains. People were too much carried away to take notes for preservation. Its glowing sentences have been forgotten. In Mr. Brooks's papers no trace of it is found, — a thing most unusual, for he generally left in writing some signs of the movement of his spirit. It is vain to try to reconstruct it. To some minds it may seem inappropriate to comment on the eloquence of a prayer to God. But there are different kinds of prayer. There is the terse petition of the Latin collect, where the rich abundance of words is condemned as inappropriate or irreverent. But there is another, an older and larger conception of prayer, where it does not seem inapt to offer to God the gift of human oratory. If music and art may be consecrated offerings to Deity, so also may the gift of eloquent speech. The Puritans had revived this form of prayer first seen in ancient Christian liturgies, where the officiant speaks to God, recounting his deeds, telling Him the things that He knows. If it be thought unfit to tell to God what He knows, it would be more unfitting to seek to tell Him the things He does not know. One cannot think then of this eloquent prayer, this memorable outburst of inspired oratory, without recalling the long line of Puritan ministers in Mr. Brooks's ancestry. They had contributed from afar some preparation for such a personality. Their descendant was following in their steps, but so transfigured the Puritan prayer as to make it a new creation. It was

what the Germans call the *Andacht*, where, when the most impressive form of human utterance is desired, and the oration and the poem fail in the surging of the tide of human emotions, the orator turns to the living God, who alone sees and knows things as they are, to whom it is becoming to say things which otherwise the presence of no audience would justify. The highest reach of human eloquence is only attainable in prayer.

In the diary of Mr. Brooks is found this brief entry: "Friday, July 21, 1865. Commemoration Day at Cambridge. I made a prayer at the services in the morning. P. M., banquet in a tent on the college grounds." He is known to have made one other allusion to it, saying to his friend Rev. James P. Franks of Salem that what touched him most was Senator Sumner's thanking him for it with tears in his eyes. But others must speak of it when he did not. Such an impression could not have been created, such a prayer could not have been made, if behind it there had not been a great soul and a great and sore experience. Other men also identified themselves with a sacred cause, and went out of themselves and lost themselves in order to a fuller life. He did it also, and if in greater degree it was partly because his spirit was moulded on a greater pattern. The war left him a larger man and a different man from what he was before. Henceforth he was no longer his own, but had been bought with a price. He had made the sacrifice of himself, — a confessor though not a martyr. Into that sacrifice he had poured freely all that he most valued, all that made life dear, and a thing to be desired. He did not himself know, he did not realize, the depth or the extent of his self-abnegation. The changes and the chances of life went over him at a critical hour, when he was absorbed in a supreme issue, and could only find himself by losing himself for God, for his country, for freedom and humanity. He had the compensations which belong to the confessor for a sublime cause, — the world's honor and love, its reverent care and undying gratitude. For the world knows and loves its benefactors. To that world which he now also loved and took to his heart

he was henceforth to give himself still more unstintingly till life was done.

After Commemoration Day at Harvard, only a brief time elapsed before he sailed for Europe, where he was to make his first entrance into the Old World, and to make that also his own, as would be apparent in later years. The days were spent in preparation for his departure, and for the rest in the usual manner when at home. Evidence of excitement over what is before him is shown in the neglect of his diary, which is now irregularly kept. On the 23d of July he was at Newport for a short visit, staying with parishioners, and preaching in All Saints' Chapel. There are allusions to bathing and riding, and to playing croquet while he was there. It was hard for his mother to part with him for a year's absence, but she gave him her blessing on his purpose: —

I do not wonder that you want so much to go, nor that you feel so happy about it. I am very glad that you have the chance while you are young and unshackled. I shall enjoy it all for you. I do not blame any young man for wanting to see all of his world and all of human nature that he can. And most of all I do not wonder that you want to see the *Holy Land*, which sight you know I have always longed for. Would I could go with you there. . . . And so for my own feelings, dear Philly, I promise to behave as well as I can. But I shall miss you, I shall long for you, I shall think, and think, and think, about you, and I know sometimes I shall be anxious about you; for I have said good-by to one dear boy, and it makes me tremble. But I will try to feel and act right about it, for I would not throw the shadow of a cloud upon the happiness before you. Day and night will I pray that God will restore you to us in safety. But one thing, my dear child, I do say, — I *could not* let you go if you were not a Christian. Thank God you are; and I rejoice to feel that the dear Saviour whom you have loved and served so faithfully here will go with you, will be your nearest and best friend, and in all your dangers and exposures may He be sensibly present with you. . . .

Your dear and affectionate MOTHER.

It was not easy for the congregation of the Church of the Holy Trinity nor for the people in Philadelphia to part,

even if it were only for a year, with one who had so strangely and powerfully made himself felt among them.

We understand [said the editor of a Philadelphia church paper] that the rector of Holy Trinity in this city expects to sail for Europe in a few days to spend a year in Europe and the East. Mr. Brooks's great congregation and numerous friends, and the church at large, are reluctant to miss for so long a period his singularly powerful, attractive, and edifying ministrations. We remember no instance in which so young a man has built up so high and solid a reputation in our church by means so purely legitimate and so utterly void of extraneous influences and sensational appliances. Respected no less than admired, honored as well as beloved, for his fidelity, his fine gifts, his outspoken manliness, . . . his genuine eloquence of a soul alive and glowing with holy principles and noble emotions, he will go accompanied with the prayers of thousands for his happy journeying and his safe return.

On Monday, August 7, Mr. Brooks left Boston for New York accompanied by his father and his elder brother. There they met Mr. Lemuel Coffin, his faithful friend from Philadelphia, who had come to say farewell at the ship. On Wednesday morning he sailed in the steamer Scotia of the Cunard Line for England.

CHAPTER II

1865–1866

THE YEAR ABROAD

THE VOYAGE

I SAILED from New York for Europe, in the British Mail Steamship Scotia (Captain Judkins), at half past nine on the morning of Wednesday, August 9, 1865. We landed at Queenstown, Ireland, on the morning of Friday, the 18th of August, at four o'clock.

If everybody who goes to Europe could look back on such a voyage as we had, Europe would needs be very great to be worthy of such an admission to it. The entrance way so glorious demands a very glorious structure. I shall never forget those still, long summer days, steeped full of the sunshine, when with nothing to do, all care and responsibility of necessity suspended, we just lived and looked and learned to love the sea for its greatness and gentleness, for a certain large, calm beauty which took nothing from its grandeur. We had no storms, and only two foggy nights, when we ran shrieking into the bosom of an endless cloud, with that wild cry which blends fear for self and warning for others, and gives both awe and comfort to those who look out into the white darkness and hear it, — only two such nights gave us any of the sense of danger from which we would not have had our voyage wholly free. Our company, I suppose, was a fair picture of that which weekly gathers on these ships for the same passage. All sorts of men and women — almost all races — half a dozen languages — thrown together into the supreme democracy of ship-life where the only aristocracy is the prerogative of a good stomach, and social orders are ranged only by the number of days on deck. I left the good ship without the memory of one uncomfortable moment. I can see her now, as she steamed off for Liverpool and we in our tug-boat, in the gray morning, panted up the bay of Queenstown to set foot in the Old World.

The first impressions on landing in the Old World are thus recorded: —

How strange it seemed at first! That earliest day was simply full of wonder and amusement. Up from Queenstown by rail to Cork; for three hours in the streets of that queer old town; from Cork to Dublin. One was merely getting *en rapport* with the oldness of the thing — getting his new atmosphere about him — learning to shape his eyes to the new focus at which he must bring to his brain things five hundred years old instead of things fifty. It was not done wholly in one day, but it was remarkable to see how much the mental process, like the corresponding physical one, was instinctive.

While he was abroad he wrote letters every week to different members of his family. He also kept a somewhat elaborate journal, in which he recorded more fully what he saw and did each day, describing his impressions, making comments on people and customs, on religion, on preachers, on historic events and places; but more particularly revealing the effects upon his imagination of the world of art, to which he was now introduced for the first time. Many of his letters have been published in the volume entitled "Letters of Travel." It is therefore unnecessary to do more than give a general outline of his tour. He was gone for more than a year, leaving home, August 9, 1865, and returning September 25, 1866. He had the advantage of many letters of introduction from his friends in Philadelphia and Boston. Through the generosity of his parish he was amply equipped with funds for the journey. No American ever left home for the first time to travel in the Old World with a keener appreciation of the value of the opportunity afforded him. He was never more alive than during this wonderful year. He could not see enough, or too often, the things and places of which all his life he had dreamed. It was a year of realization of the visions he had accumulated in his long preparation for living.

Dublin was the first Old World city which he visited. From Ireland he went to Scotland. Edinburgh appeared to him the queen of cities. Of Mary Stuart and the associations with her of which Edinburgh is full he remarks that "they are of great aid in keeping alive pure romance as distinct

from heroism." He made the familiar pilgrimage to Melrose and Abbotsford: —

Abbotsford I would have gone to Europe to see alone. The sight of it seemed to make its great master a new and ineffaceable possession somehow. I had known him well, I thought, before, but this put life into the corpse of my knowledge. This whole region is full of the life of brave, healthy, life-loving Sir Walter. The situation of Hawthornden House is fine. We ought to know more of Drummond, who lived there, and who, I remember, charmed me years ago when I just looked into him. Roslyn Chapel — is there anything like it? has stone anywhere else blossomed and run wild as in these columns and this roof?

From Scotland he went to the English lakes with thoughts of Wordsworth and Coleridge in his mind, of Dr. Arnold and De Quincey. His enthusiasm was fired anew by these literary associations in combination with the charms of the natural scenery. He describes a Sunday at Ambleside: —

The first Evangelical English Church I have seen. The sermons very poor. The Service read. The High Churchmen here intone the service, and the Low Churchmen intone the sermon. The preacher warned his flock not to make a "sine die" postponement of religion. Coming out of church I heard a young collegian's verdict on the whole "stupid sermon and beastly service." But it was a good deal better than St. John's in Edinburgh. How the Englishmen are *at home* in their island. They are so long here, and have it so well "in hand." It makes us feel how new we are in America, and how little we have got hold of it yet. Wait awhile.

His first cathedral was Durham. He was delighted with Mrs. Gaskell, the author of the life of Charlotte Brontë, gaining from her in answer to his questions much information about literary people in England. To have met Ruskin would have satisfied a great hunger in his soul, but the letter of introduction given him by Mrs. Gaskell only admitted him to Ruskin's house, for Ruskin himself was away from home. He looked eagerly about him in the rooms which bore the traces of his presence. On his way to London he took in the eastern line of cathedrals, Ripon and York, Lincoln and Ely, Fountain Abbey also, and Cambridge.

What shall we say of these old Cathedrals? Are they the splendid pillars that hold up still the arches of a real live worship and Faith in England, or are they rather the golden nails from which the vast canopy once hung, but has rotted and fallen away; or like the golden pins that once held plates of gold upon the walls, and now the more their preciousness shines, only tell the more how what they held has dropped away.

Amidst the most beautiful of English scenery, and the charm of its monuments, he writes, "I had no idea, till I came here, what a tremendous American I was." At old Boston he looked with a deep personal interest at the Cotton Chapel, named after his ancestor, Rev. John Cotton. After reaching London, his quarters were at the head of the Strand, near Trafalgar Square and Westminster Abbey. He repeats to himself that he is in London. "It is a fascinating place, for there is not a step that is not full of associations." He was kindly received by his kinsman, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, the United States minister at the Court of St. James. A letter of introduction from Mr. Robert C. Winthrop procured him an interview with Dean Milman, whom he saw with deep interest after reading his books. Dean Milman received him most kindly, but the deanery was in disorder, cutting short his visit. The dean, however, offered him religious hospitality at the cathedral, and urged him to hear Melville.

In the afternoon (Sunday, September 17) I went to St. Paul's and heard Melville, the Preacher of the Golden Lectures — "the Prince of Preachers, he is called, sir," said a man to me as we came out. Dean Milman told me the night before he was to preach, and told me also that he had just lost a daughter and he (Milman) had offered to take his place, but he preferred to do his own regular work. It was a perfect sermon, from "Now the God of peace grant you peace always by all means." The division and whole treatment was the simplest and most obvious. The style as clear and exquisite as possible — no action, but the most finished intonation and articulation. He is an old, white-headed man with a noble figure and earnest, kindly face. "You cannot come out of season to the Tree of Life," he said, referring to Rev. xx. 2: "You may bring your season with you, and the tree takes it. You come in autumn, and it is an autumn tree, and

bears autumn fruit." It was the most perfect sermon, all in all, that I ever heard.

Other preachers that he heard were Maurice and Martineau. Of Spurgeon he writes: —

A fearful crowd and too long a sermon. But it was good of its kind; and since such a kind always has been and always will be, why, the better it is of its kind, the better. I prefer York Minster, and so do you. (Extract from a letter to Rev. C. A. L. Richards.)

He describes a Sunday in London: —

Sunday (September 23) in the morning at All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, the highest of all high churches; and in the afternoon at Westminster Abbey. Altars, candles, genuflexions, and all that to nausea — a boy preacher, a boyish sermon about the great Christian tests, which consisted of Daily Service, Confession to Priests (etc.), and constant Communion. In the P. M. sermon by somebody at Westminster Abbey; good but dull; English preaching is not great.

While in London he spent much of his time at the National Gallery and in the Kensington Museum, where he made the acquaintance of modern English art through Reynolds and Hogarth and Wilkie and Lely. He visited Mrs. Kemble at Warnford Park, near Winchester. The visit was a delightful one, including a drive to the cathedral when he presented his letter of introduction to Canon Carus, an intimate friend of Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, and also his biographer. Finding that the time of the year (September) was unfavorable for seeing people or institutions in London to advantage, he cut short his stay, and left for the Continent, with the intention of returning before his tour was over. As he takes his leave he records in his journal his final impressions: —

What I have seen has certainly impressed me, as I had no idea before, with the presence of marks of decay and corruption as shown in the recognition of and provision for profligacy and corruption, which belongs to all old civilizations, but which it seemed as if this had had some power to escape.

And Cathedral life has come to appear to me, with all its ele-

gant retirement, one of the most disagreeable of things, and Cathedral towns the deadest things in England.

From Ostend, where he felt more keenly the consciousness of being actually in Europe, he resumed his journey, stopping at Bruges and Ghent and Brussels, and going out to the battlefield of Waterloo. He made the acquaintance of Rubens at Antwerp, and of Rembrandt at the Hague. And so he came to Germany. He respected, he says, the Dutch, but he liked the Germans. He felt that he was passing an invisible line when he first came in contact, at Cologne, with Roman churches and relics. This brought him to Bonn, where he writes (October 2) in view of Mayence, Heidelberg, and Frankfort: —

Am I not a lucky chap to see all this? I am splendidly well and keep on the go all the time, and am getting the hang of German enough to be quite at home with the people. I eschew all delicacies and rough it generally. Last night I found a feather bed for covering in my room. I kicked it off and slept like a top without it. The worst thing to me about this travelling is that you can't drink water. Think of my misery. But it is too vile to touch. . . . I would give a dollar for a pitcher of ice water to-night. I think I did right in coming alone, that is as no very intimate friend offered. I find companions everywhere, and see much more of the people than if I were with a party of my own. It costs a little more, because I have to pay all the fees, which are a great expense here for one, instead of dividing them among a party. To-day I met a Philadelphian on the steps of Cologne Cathedral, and last week I found a family of parishioners at the Hotel St. Antoine in Antwerp.

Going up the Rhine was a great event, and at Coblentz he stopped, in order to climb to the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein. Luther and Goethe came up before him, first at Worms and Frankfort, and then more vividly as he visited Eisenach and the Wartburg and Wittenberg, and the home of Goethe at Weimar. Of a Sunday spent at Frankfort he makes this record in his journal: —

In the morning I went to the Cathedral and heard some fine German music and a sermon in German from some priest or other which interested me much. It was the most *earnest* preaching, at least, which it has been my lot to hear in the Old World. From

there to the English chapel, where the forlornest of chaplains delivered the forlornest of discourses. After church I walked through the Jews' quarter of the town. It is one of the most picturesque of sights. Then I went and saw the house where Goethe was born. I have liked Frankfort very much indeed. In the afternoon I went again to the Cathedral, and heard the same man preach; and then came the service of the Mass, with the most superb congregational singing I ever heard — it rings in my ears now. Those full German voices, every one singing the sonorous German words, produced a wonderful effect. I almost trembled when I saw and felt the power of pure emotion in religious things, and thought I could understand how so many have yielded to the impulse to bow as that splendid procession of the host went by with its thrilling incense and thrilling music, and then by and by bowed to the system of the church that it belongs to.

At Leipsic he was excited by the great bookstores. He went down into Auerbach's cellar, where the Faust scene was laid. With letters of introduction, he called upon the German professors at Halle, and found them hospitable and interesting, — Erdmann, professor of Hebrew; Hupfeld, with whom he took a long walk; and Tholuck, the friend of all Americans, with whom he spent an evening, talking of theological matters in Germany, England, and America. What interested him most in Germany were the haunts of Luther and Goethe, the two greatest of the Germans. He lingered over "those old portraits by Cranach, who seems to have been such a character, who at any rate knew how to give Luther to canvas and to the world." He stood before the monument

in the dead old marketplace at Wittenberg with the noble inscription — Gamaliel's skepticism Christianized into Faith: —

> Ist 's Gottes werk, so wird 's bestehen;
> Ist 's Menschens werk, wird 's untergehen.

And then his tomb under the pavement of the old Schloss Kirche — on whose bronze doors the theses that once were nailed to them in paper have broken forth in bronze — an emblem, as it seemed, of the work they did among men.

I must not forget either the quiet little German graveyard in

Wittenberg, into which I wandered while I was waiting for the train. The whole day (October 12) was memorable.

At Berlin he was moved by Kaulbach's great frescoes: —

Here I learned to know Fra Lippo Lippi and Andrea del Sarto, whose Virgin and Child I enjoyed more than any picture there, and old Van Eyck with the wonderfully beautiful wings of the worship of the Lamb. Here is Titian's Daughter, and some strange pictures of old Cranach of Wittenberg. Most of the Rubenses here I did not care for, though some of them are wonderful in flesh and drapery color. There are some fine Van Dycks and Teniers, but the oldest pictures interested me most.

In my ignorance I am surprised, here as everywhere, by the bright rich color of the old pictures. I looked for faded things, where the imagination has to do its part, but the splendid color of them is magnificent. The great allegorical frescoes, with few exceptions, give me very little pleasure. Except for the brilliancy with which their color lights it up, I care nothing for all that work in the Portico of the Museum.

He came to Dresden, and though his expectations were high, he was not disappointed. He speaks of the galleries he had drawn pictures of in his brain for so many years: —

There was that room more like a church than anything I know in Europe where the Madonna stands. Of it let us say nothing, but that it was something unspeakably different as well as greater than anything I have dreamed — to all pictures henceforth what the Bible is to all books.

And again in a letter, speaking of Dresden: —

I spent two days, and such days! Oh, if you could see the picture gallery there! It has the picture of the world which I have waited years to see, Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto. I will not say anything about it, because there is no use trying to tell what a man feels who has been wanting to enjoy something for fifteen years, and when it comes finds it is something unspeakably beyond what he had dreamed. The other rooms of the gallery are rich in the great paintings of the world.

Then came Munich, with its famous galleries of old and of modern pictures; and by the end of October he was in Vienna, where he hunted up the grave of Paracelsus, and visited the house where Mozart was born. At Vienna he

dined with Mr. Motley, the author of the "Dutch Republic." Here, also, he met Rev. Dr. Leeds of Baltimore, with whom he was to make the tour of the Holy Land. He was thrilling with excitement as he contemplated the prospect still before him. Thus he writes to his father: —

You will gather from my letter that all goes well, and I am very happy. There has not been an hour since I left New York that has not been full of pleasure, not a day that has not been lighted up by seeing some of the sights for which I have longed. And all the East, and Italy, and France, and much of England and Switzerland — all this is yet in store. Hurrah!

In a letter to his mother, he says the words which are wanted at home: —

It is two months to-day since I sailed. How they have gone! And to me they have been the fullest months of my life. Not a day without something that I have longed all my life to see. So it will go on till I see the sight that I shall be most glad of all to see, you and Father waiting on the wharf to see me land, as you came down before to see me sail.

At Constantinople he met Mr. W. S. Appleton of Boston, who was also to join him in the tour of Syria. He was still as alive and susceptible to new impressions as when he started. He was not quite sure of his movements, but he writes: —

I don't worry ahead. Italy is before me all the while, and I must get a great deal of time there. I am perfectly well and ready for anything. What a three months they have been! Nine more like them!

While in Constantinople he attended the service of the Howling Dervishes: —

We went in with unshod feet to the plainest and dingiest of rooms, where a noble-looking priest sat on a rug at one side, and a line of rascally looking Dervishes, in various costumes, on the other three. Hanging around the walls were their instruments of torture worship, which are no longer used. The service had begun and was gradually waxing more and more boisterous. By and by they all rose, and then soon passed into the full power of their frenzy. One cannot describe the horrible sight when

the highest pitch was reached, and swaying, roaring, screaming, bending double, jerking, and stamping they kept time to the wild melody they uttered. We stayed about an hour, and then left, I for one depressed with the apparent hypocrisy, as well as the disgustingness, of the whole. Their priest seemed the only earnest man.

All along the way he wrote of the changing aspects of the scenery, as though it had some diviner meaning, some important relationship to the inner life of man. At times he was moved to write verses to commemorate the deepest impressions. He surrendered himself to his moods. He chose to believe that St. John was buried at Ephesus, according to the tradition. He welcomed the first sight of the ruins, for they were to him the symbols of life. He thought of St. Paul "who tried to go in to the people," in the vast amphitheatre. At Messina there was the reminder of Tarsus, behind the hills, where St. Paul was born. Damascus was reached on the 3d of December, and then began a new epoch, where Scripture incident is interwoven with natural scenery and human monuments. The deeper significance of what he sees springs from its connection with the supernatural revelation. He was living in expectancy of some unearthly light which should dawn on this visible creation. He was anxious to keep a record of every impression, and to this end writes home asking that his letters be carefully preserved.

Thus he notes the street in Damascus, called Straight, where Judas lived, the house of Judas, the wall where Paul was let down in a basket, the house of Naaman the Syrian, and the site of the House of Rimmon. On the walled-up doorway of a Christian church, transformed into a mosque, he read the inscription, "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting Kingdom, and Thy Dominion endureth from generation to generation." He lunched on a spur of Mt. Hermon, drinking the water of the river Jordan. "This is the first spot," he writes, "that we have touched where Christ himself has been." He rode "through the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," recalling the scene of Christ's meeting with the Syrophœnician woman. "What city is like to Tyrus, to

the destroyed in the midst of the sea." He remembered Origen and his lonely grave, and Frederick Barbarossa, and the place of Sarepta, where Elijah met the widow. "Think of being in the dominions of that old Og, king of Bashan, whom we have always read of in the Psalter." "These last two weeks have been like a curious sort of dream; all the old Bible story has seemed so strangely about us." In the plain of Acre, "the very sight lets you understand" how Asher "dipped his foot in oil, and his head was fat, and he yielded royal dainties;" the creeks and the bays recall how Asher lingered, and Deborah reproached him with "abiding in his breaches." He comes to Mt. Carmel and to that swift-flowing river, "that ancient river, the river Kishon." The mountain itself is what it was in Elijah's time, wooded to the top, looking out on beauty and richness everywhere: —

> What a place for a prophet and what a scene for the great trial of his faith. Below, the Kishon runs through the plain, as if still telling of how he took of the prophets of Baal and slew them there. We sleep under the shadow of Carmel. I am very tired, and all is still, except the jackal screaming in the distance. Good-night; I wish I were going to bed in that back room at home.

As he came to Nazareth, and from that time onward, the thought of Jesus took possession of his mind and soul: —

> It was a strange feeling to ride down through it, and look in the people's faces and think how Christ must have been about these streets just like these children.
>
> We climbed the "hill on which the city was built," and saw what is perhaps the finest view in Palestine. I thought all the time I was looking at it how often Jesus must have climbed up here and enjoyed it.
>
> The sight that His eyes saw farthest off was that line of the Mediterranean on which His power was to spread to the ends of the world.
>
> We lunched at Cana of Galilee. . . . You can picture Jesus and His mother going out from Nazareth to a near town to attend the marriage to which they had been invited. . . . We rode on through a rolling country through which Jesus must often have

walked on his way back and forth between Nazareth and the lake. The whole country, every hill and valley, seemed marked with His footprints. . . . The Hill of the Beatitudes; another hill where they say Christ fed the multitude.

Another ridge climbed, and there was the "Sea of Galilee, which is the Sea of Tiberias." There it lay in the afternoon twilight, blue among the purple hills. There were the walks He walked, the shores where He taught, the mountains where He prayed. . . . Looking into a house door at Nazareth I saw "two women grinding together at the mill."

This is the "land of Gennesaret." This is Capernaum, the home of Christ after Nazareth rejected Him. "And thou Capernaum!"

This is Bethsaida, the city of John and James, Peter and Andrew.

I have had a very pleasant, quiet Sunday here at Nazareth (December 17, 1865). This morning I went to the Greek church and heard their usual boisterous and disagreeable service. . . . All day the people have gathered round to look at us. It is touching to hear the poor people tell of how they suffered from the locusts in the spring. They came in clouds, covering the ground half a foot deep, as large as sparrows; all the shops and houses were closed for days. Every green thing was eaten up. It sounded like a chapter out of Joel. It is sad, too, to hear them talk of their government. All spirit is gone out of them, and they only wait the inevitable dropping to pieces of the rotten thing, which they all expect.

The days became more interesting as he approached Jerusalem. He was enjoying intensely the actual vision of these things. Old Testament history was before his mind, inextricably interwoven with the life of Jesus. Not an incident in the narration seemed to escape him. His head was running with Bible phrases. He read the Old Testament on horseback as he went through familiar places. And so he came to Jerusalem. This passage from his journal sums up his impression:—

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here; He is risen." As concerns Jesus, I know nothing which could more adjust our views of Him than a visit to the Holy Land. In fastening the New Testament story in its place by geographical positions it rescues it from vagueness and obscurity and makes the Humanity a clear, palpable fact. At the same time, by the

failure of present enthusiasms about the country, by the way in which the Power of the Religion has outgrown and left behind the places where it had its birth, by the failure of the material to satisfy and account for and accompany the spiritual, it sets us free for a larger and juster grasping of the true Divinity. It is like the relation between an immortal word and the mortal lips that uttered it. The lips die, and you go and look at them when they are dead and see at once how they were made to utter the word, their whole mechanism built for it, and yet how, while they uttered it even, they were dying in giving expression to what in its very nature was eternal. The old bewilderment between causes and circumstances, which is so continual in common life, has confused so much of men's thinking of Jesus and His land. All this seems to me very clear, this soft December-June Sunday as I sit in our tent at Nazareth.

Apart from its Christian interest, or rather as part of its preparation for that, how wonderfully this land's history has been the meeting point of waves from East and West, from North and South, the line where they met and neutralized each other, and left a vacuum for new forces to be produced.

The effect of this travel, as concerns the realization of Christ's life, seemed to me even more evident at Jacob's Well than at Nazareth. Probably it will be even more so at Jerusalem. It seems too as if the same analogy would adjust and state what I hold to be the highest, truest, and most spiritual view of Inspiration, but have never been able to put exactly into shape.

Of all the associations with Christ, I found most pleasure in Nazareth, Jacob's Well, and the Mount of Olives. The first as the scene of His developing consciousness; the second as that of His highest announcement of truth; the third as that of His completest emotion and mental suffering. I am struck by seeing that it is neither of them as the scene of a miracle.

How Christ is not merely the greatest, but the only presence that fills the landscape in Palestine; not even John the Baptist at the Jordan; some of the Old Testament persons to some extent, but Christ only in the New. John, Paul, and Peter might have lived and written elsewhere as well as here. It seems to show a necessity for the assertion of a distinct and localized humanity within.

One pleasant feature in Eastern superstition is their regard for animal life. It does n't result very pleasantly in the case of the dogs, to be sure, but there is something very un-Western in the way the birds abound in the cities, twitter at your window, haunt your church (Nazareth, Cairo Mosques), and fill your back yard.

It may be partly the result of Eastern stagnation as well as of Eastern religion. For the rest the spirit of all the religions of the East seems to be but one, and that very bad. Its simplicity is not sincerity, but indifference and stupidity. "God is great" is their only creed because they dare not take the trouble to trace out that greatness of God into its due connections with their own lives and duties. Then again, the secularism of their religion seems to be shown in the way in which they divide themselves and quarrel by religious, which in this case amounts to the same thing as political, names. It bears a sad analogy to the earlier and worse periods of the Christian church, its fifth and sixth, and fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when men used for political landmarks and rallying cries the sacred words which, whether we make them holier or not, we have at least the sense and shame to keep in their true place in the region of thought and opinion.

After two weeks in Jerusalem, he turned westward. He was anxious to get to Italy. For Egypt he did not then greatly care, but remained there long enough to visit the Pyramids and meditate beneath the shadow of the Sphinx: —

The Sphinx wonder impressed me more than anything else I have seen. Half buried in the drifting sand, her great paws and broad chest out of sight with the altar they encompassed. Her calm still face, not stern and not gentle, only self-centred, as if she were too vast either to hate or love the men who worshipped her. The harmony of repose between the features and the form — the great divine pitiless *Rest* of the whole, as if neither human sin could rouse her to anger, nor human goodness tempt a smile — how wonderful she is. The way in which the Egyptian features have been made capable of grand idealization in the face of the Sphinx is very fine. Near her, to the southwest, grows a noble, green sycamore tree. Compare the Sphinx with the "Bavaria" at Munich — the great Zeus and Juno heads at Naples in the museum — the grandeur that always seems to belong to colossal representations of the human face. They are the vast conceptions of young nations and faiths. The older and effete delight in miniature. It illustrates the youngness of the Germans. I think there might be a comparison drawn between the Sphinx and the Dresden Madonna, as the highest art expressions of the two great religions, the East and the West, — Fatalism and Providence, for that they seem to mean. Both have recognized the feminine nature of the religious instinct, for each is a woman. Both have tried to express a union of humanity with something

its superior, but one has joined it only to the superior *strength* of the animal, the other has infused it with the superior spirituality of a divine nature. One unites wisdom and power, and claims man's homage for that, the other unites wisdom and love, and says, "Worship this." The Sphinx has life in her human face written into a riddle, a puzzle, a mocking bewilderment. The Virgin's face is full of a mystery we cannot fathom, but it unfolds to us a thousand of the mysteries of life. It does not mock, but bless us. The Egyptian woman is alone amid her sands — to be worshipped, not loved. The Christian woman has her child clasped in her arms, enters into the companies and sympathies of men, and claims no worship except love. And so on through many points. The next day we spent in Cairo.

He was now turning to another world of associations to be revived and realized, cherished, too, hardly less than those of Judæa and of Scripture history. To his mother he writes, February 4, 1866: "In Rome at last, at the place of all others in Europe that I have most wished to reach. It is exactly as I have always pictured it, only a great deal more interesting." And in another letter he says, speaking of Rome: —

It was an unceasing and infinite delight. Rome is so much greater and fuller than I had ever dreamed of. I have seen a great deal, but when I think what there is right about me, it seems as if I had seen nothing. I have wandered all through St. Peter's; spent a long day in the wilderness of the Vatican; another in the great museums of the Capitol; and followed the banks of the Tiber; skirted the ruins of the old temples, palaces, and theatres of this wonderful race; roamed through some of the picture galleries of the great palaces; found my way into a few of the numberless gorgeous churches; and to-day have been from one to another of the studios of our own living artists. To a Protestant the Coliseum, like St. Peter's, is too vast and great for Roman sectarianism to keep. They both are among the great religious temples of the race, where all humanity may worship and confess in the presence of all that recalls the exhibitions of mankind's highest and lowest natures.

One morning I climbed to the roof and galleries and dome of St. Peter's. More than ever I seemed to pass beyond the narrowness of the sectarianism of the place, and feel as if it were indeed what one loves to dream it might be, truly Catholic, the great religious home of humanity, where every good impulse,

every true charity, every deep faith, every worship, and every benevolence should find a representation, — the great harmony of all the discords of well-meaning and conflicting religious educations and progresses. In spite of its positive character, its very immensity makes it answer vaguely some such purpose even now to those who go there.

The Pantheon surpasses all temples in its embrace of time — covers all religious history — holds still genuinely old ideas, whose beginning is lost, and yet fitly shrines new ones, whose end the human mind has not yet dared to conceive. The entrance from its great, square, gloomy portico into its bright, round, sky-lighted cella is involuntarily suggestive.

The modern artists' works are seemingly crushed into littleness by the grandeur of the old works about them. They do mere prettinesses; one or two exceptions only. But of the art of Rome it is hopeless to try to write one's impressions. Among the pictures I see now Raphael's Transfiguration and Madonna di Foligno in the Vatican (how could the same man ever have painted the horrible in the Barberini Gallery!) — the first far greater than I had conceived. The Christ is the noblest attempt of art. It is the Christ of the Sistine Madonna grown to manhood. The picture is not to me the greatest of the world, but all comparisons of this sort are impious and odious.

The Communion of St. Jerome I enjoyed greatly. The deep human feeling and true reverence of Domenichino is as perfect in its way as the more spiritual and miraculous inspiration of Raphael. Also in the Vatican is Murillo's Marriage of St. Catherine, with three of the most perfect faces pencil ever drew. Guercino's Magdalene and Skepticism of Thomas introduced me to a new love for him. In the Capitol I saw him again in the St. John Baptist and the Santa Petronilla. Here too, in the Capitol, is his Persian Sibyl, which I like much more than Domenichino's Cumæan Sibyl near it.

Of the other galleries I remember the Borghese best by its Raphael portraits, its splendid Titians (sacred and profane love, and others), and its Andrea del Sartos, especially the Magdalen and Holy Family; the Barberini by that wonderful Cenci, of which no copy or engraving begins to give an idea — it stands alone among pictures; the Doria for its Titians, the Three Ages of Men particularly; the Corsini for its Guidos and Carlo Dolcis, though one tires much of the latter. Guido you know first here in Rome. The Michael in the Capuchins' Church, the Crucifixion in St. Lorenzo, the Aurora in the Rospiglioso Pavilion, the Assumption in the private chapel of the Quirinal, the St. Sebastian

in the Capitol, — all these one must see, and then go to Naples and look at the greatest of all in the superb Visitation that hangs over the high altar in the church of St. Martino.

On the whole the greatest statue I have seen is the Dying Gladiator. Byron, who talks a vast amount of twaddle, has strangely and truly said just the right thing here. The Apollo is far less powerful. The Gladiator has a pathos in it of which I had not believed marble was capable. Michael Angelo's Moses in St. Pietro di Vincoli, and his Christ in St. Maria Sopra Minerva, both enchained me long. I think few things in old art have given me more delight than the faun faces that, with a merriment and animal glee which modern life hardly knows, overrun with laughter, as the fountains do with water, everywhere, from the classic statue in the Capitol to the rudest bust that still laughs with its broken nose on some high shelf in the Vatican. That little Chapel of St. Laurence, hidden away in the depths of the Vatican, with its pictures of St. Stephen and St. Laurence by Fra Angelico (how quaint and touching his old tombstone is in St. Maria Sopra Minerva!), is one of the most delightful things to me in Rome.

Of the great Frescoes of Raphael, as of the Tapestries, I am afraid I must say that as wholes I enjoyed them very little, but parts, and especially single figures in almost all of them, gave me real and very deep delight.

While Mr. Brooks was in Rome, he preached on two successive Sundays at the American Embassy. He also made in Rome an address on the 22d of February: —

Two hundred and five loyal ladies and gentlemen [so runs the report] assembled in the Galleria Daulesea, Stamperia Camerale, to give expression to their feelings of reverence for the dead, as well as to unite in hearty, joyful thanks that freedom has been effectually established, and that the good old flag in peace and beauty now floats over our beloved land. The hall was spacious and beautiful. The repast was elegant and sumptuous, while a profusion of fresh and choicest flowers perfumed the atmosphere deliciously. Ex-President King of Columbia College presided . . . and made an eloquent speech, warming every loyal heart present. Mr. William W. Story portrayed the beautiful character of Pius IX. . . . Rev. Charles T. Brooks of Rhode Island recited a beautiful poem of his own composition. General Bartlett was most happy in a short but spirited reply to the "Army and Navy." Several other persons made appropriate and most acceptable addresses, but the most soul-stirring and eloquent was

from Rev. Phillips Brooks, who, like the old Roman orators, by his warm patriotism, choice language, original thoughts, and rushing eloquence, completely chained every hearer.[1] (Correspondent of the "Boston Transcript.")

Amidst the absorption of sight-seeing, he found the time, while in Rome, to write a long letter to the children of his Sunday-school in Philadelphia, to be read to them as his Easter greeting.[2] It was a very genuine, as well as beautiful letter, and an extract is given here in order to fill out the picture of his mind in those days, so crowded with new and strange impressions. It shows also his love for children: —

I do not mind telling you (though of course I should not like to have you speak of it to any of the older people of the church) that I am much afraid the younger part of my congregation has more than its share of my thoughts and interest. I cannot tell you how many Sunday mornings since I left you I have seemed to stand in the midst of our crowded schoolroom again, and look about and know every face and every class just as I used to; nor how many times I have heard one of our home hymns ringing very strangely and sweetly through the different music of some far-off country. I remember especially on Christmas Eve, when I was standing in the old church at Bethlehem, close to the spot where Jesus was born, when the whole church was ringing hour after hour with the splendid hymns of praise to God, how again and again it seemed as if I could hear voices that I knew well, telling each other of the "Wonderful Night" of the Saviour's birth, as I had heard them a year before; and I assure you I was glad to shut my ears for a while and listen to the more familiar strains that came wandering to me halfway round the world.

Six months still remained to him after leaving Rome before his year of absence should expire. Greece was next to be visited. He had been so eager to get into Italy that he had passed by Athens as if it occupied a secondary place in his affections. Yet of his first day in Athens he writes, "It was one of the most memorable of all my journey," and again he writes, "Greece has been perhaps on the whole the best

[1] Cf. *Letters of Travel*, p. 96, for allusion to this circumstance.

[2] This letter is given in *Letters of Travel*, pp. 85 ff.

and most picturesque success of all my journey." How his experience there revived within him the youthful classic fervor is shown in this letter to his brother Arthur, then a Senior at Harvard: —

Athens, Saturday, March 10, 1866.

Dear Arthur, — I have been meaning to write you a letter, and have only waited till I could find myself in a sufficiently classical mood to warrant my addressing a young person almost through Harvard. I thought at one time that Rome would do pretty well, but am glad now that I waited till I had finished a week in Greece, which I will try to tell you a little about. There is enough to tell if I can only get it into shape. I am now in the cabin of the French steamer lying in the Piræus, which is going to start in an hour or two to take me to Cività Vecchia. Thursday morning, the 1st, we (Appleton and I) landed at the Piræus, and took a rickety hack up the dusty road between the almost-gone Long Walls to Athens. As soon as we were out of the town (Piræus), the Acropolis and Lycabettus and Pentelicus were all in sight. That day and the three next we spent in the City, with one day's ride out over the Sacred Road to Eleusis, and another's walk to Colonus and the Groves of the Academy and along the Cephissus. What shall I tell you most about? I remember perhaps most of all one afternoon in the newly excavated Dionisiac Theatre just under the south wall of the Acropolis. It has been covered and lost till within the last two years, but now is being rapidly dug out and is almost all evident. It is a very perfect gem. The bright tiers of white marble seats slope up the hill from the marble orchestra, and the Parthenon looks over the wall at them from above. Beyond the orchestra the narrow stage, supported by the line of exquisite sculptures, mostly broken and headless, but very beautiful, stands just as when "Euripides" and "Æschylus" were performed on it for the first time. The front row of seats around the orchestra is a line of elegant marble chairs, with the name of the assigned occupant sculptured on each. They are the Priests of the city. The Clergy had front seats at the Theatre in those days. I sat down in the chair Ἱερευς Διος Ὀλυμπιου, and imagined myself the old Reverend who used to occupy it. My brother of Dionysus sat on one side, and his Reverence of Hermes on the other. Behind were two grand chairs marked Ὁ Κηρυξ and Ὁ Στρατηγος, while the biggest of all, with Ἡ Πολις on it, stood just at one side. In front was Hymettus with its deep purple mass, where one almost heard the humming of the bees in the still sunny air (the honey from Mt. H.

is splendid still), and off to the right rose the hill of Philopappus, behind which shine the waters of the Saronic Gulf. Two little Greek boys and a Greek maiden (very dirty all) were playing hide and seek among the ruins and behind the seats, and when they got tired of that, running along the front of the stage, touching the sculptures, and naming the Σωματα, as they called them, 'ανδρα, γυναικα, γυναικα, 'ανδρα. The latest discovery, an old Greek altar cut over in later times with a Latin inscription in honor of two dead Roman nobodies, lay close by. I sat there till they got through one or two plays of the Trilogy, and then got up and went through the Propylæa, past the Erechtheum, with its beautiful Portico of the Caryatides, and saw the sun set from the West Porch of the Parthenon. Another day to the Theseum, the most perfect of ancient temples, which stands at a much lower level than the Acropolis, and is seen very finely as you lie on your back lazily on the Areopagus just over the cavern where the Eumenides had their temple, and just over against the rocky platform at the head of the steps leading up from the old Agora where Paul made his great speech about the temples, with the Parthenon before him for a text. You cross the Agora from the Areopagus, and by a splendid old Pelasgic wall climb up to the Pnyx, and cross it to the Bema, which stands almost as perfect as when Demosthenes was there, and must have been a splendid place to speak from to a great crowd. Last Sunday I preached twice for Dr. Hill in the Church of St. Paul. The doctor is a noble man, and has done more for Greece than all its poor politicians of the last twenty years put together. Indeed, modern Greece is in a very melancholy state by all accounts. The people are bright and active, but their best friends seem to have owned that they lack, for the present at least, some of the most necessary qualities for self-government or anything approaching to it. The present king is a boy, and a foreigner, and his government is bankrupt. The Church is degraded, and the great mass of the priesthood ignorant and superstitious. The country is overrun with brigands, and no taxes can be collected. You can't help being interested in them, but they must be an awfully trying people to deal with.

Sunday evening we drove down to the Piræus, and very early the next morning went on board a Greek steamer and sailed for Nauplia. We passed out by the tomb of Themistocles, sailed by Salamis, and kept along close to Ægina, the most beautiful of islands. Our ship's company was the oddest collection of Greeks of every rank, age, and degree of dirt. Nothing but Greek was talked at table. Two old fellows had a discussion about Aga-

memnon and Achilles across the table, in which one caught a sentence here and there, and was always recognizing and bowing to old words whose acquaintance he made years ago in Bedford Street, but never dreamed of meeting in common society, walking about like common words. In the evening we reached Nauplia, and went on shore to the Ξενοδοχεῖον Ὁμόνοια or Hotel de la Concorde, or as it was translated underneath, "for Barbarians." The classic fleas fed on us through the dewy night. In the morning our good dragoman, a gentleman in a red fez and white pleated petticoat and embroidered jacket and leggins, uncommonly Greek, appeared at the door with a lot of scraggy horses, on which we and our traps were mounted, and off we started up the Argolid, some more strange countries for to see. We came in half an hour to Tiryns, and did full justice to its vast Cyclopean walls and strange arched galleries, which are so old that it don't make any difference how old you call them. A thousand years or two can't make much difference away back there. Then on, across the grassy plain of horse-feeding Argos, where horses were certainly feeding in plenty as we passed to Argos itself, with its old citadel Larissa, crowned now by a Roman or Venetian citadel. The only remains are an old theatre cut out mostly in the solid rock of the hillside, — a grand old ruin. No end of little Oresteses and Electras gathered around us and wanted Lepta. We kept on across the plain two hours further to Mycenæ, perched between its twin hills. A grand, great citadel with its Gate of Lions and subterranean Treasuries of Agamemnon. It was hard to realize that we were really right in the midst of the scene where that pleasant little family circle of the Atreuses used to carry on such remarkable proceedings. From Mycenæ we rode up a long dark rock glen, delightfully Greek and wild, — a splendid place for brigands (I forgot to say we took a guard of five Greek horsemen at Argos to defend us from the bloodthirsty), — and came out about dusk into a green plain, some three miles long, with three Doric columns, looking infinitely old, standing towards one end, among the ruins of a temple. This is the place of the old Nemæan games. The lions' cave is still shown in a mountain top overlooking the plain. A little after dark we came to Cleonæ, a wayside station, where we spent the night in a funny inn, where the floors were still classic and the landlord was a jolly Argive, named Agamemnon. Clytemnestra was running about with hair down her back and shoes down at the heel. Fortunately we had our own cook and provisions, and so fared pretty well. Greek cookery is villainous. Early the next morning we were off, and two hours' ride over gray hills brought us to

the sight of the blue Gulf of Corinth, the bluest waters I ever saw. We stood up in our stirrups, which shook our bony steeds all over, and cried, "Thalatta!" The only ruins of Corinth are seven old Doric columns of the Temple of Athena, very striking and terribly old, but I climbed up the Acro Corinthus, the splendid citadel, and saw one of the views that you don't get often in a lifetime. Below, the old town and its columns — then the isthmus with its two blue gulfs — to the right Megara, Salamis, and Attica beyond, with Hymettus hazy against the sky. The day was not clear enough to make out the Acropolis, which is often seen. To the left the plain of Sicyon and the town itself, with Mt. Cyllene stretching away behind. In front a long line of hills, many of them snowy, to which belong the names Cithæron, Helicon, Parnassus. Just up that hollow to the northwest is Delphi. Behind us are the gray hills of Argolis over which we have come. Is n't that something of a view? I drank at Pyrene, where Pegasus struck water, and then we set out across the isthmus, passing in sight of Cenchrea where Paul landed, and close by the ruins of a vast temple of Poseidon, where the Isthmian sanctuary was. We arrived at Kolamaki, at the head of the Saronic Gulf, in time to dine, and go to bed, and feed the fleas of one more Khan. The next morning we were to start back to Athens, and went early on board another Greek steamer, the Ionia, but there was a strong wind blowing, and the connecting steamer on the other side from Corfu could n't land her passengers, and so we lay all day and all night up there in the bay. The next morning we got off, and crossing between Ægina and Salamis reached the Piræus in four hours, just in time to miss our old friend the Godavery, which we had expected to take on her way back from Constantinople to Messina. She had gone, and we had to go up to Athens again for the night. Not a very hard necessity, for we had a clearer atmosphere and more perfect views of the old town than on our former visit. I spent the evening at Dr. Hill's very pleasantly, and in the morning this other boat turned up going westward, and here we are on board her, and this is my story about Greece. Finis.

Are you very tired of all this? Well, some day you will come here yourself, and then you will understand how anybody here gets carried away with this delicious country, and gets garrulous and persuades himself that other people will be as glad to listen as he will be to talk about it. It stands out as very different from all the rest of my trip, and one of its most complete successes. Anybody who comes to Europe and not to Greece is a very much Donkey — tell him so when you see him.

And how goes it with you? How many more prizes have you got? I congratulate you on the last I heard of you, tidings of which reached me in Jerusalem. How do you like the feel of the Academic gown? Are you in the first five still? Who beats now on the baseball ground? These, and a thousand other things tell me at once, if you please, in a letter twice as long as this. Good-by; write right off.

Your loving brother,

PHILL.

From Greece he returned to Rome, to spend an additional month. It was hard finally for him to tear himself away. In pure enjoyment the time he spent in Rome surpassed all else, in his long tour. He cultivated the artists in their studios, and was the recipient of much social attention from the American colony. He had been indefatigable in exploring the city, but the itinerary of his route after he should leave it promised him much that appeared as most rich to his imagination. He was not tired, nor had he exhausted his capacity for new impressions.

I shall leave [he writes] and go by way of Foligno and Perugia to Florence; then to Bologna, Parma, Modena, Ferrara, Padua, and Venice; then to Verona, Milan, the Italian lakes, Turin, Genoa, Nice, Marseilles, Lyons, and Paris. Does n't that sound good? I am depending much on Florence and Venice, and indeed all the route is very rich.

So he went on to Paris, where he met his friend George Strong, and together they went to England. There they were joined for a while by Rev. Henry C. Potter, who had just become the assistant minister of Trinity Church, Boston. It is needless to say that his days grew increasingly happy in the companionship of his friends. From England he went to Switzerland, to spend the summer, of which the story may be read in his "Letters of Travel." He sailed for home on the 15th of September. To his father he writes from Paris, announcing the time of sailing: —

My work is over and I am just sitting here like a fellow who runs over the index of the book he has been reading. To see this epitome of all Europe and of all the world, — the cosmopolitan city, sparkling, beautiful Paris.

From Paris, also, he wrote a characteristic family letter to his brother Arthur: —

GRAND HOTEL, PARIS, July 5, 1866.

DEAR ARTHUR, — I write to you this week even at the risk of seeming intrusive and presumptuous in doing so twice within the year. But you will keep doing things that make people want to congratulate you — here you have been carrying off most of the prizes of Harvard in an unprecedented way. The Bowdoin Essay was all very well (what do you think about Russia and England in Central Asia?) — there was no harm in that, — it runs in the family, and the first thing we know "Mister John" will be taking it. But what business have you to read well too? Fred does n't and I did n't, and let me tell you that I think these repeated innovations on the family routine are revolutionary and dangerous, and not to be encouraged. So I proceed to discountenance your proceedings by inflicting on you this week's letter.

And first about this morning's news from the wonderful little man across the street there in the Tuileries. Early this morning we heard what he had done. Venetia is given up. The Italian kingdom is complete and the war is as good as over. Our great rejoicing is of course for Italy. I wish she had a better Government to regulate her, now that she is free and whole, but at any rate with such a people she cannot well fail. We shall be curious now to see what becomes of Rome and the poor old Pope. There is a private and selfish satisfaction in the business, that I shall be able to travel all I want to this summer and not lose, as I feared, much of the best.

I came from London on Monday. It was my good-by to England, and much as I have enjoyed its beauty I was not sorry to come away. I crossed from New Haven to Dieppe and went to Rouen, — a delightful old city, — so I saw some of the best of Normandy. Paris is as bright and gay and beautiful as ever. Its shops are wonders, but things are not much if any cheaper in them than they are at home.

Yesterday was the glorious Fourth, and the Americans celebrated it by a fête in the Bois de Boulogne. I went and quite enjoyed it. There were ever so many people there, a capital dinner, and some good speaking. To-morrow I leave for Switzerland; I am eager for it, but it will not be comfortable travelling. It is far too full of our own people, but I suppose they can't crowd the glaciers nor choke up the passes. I had a private celebration of the glorious Fourth, which consisted in going to the Headquarters and buying a ticket for New York by the Ville

de Paris, which sails from Brest on the 15th of September, 1866. I said Hurrah! inwardly as I picked out my berth, and found it felt very much indeed like being at home. She is the best and fastest steamer of the line, and will no doubt land me safely in New York on the 25th.

I am waiting to hear about the Family visit to Philadelphia, and Fred's ordination and all. Have you heard him preach? Has he made any engagement — I don't mean to marry, but to preach? You may fill a piece of your letter week after next by telling me about it. So the Constitutional Amendment has passed, and I suppose will be ratified. The session then has n't been in vain. Why can't they ship Jeff Davis off to the Cannibal Islands, and get rid of this miserable fuss and shilly-shally about him?

I saw Dr. Peabody at Chester the other day. Good-by; you 've got to answer this. Tell me all about Commencement.

PHILL.

While Mr. Brooks was in Rome, he went to the services in Holy Week at St. Peter's. On Maundy Thursday he writes: —

I saw his Holiness wash the feet of twelve priests, — a very odd and ugly sight. The Pope came out on the great balcony in front of the church and pronounced his benediction. That was one of the grandest sights I ever saw. In the afternoon I heard the Miserere in the Sistine Chapel, and whatever else may be humbug about this strange week here, that was certainly the most wonderful music I ever listened to. . . .

Holy Week at Rome is not a humbug, as people say, full as it is of things stupid, tiresome, and disagreeable, but the Miserere in the Sistine, the benediction from the balcony, the solemn moment of the elevation of the Host on Easter, and the illumination of St. Peter's, these all seem to reach very remarkably the great ideal of the central religious commemoration of Christendom.

Mr. Brooks had no interview with the Pope, nor does he express any desire for one. But there were those to whom it seemed a necessity to connect the Bishop of Rome with Phillips Brooks. That two such personages should be near each other without meeting contradicted the presumptions of life. In the absence of exact knowledge, it was only necessary to draw on the imagination for the facts, as in an amusing article

which appeared in one of the Philadelphia papers, giving an account of a conversation between the Pope and Phillips Brooks, when they discussed the question of Christian unity. The Pope was represented as greatly interested in Phillips Brooks, and intimated the possibility of a cardinal's hat as an inducement to him to labor for the union of the Anglican Church with the Church of Rome.

While Mr. Brooks was abroad classical associations seemed almost as important in his vision as those of religion. But from this time they pass more and more into the background of his consciousness, always there and never without an influence, while the Evangelical narrative comes into the foreground as containing the principle of his theology, the unifying force of his life. Such indeed it had hitherto been, but henceforth with an emphasis and an intensity, which was to make it a new truth. It was not till later that the Christmas carol, "O little town of Bethlehem," was first printed, but it had been singing in the soul of Phillips Brooks since he was in Palestine. It is beautiful in itself, but it has also a theological significance, — the adjustment between the natural order and the divine revelation.

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

CHAPTER III

1866–1867

BISHOP RANDOLPH'S REMINISCENCES. THE CALL TO THE EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL IN CAMBRIDGE. FAMILY LIFE AND LETTERS. NOTES FROM HIS JOURNAL. LETTER TO DEAN STANLEY

Mr. Brooks returned from his year abroad in what seemed the perfection of physical strength, with powers of work and endurance which are in striking contrast with an earlier delicacy of constitution, — with the weariness which followed effort, or the susceptibility to changes of weather so often noted as interfering with his mental labor. Henceforth, so at least it appeared, he was capable of labor and of endurance, without cessation or fatigue, beyond the capacity of other men. Many years were to elapse before he would know, or would express again, as he had done, the sensations of weariness or exhaustion. The education obtained from seeing and realizing his world of life and humanity, hitherto known only by books, had in ways mysterious or untraceable strengthened his whole being and set him free, giving him the liberty which he has himself defined, "the genuine ability of a living creature to manifest its whole nature and to be itself most unrestrainedly." This change at once physical and spiritual showed itself in many ways, in things little and great. For example, he did not so often allude to his work, till at last it would seem as if he did no work of preparation, but acted and spoke with the ease of absolute spontaneity. We might infer that he had adopted the principle of Marcus Aurelius, — a spirit kindred to his own, — "not frequently or of necessity to say to any one or to write in a letter that I have no leisure, nor continually to excuse the neglect of duties required by our relation to those with whom we live, by alleging urgent occupations."

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, PHILADELPHIA

Mr. Brooks spent his first Sunday after his return with his family, preaching, on September 30, in Trinity Church, Boston. On the 7th of October he resumed his ministry in Philadelphia. "The church looks very much as usual," he writes, "and the usual vista of sermons, studies, committee meetings, and Freedmen's Societies is opening before me. It is rather pleasant to feel myself at work again."

It was inevitable that some changes should have occurred during his absence, so that the situation was not quite what it had been. There are some intimations that he was restless and dissatisfied. To Rev. C. A. L. Richards, who had asked him for his impressions of Browning, whom he met while in England, he writes: —

> I can't say anything now except that he is one of the nicest people to pass an evening with in London. He is just what you see him in that picture [a photograph enclosed], a clear-headed and particularly clear-eyed man of the world, devoted to society, one of the greatest diners-out in London, cordial and hearty as a dear old uncle, shakes your hand as if he were really glad to see you. He seemed to me very like some of the best of Thackeray's London men. A full-souled American. . . . As to his talk it was n't Sordello and it was n't as fine as Paracelsus, but nobody ever talked more nobly, truly, and cheerily than he. I went home and slept after hearing him as one does after a fresh starlight walk with a good cool breeze on his face.
>
> I am drearily homesick for the Old World sometimes. I know it would n't be good for me to go again, and so I try to be as brave as I can and pat myself on the back and call myself contented. . . .

This mood of restlessness and discontent, and sometimes of depression, occasionally showing itself in outbursts of feeling in his letters, may have been partly owing to that peculiarity in his constitution which made it difficult to transplant him from one spot to another. He had been at home so thoroughly in the Old World, and had drunk so deeply from its rich suggestiveness to his imagination, that it was like the process of taking root again to begin his work in Philadelphia. It was a trying time also from the political point of view, those days when the method of recon-

struction in the South was the issue. Mr. Brooks had great faith in Charles Sumner as a leader, sharing the common feeling that the accession of President Johnson was a misfortune. He feared that Congress might lose its temper: "It is bad to see spitefulness when there ought to be wisdom." A great meeting was held in November, in behalf of the freedmen, where Chief Justice Chase presided. Again Mr. Brooks exerted his power in an eloquent appeal, advocating the education of the negro to qualify him for a voter. "To many," he said, "it might seem like radicalism, but Christianity is the radicalism of the world. The best way then is to teach pure unadulterated radicalism, for this is the only conservatism." On Thanksgiving Day, the 29th of November, he preached from the text Isaiah xxvi. 15: "Thou hast increased the nation, O Lord; Thou hast increased the nation; Thou art glorified." After alluding to the difficulties of the hour, the obstacles to be overcome in the vindication of the rights of man yet to be achieved, he paid his tribute to the increased and glorified nation. Americans have now a self-consciousness of nationality. Irresponsibility and irresolution have been left to the history of our earlier days, and the nation has attained its manhood. Foreign countries had not a true sense of our greatness, and yet they had gained some glimpse of it in their appreciation of our great representative, the glorious and lamented Lincoln. He appealed to those blessed with prosperity and wealth not to lavish their substance on gorgeous and tawdry adornments of fashion and costly dissipations, but to serve the Lord in the relief and education of the poor. We have now the noblest and grandest nation on the earth. We have our faults, and other nations have their splendors, but our faults are the follies of our youth, their splendors are the phosphorescent glory of their rottenness and wickedness. In our progress in free ideas, in wealth and size and extent, we have gone forward with gigantic strides. Such was his utterance in substance, as it filtered through the mind of some hearer who reported it.

The large nature of the man governed by the sense of

humanity appears now in another aspect. There were demands and appeals to be met besides those of the freedmen. The South, desolated by war, was threatened by famine. The Mayor of Philadelphia called together its prominent citizens, "the mercantile magnates of the city, clergy, and men of letters," to consider the situation, and Phillips Brooks was the spokesman. He said that at such a time no questions should be asked. What we have to do is to look upon the end of the war as accomplished, and to treat the people of the South as though they had never estranged themselves from us. We must alleviate the sufferings there, and open the way to happiness, and remove as far as possible the ravages which have taken place. Questions of the method of reconstruction were not to be considered now. New York has done much, but Philadelphia must outstrip her in gathering contributions and funds and all manner of supplies. This will be the surest means of reconstruction, — the right sympathy of hearts. Mr. Brooks spoke at some length, says the reporter, and at the close of his remarks the audience applauded. Resolutions of assistance were unanimously adopted. Mr. Brooks was not contented with talking or appealing to others to act. He had written at once to his friend Mr. Randolph after the war was over, asking for permission to aid the churches weakened and desolated by the ravages of war in that beautiful old State, made sacred to his heart by early associations in the theological seminary.

A month after the proclamation of peace [writes Bishop Randolph] I received a letter from him, inquiring of myself, my family, and many of our mutual friends, and telling me to sit down forthwith and write to him, and give him the privilege of helping poor churches that had been crippled by the war and ministers who were suffering the privations of poverty. After spending seventeen years in the city of Baltimore I returned to Virginia thirteen years ago as the Assistant Bishop of the Diocese, and my duties brought me into contact with the people and churches of Virginia, and it touched me to find that many of them had received contributions of money and letters of sympathy and encouragement from him.

He had strong feelings and convictions on the side of the Union

cause in the civil war, and from the days of the student life in the Virginia seminary, and we may suppose from his childhood, he had nothing but antipathy to the institution of slavery; but he was too much of a man to cherish sectional prejudices and too much of a Christian gentleman to permit political differences to generate personal animosities.

In this connection I remember the impression from a conversation with my friend in my home in Baltimore, a few years after the tribulations of the war had passed away. The family had retired for the night, and we were together in my study until long after midnight, he asking me questions about the four years of the war as I had seen them and passed through them. I shall never forget his gentleness and sweet reasonableness and sympathy throughout the conversation. I try to imagine the change and the elevation that would come to human life in all its relations if a spirit like his could ever gain the ascendency over the prejudices, the self-assertions, the narrowness, and the ignorance of the matter of men.

There are no striking incidents in his parish life to be recorded. It may be mentioned, as one of the things which he held important, that the Sunday-school manual, with whose preparation he was closely connected during several happy years, had been completed, and was in successful use. He had received a copy of it while abroad, and acknowledged it to his friend Mr. Lewis H. Redner: —

> The new music book was full of pleasant recollections that dropped out between the leaves as I turned them over — all about long evenings when we played and sang a little, and talked and ate a great deal, and about how one or two of you did all the work and the rest of us industriously looked on. They were pleasant evenings indeed. . . . As to the book itself, I feel myself as useless among its critics now that it is done as I was among its compilers while it was making. I hope it is all right, and will do good work, and that the Public will enjoy using it as much as the Committee enjoyed making it.

In December, 1866, steps were taken toward the completion of the Church of the Holy Trinity by the erection of a church tower. Mr. Brooks had been deputed by the vestry to visit New York for the purpose of consultation with architects, and while there had made his home as usual with

Dr. Vinton. During his year in Europe he had cultivated an interest in architecture, noting whatever was impressive or effective, as well as observing defects and inquiring into their cause. He had before him the vision of an ideal church building which should embody the motives of Protestantism, while yet retaining whatever might be of service in the older mediæval methods. An opportunity now came for the exercise of his taste and judgment. But a difference of opinion developed between him and the vestry, whether there should be a massive tower only, or a tower surmounted by a spire. His own preference was for the tower without the spire, not a vital issue certainly, but yet suggestive and in its way revealing the difference between fundamental types of modern Christianity. The tall spire, pointing heavenward away from earth and material things, has to the American mind become almost synonymous with ecclesiastical architecture. It stands for aspiration towards ideal ends, the predominant mood of the American people, more particularly in New England, where Puritanism has prevailed, and whence it has spread over the country. But the tower without the spire is in itself complete as a religious symbol, bespeaking the sense of protection in God, the need of God as a defence and shield; as in the words of Luther's hymn, "A strong tower is our God." That Mr. Brooks was clear in his own mind as to what he wanted is evident from a reference to the subject, a few months after his visit to New York, in a letter to Rev. C. A. L. Richards: "I have just broken my head against my vestry in an attempt to put a tower harmonious and solid on my church. I have failed. It is to be a spire, taller than anything in town, not bad and not good." In the end, however, Mr. Brooks was allowed to have his way, and the lofty tower of Holy Trinity, in Philadelphia, remains a monument to his preference in church architecture.

It was a tribute of high recognition which came to Mr. Brooks in the spring of 1867, in an invitation to become the head of the new Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, and to be responsible for its organization and the selection

of its teachers. The founder of the school, Benjamin Tyler Reed, Esq., had frequently entertained him at Lynn, his summer home, where for several successive summers Mr. Brooks had accepted an invitation to preach. Had not the call come so soon after the trial he had gone through in connection with the Divinity School in Philadelphia he might have given the subject a greater consideration than he appears to have done. But the call must have meant something to him. It showed that men recognized in him not merely a popular preacher, but a man competent for guidance and administration, the fittest man for what was to be one of the most influential institutions in the Episcopal Church, of whom the church would have reason to be proud even in that intellectual centre and under the shadow of Harvard. But Mr. Brooks dismissed the subject in this reference to it in the following letter: —

March 18, 1867.

I am called to Cambridge, to come and organize the new theological seminary, take what Professorship I will in it, and generally work the thing. What do you think of it? I am a good deal tempted by it, and have it under consideration. Do not mention it to any one, for if I do not go I suppose they would not care to have it known that they have asked me. I shall decide this week. I get as near to you as New York next Sunday, where I go to spend the day with Dr. Vinton.

Interesting events in the home and family life of Phillips Brooks were taking place in the spring of the year 1867. He received the news of the engagement of his older brother to Miss Franks of Philadelphia, a parishioner at the Church of the Holy Trinity, whose brother James had been for a time his pupil, and for whom he always cherished the deepest affection. The youngest son, John Cotton, named after his ancestor, the first minister of the First Church in Boston, had been presented for Confirmation, to the joy of his mother's heart. Frederick, the fourth son, was already winning a golden reputation in the ministry, and his services were greatly in demand. Arthur, the next to the youngest son, was to graduate from Harvard in the summer.

PHILADELPHIA, April 17, 1867.

DEAR FATHER, — Our correspondence has not been very brisk this winter. In fact, I can't quite remember when I wrote to you last. But you have heard of me in a good many ways. I have known pretty well how things went on with you at home. The principal events of the winter have been the visits from home, especially those of William, who is going to be married very soon. So runs the story here. Perhaps after all the first family meeting may not be at Class Day, but before that time comes I may have the privilege of welcoming you all to the Holy Trinity. Of course you will all come on, from aunt Susan down to Johnnie, and we 'll charter a car from my house up Walnut Street to the church.

I rejoice with you all in Johnnie's Confirmation last week. Now all the boys are in the Church, and I hope none of them will do her any dishonor.

I am glad you approve of my decision about Cambridge. I am sure it is all right, although there are some things about the invitation there which tempted me very much. I hope the new School will be well manned and start vigorously. I do not feel that I could leave here for anything now.

Everything is looking beautifully spring-like. A warm rain yesterday brought the leaves to bursting, and to-day the trees are all green. The next month here will be lovely, and the early part of June will be perfect. . . .

A year ago to-day I was at Parma in Italy. Every day comes up to me with its associations and repeats the grand tour. I think nobody ever enjoyed Europe more than I did.

Good-by. Lots of love to Mother and thanks for her letter. Let 's see you all in June.

Your loving son, PHILL.

To Rev. C. A. L. Richards he writes: —

PHILADELPHIA, June 28, 1867.

I have just got back from Boston. Arthur, one of those boys who must be all a hazy lump to you, is just graduating, and I am proud of him because he is third scholar in a class of some hundred, and so I went on to his Class Day. It was perfect. Cambridge with its elms and grass all washed and fresh, and splendid music and luxuriant hospitality, and no end of bright, pretty faces. Do you know I think I am getting more and more susceptible as I grow older. Did you? I should n't wonder if it came to matrimony pretty soon.

The summer of 1867 was spent at Mount Desert, but no record of it has been kept. In one of his letters he simply refers to it as very crowded, and very pleasant, and a hard place to write letters. As he was beginning in the fall a new year of work in Philadelphia, his younger brothers were making new starts in life. Arthur went to Andover Theological Seminary to begin his preparation for the ministry, and John entered Harvard College. The Rev. Frederick Brooks had accepted a call to St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Of these changes, and how they affected her, his mother speaks in the following letter: —

Boston, September 29, 1867.

My dearest Philly, — I was delighted to get your letter this morning, and thank you for it a thousand times. I shall answer it right off to show how glad I was. . . . I have been starting John off to college and Arthur off to Andover, and this week I am changing both my servants, who have got too smart for me. All this sounds very small, but it is woman's life and must be done.

Your letter made me glad and sorry, — glad about Frederick, but oh, so sorry about Philadelphia! Oh, don't lose her! It will take the heart out of all of us if she fails us. It is too hard to have our great struggle end like this. I don't believe it yet; so keep up good heart and quit you like men.

As to Fred, it is too good, and most earnestly have I thanked God for it. Cleveland seems just the place for him, a large field of labor, out West as he wishes, and yet nearer home. It must be a beautiful city. Let 's you and I go out there and see him some day.

Oh, Philly, I am delighted to see my boys so wide awake in such work. There could n't anything rejoice my heart more. You seem to be working hard and to enjoy it. Dear Philly, your influence is very wide and good. May your reward be great. I thank you, my dear boy, for all the happiness and honor your high course brings to me. Go on to the end, and only let your last works be even more than your first.

There is but one fault in your letter. You do not tell whether you are going to preach the Foreign Missions sermon. Do, and plead strongly the Lord's cause for the heathen.

I miss John very much. Nearly all my children have left me, and, as I sit alone, I feel lonely. But I rejoice to think they have gone to do the Lord's work. Did you remember that yes-

terday, the 28th of September, was dear George's confirmation day? I thought of him every moment.

How much I enjoyed your summer visit with us. Do come again in the course of the year. Your room looks deserted and lonely, and I see many tokens of you when I go into it. Aunt Susan, too, has gone for a long visit to Andover. What should I do without William and Mary! Good-by. With the love and blessing of your ever loving MOTHER.

The years between the return from Europe to 1869, when Mr. Brooks left Philadelphia for Boston, while destitute in striking incidents, were among the fruitful years in his experience, when he was receiving what God was teaching him. Never had he been more prolific in great sermons, or more diligent in his task of sermon-writing. He held the city of Philadelphia enchained in admiration of his eloquence, wondering at the mystery and secret of his power, which no analysis could fathom. Yet neither in his letters nor journals does he make the slightest allusion which would indicate that he was in any degree conscious of the power he was exercising, of his sceptre over human souls, or of the admiration, the devotion, lavished upon him by the thousands who came under his spell. When he writes home he speaks in his stereotyped way of his work, to the effect that things are going smoothly as usual. We may turn to his note-book, but it tells us little. More and more he shut himself up to the process within his soul, and in his sermons, eliminating all trace of the labor of the process, gave himself freely and unreservedly to the world, as next to God the sole confidant of his inward life. He who converses much with God and the world, or seeks to mediate between them, must be content, whether he will or no, to sacrifice much wherein to others lie the reality and the value of life. A few extracts are given here from his note-book, where he is for a moment thinking aloud, not for others but for himself.

There went a tide across my sleep,
I know not, guess not, whence it came;
But since I have not dared to keep
My old and wayward life the same.

The way in which the character of an age shaped its institutions and peculiar doctrines passes over into the next, leaving the institutions and the doctrines all behind, as if they were the furnaces in which the metal was moulded, but whose shape it never kept. Seen in the transfer of the best spirit of Greek and Roman life into Christianity, in the infusion of the spirit of barbarism into Mediævalism, of Mediævalism into the modern life of the Reformation, and of New England Puritanism into later American character.

> One thing I am sure of, that all that I see
> On the earth, in the sky, is a portion of me,
> And I am a part of the whole I behold,
> The sea with its grayness, the sky with its gold.
>
> What wonder if suddenly down from the hill
> Comes a flood not of tempest alone, but of will;
> What wonder if graciously up from the plain
> Comes a harvest of Peace with the harvest of grain.

The shading of character into character we learn by and by, and it is a very confusing lesson. I can remember well enough how as a child I used to feel as if misers and Sabbath-breakers and infidels were kinds of professions or castes, which you would recognize any moment when you saw them, by their very look. The first time I had an infidel pointed out to me was a wonder. I looked in vain for his badges. Only by and by you find the misers and the infidels everywhere, nay, even in yourself.

Any one who travels much and sees the past and the present of the world on a large scale comes, I think, necessarily to attribute a wider and more solid power to *sentiments* and *feelings*, to affections, superstitions, and antipathies in human history, — things that seem shadowy and unreal, — than he was used to do. What have they done? Nay, rather, what have they not done?

The Mohammedans have the golden gate into the Mosque of Omar heavily walled up. There is a tradition that if ever they are driven out of possession it will be by Jews or Christians entering by that gate. Like this is the way in which many Christians, feeling that attacks upon religion are likeliest to come upon the side of reason, instead of simply arming themselves on that side and keeping watch that the gateway be used only for its proper passers, wall it up altogether and refuse to reason at all about their faith.

In the order of nature belief always precedes knowledge. It is the condition of instruction. The application of this to philosophy in Sir William Hamilton's "Metaphysics," p. 32. Apply it also to the method of religion.

The strength of our persuasions is no evidence at all of their rectitude. Crooked things may be as stiff and inflexible as well as straight; and men may be as positive and peremptory in error as in truth. (Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, ii. p. 279.)

Some men's faith only makes itself visible; other men's lightens everything within its reach. Yet this is not always a difference in the qualities of the two faiths, but may be owing to the conditions of the atmosphere.

Cicero writes to his brother Quintus of the prosecution of the Consuls (B. C. 52): "Aut hominum aut legum interitus ostenditur." Cf. this as a statement of one aspect of the Atonement. *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*

The great fact of the world, the phenomenon that is to be measured, the responsibility that is to be enjoined, is Tendency.

The Jesuit ordering pictures from France to use in the Huron Mission wants many souls in perdition (*âmes damnées*) in various styles; of souls in bliss (*âmes bienheureuse*) he thinks that one will be enough. (Parkman's Jesuits in North America, p. 133.)

A curious argument of the Indians, who believed in the truth as powerful, but drew the inference, not that they had better submit to it, but that it would be better for them not to hear it. (Parkman, Ib., p. 135.)

"You do good to your friends," said Le Jeune to an Algonquin Chief, "and you burn your enemies. God does the same."

It is a strange thing to say, but when the number of any public body exceeds that of forty or fifty, the whole assembly has an element of joyous childhood in it, and each member revives at times the glad mischievous nature of his schoolboy days. (Macmillan's Mag., December, 1867, p. 106.)

There are some diseases for which Lacordaire says (he is speaking of morbid solitude) there are but two remedies, Death and God. That nameless gift which misfortune adds to the greatest virtues. (Bossuet.)

The way in which the old army overcoats are still seen about, worn in ignominious work, long after the war is over.

He cannot force his way in, and so indulges himself with merely banging at the door.

If one's shoes were always being mended, when could they be worn? (Masson's Milton, ii. p. 276.)

Diogenes the Cynic was a wise man for despising them, but a fool for showing it. (Lord Chesterfield's Letters, p. 74.)

It has been well observed that men's real qualities are very apt to rise or fall to the level of their reputation. (Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden, p. 179.)

He was interested in the Sibylline Oracles, heathen and Christian, and his note-book gives indications of a plan for more thorough study. He wrote down with care the names of the Sibyls, the contents of the books in order to fix them in his mind, and also the prophecies uttered. Niebuhr's "History of Rome" was his guide, but he was led to dip into Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Pausanius, Varro, Livy, Josephus, Augustine [De Civitate Dei], Lactantius, and Celsus. He must have found that the demands on his time interfered with the exhaustive study of such a topic, for the plan was not carried out. But that he should have attempted it shows something of the working of his mind, of the scholar that he would like to have made, had he been free to follow his original native impulse. It also shows where his interest lay. He had been fascinated by that moment in ancient history, when Alexandria led the world of thought, — the age which produced Philo and Origen. The subject of the Sibyls might seem minute in its scope, yet it was related to the larger issue of the mode of divine revelation. Had it been pursued it would have led him into fields he would fain explore, the nature of inspiration, the nature and origin of prophetic utterance as distinguished from any other, the organic adaptation of the human soul, whether heathen or Jewish, for the religion of Christ. But if he were defeated in studying his subject from the historic point of view, or exploiting the dark recesses and rarely opened chambers in

human history in which he knew by instinct there were hidden treasures, yet he was not shut out from inquiry into the way in which the divine spirit reveals itself to the human. There were other modes of pursuing the inquiry for which he was fitted as few men are by his large and ever growing familiarity with the world of actual life, where the approach of God to the soul was a living present reality. The same divine power which had chosen him for its own, and separated him for the work of the ministry, now followed up that call and that purpose regarding him, excluding him jealously, as it were, from any distractions or diversions which might weaken or waste his powers, holding him as in a vise to the great work he was to do. Predestined himself for a prophet's work, he was compelled to study the message to his own soul.

An incident occurred in connection with the Pan-Anglican Synod, whose first meeting was in 1867, which stirred the soul of Phillips Brooks with righteous indignation. For ecclesiastical conventions he had little regard, and as he watched the proceedings in London he wrote: "The great English bishop-show seems to be doing nothing laboriously. Pan-Anglicans are poor things nowadays. My modest impression is that the strength of the church is in the lower orders of the clergy, backed, of course, by a large-minded laity." The most prominent result of the conference was the condemnation of Bishop Colenso of Natal, in South Africa, for his teaching in regard to the Old Testament, an act which seemed to Dean Stanley and others to be wrong in itself, and fraught with danger to the cause of free inquiry in theology, as well as a violation of the best traditions of the Church of England. For these reasons Dean Stanley refused the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London to use the Abbey in the closing service of the Synod, while, not to be discourteous, he offered it for some service of a general character, which should have no relation to the Pan-Anglican meeting. When this offer was in turn refused, the Dean wrote to Dr. Hopkins, the presiding bishop of the American Episcopal Church, explaining

the circumstances, for he was anxious there should be no misunderstanding of his desire to show welcome to all Americans. Bishop Hopkins in his reply took the opportunity to administer a reprimand to the Dean of Westminster for having disobeyed the divine law of the church in refusing the request of the bishops for the use of the Abbey. To those who knew the usages of the Church of England, and were familiar with the history of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages, Bishop Hopkins seemed to be making a display of his ignorance, and was guilty of a ludicrous blunder, for it was the time-honored prerogative of the Dean of Westminster that he owed no canonical obedience to any bishop. The letter of Bishop Hopkins to Dean Stanley was published in the American church papers. When Phillips Brooks read it he wrote this letter to the Dean of Westminster: —

PHILADELPHIA, November 29, 1867.

I have just happened to see in the "Church Journal" of New York a letter from you to Bishop Hopkins, our presiding Bishop, with his reply, and I am so mortified and indignant at the impudence and ill-feeling of the Bishop's letter that, whatever may be the liberty I take in doing so, I cannot help sitting down at once and disowning — as I am sure I may do for our whole Church — the spirit and substance of his melancholy letter. It is a little matter to you, but much to us. I, for one, am not willing that my Church should be so misrepresented. I am not willing that you should for a moment think that it is the Church which does what the Bishop of Vermont has done — answer the kind courtesy of your note to him by personal insult and impertinent criticisms of customs with which he had nothing in the world to do. I beg you to believe, sir, that the only feeling in our Church at large on reading the Bishop's letter will be one of sorrow and shame. We would not willingly see any gentleman insulted in our name, and we owe too much to you for all that you have sent us in your books, which we know here as well as any Englishman can, to feel lightly the disgrace of such words as the Bishop of Vermont has written.

One more letter may be given which relates to politics. Things had not been going quite as he desired to see them. In the enthusiasm of the moment following the emancipation of the slaves, he had anticipated the end to be reached, as in

a prophetic vision, not taking into view the long intervening years, and the mistakes that would be made whose effect would be to retard indefinitely the progress of the freedmen. From this time it is not apparent that he regarded with such hopeful eagerness as he had once done the course of political campaigns and elections. He was giving himself more exclusively to his distinctive work.

PHILADELPHIA, October 12, 1867.

DEAR FATHER, — I do not know whether you will take in a letter from a Pennsylvania man after the way in which we have disgraced ourselves this week. But I assure you that I voted the Republican ticket right straight through, and it is not my fault that we have been found patting Andrew Johnson on the back. I did what I could to save the country, but the State is thoroughly demoralized. They try to explain it all by local causes, but it is hopeless to account for it all so. There has certainly been a sad deterioration of public sentiment. And the worst of it is that it seems to be by no means confined to Philadelphia. It seems to have run all over the country. Ohio is bad. Iowa, even, is not up to the mark. You cannot run principles without men, and there are no prominent men for our principles just now.

CHAPTER IV

1868–1869

THE FIRST CALL TO TRINITY CHURCH. THE SITUATION IN BOSTON. DECLINATION OF THE CALL. THE SECOND CALL AND ITS ACCEPTANCE. AN APPRECIATION BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL OF PHILADELPHIA

Six years had now passed since Mr. Brooks became the rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia. They had been happy years, filled with such an intense happiness as only he could know. So it always looked to him as in later years he took the long retrospect. No shadow of any disturbance in his parish, in confidential and loving relationship with his people, giving them of his best and always receiving of their best in return, — it was the ideal life of a Christian minister. The confidence and the love which went forth towards him was not limited to his own parish or his own communion; he was the joy and the pride of the whole city. Never before in the history of the city had anything like it been known. It would have seemed as though such a relationship could have been sundered only by death. But the same mysterious Providence which held him for its own was preparing the way for a change, till it should become a precarious tenure which held him in the city of Philadelphia. The day when he went to Cambridge in 1865, for the Harvard Commemoration, may be taken as a convenient date to fix the time when Boston claimed him, and henceforth would not be content till she possessed him, only waiting till the fitting opportunity should be presented to press her claim in some tangible form. For even in Boston, accustomed as she was to great preachers and orators, illustrious teachers, poets, and literary men of the highest kind and degree, nothing like

the power of Phillips Brooks in the pulpit had been known before.

This was the moment also when he began to be claimed by other religious communions than his own, as though when such greatness and power were concerned no one religious denomination could monopolize him, and he must be regarded as a common treasure, in the light of whose message distinctions of creed and polity should become subordinate. Thus we hear of him as preaching, when he is in New York, at the Fifth Avenue Reformed Dutch Church, or in Philadelphia at the First Baptist Church and the Sixth Street Presbyterian Church, or when he goes to Boston at the Old South Church. This was no mere ecclesiastical courtesy on the one side which demanded a return on the other, what is known as a pulpit exchange, for he was not at liberty, though he gladly would have been, to return what might have been regarded as a clerical compliment.

Among those who were the first to recognize this unwonted pulpit power were the Unitarians, whose stronghold was in Boston. Since the days of Channing, no such voice had appealed to them. Accustomed, as they were to claim all that was most eminent as belonging to their ranks, they began to see in Phillips Brooks one who by some accident had escaped them, but who must in the nature of the case be a child of their own. For they were quick to discern spiritual or intellectual excellence, and ready to listen to the voice of the spirit bringing a message for humanity. To the utterance of Phillips Brooks, so large, so rich, so free, they responded with loving confidence.

At a meeting of the Unitarian Association in Boston, in May, 1868, one of the speakers commented on Phillips Brooks, and his words were reported as follows: —

> I am told that Philadelphia is all alive with the splendid preaching of one of the occupants of the Episcopal pulpit there, who is imparting to that city the fresh life and the new day of the living gospel. When one of his congregation was boasting of his power to a member of our Brother Furness's Church, he said in reply, Well, do you know the reason? Your preacher

was born in a Unitarian home, educated in a Unitarian Sunday-school, grew up under liberal influences, and is giving you the fruit. (Applause.) And I say that the faith that can send forth rich, ripe fruit to bless the churches like Phillips Brooks . . . is a living faith, and is doing grand service in the world. . . . My friends, I believe in the providential education of emigration.

Dr. Furness of Philadelphia, upon whose authority this statement regarding Mr. Brooks was given, bore a high reputation for accurate learning, but in this case, if he were correctly reported, he was at fault. It was hardly accurate to speak of Mr. Brooks as having been born in a Unitarian home, for his mother, to whom fell almost exclusively the religious training of the children, was not and never had been a Unitarian, and indeed from her girlhood was pronounced and aggressive in her adherence to what is known as Orthodox Congregationalism. Nor was Phillips Brooks ever educated in a Unitarian Sunday-school, but when he went to church and Sunday-school for the first time, it was at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Tremont Street, of which Dr. Vinton was the rector. Nor can he be said to have grown up under liberal influences, for he continued to sit under Dr. Vinton's ministry until he left Boston for the theological seminary of the Episcopal Church in Virginia. There is no evidence that up to this time he had read the writings of Channing or of Martineau. There are, at least, no references to them in his note-books, no extracts such as he was in the habit of making when specially impressed by any statement. If impulse reached him from Channing, it was probably indirect, as through the preaching of Dr. James Walker, whom he heard occasionally while in college, and for whom, as we have seen, like all his generation of Harvard men, he had the highest reverence. When he first began to preach at Harvard, he remarked that it made him tremble to think that he was standing in the place of Dr. Walker. And yet in the theological antecedents of Phillips Brooks there is a resemblance to Maurice, whose father was a Unitarian and his mother a Calvinist. It had been the life work of Maurice to reconcile an inherited antagonism,

constantly also before his eyes from childhood in the hostile religious attitudes of his parents. In the case of Phillips Brooks, however, the ancestral divergence had been overcome in his infancy, and he differed from Maurice in having been brought up in the Episcopal Church. Still it may be thought that, to some extent, he experienced the process through which Maurice passed. He inherited like him the twofold tendency, the humanitarian from his father, and the theistic from his mother, — the maternal inheritance being the stronger. The work of Phillips Brooks resembles that of Maurice in his effort to hold in equilibrium these tendencies which, existing apart, constitute the two wings of New England Puritanism. Maurice was the writer with whom Phillips Brooks was in deepest sympathy. He began to study his writings when at the theological seminary; in his last years he often recommended him to young men as the greatest theologian of the age.

In April, 1868, the Rev. Henry C. Potter, now the Bishop of New York, had resigned his position as assistant minister on the Greene Foundation, and in July, Bishop Eastburn had resigned the rectorship. Then the vestry of the church had immediately been summoned, and a unanimous call had been extended to Mr. Brooks to become the rector. More than two years before he had been informally asked to become assistant minister of Trinity, but the call had not been urged, as it did not represent a sphere of influence equal to that which he held in Philadelphia. But now that he could be invited as the rector, all the pressure was brought to bear upon him to induce him to accept the call that the church could command. For the third time in his ministry, Mr. Brooks was to face the question of a change; for the second time also the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia was to face the danger of losing its rector. If the call had come to him immediately after his return from Europe it might have been more favorably regarded. But when it came to him in 1868, it found him full of hope and disinclined to leave. He received the formal document while at Newport on a visit, and thus acknowledges it to his father: —

Newport, Friday, August 18, 1868.

Dear Father, — I received your letter yesterday morning, and yesterday evening Mr. Dexter and Mr. Parker were here, and gave me the call. I shall not answer it till I get back to Philadelphia. And I want you and Mother and the boys to write to Philadelphia, and tell me what you think of it in full. Something inclines me to come, but the preponderance is decidedly the other way. I shall be here till some time next week, probably Tuesday or Wednesday. Am having a charming time. Love to all. Affectionately, Phill.

Mr. Brooks kept the call under consideration for a month before he returned his answer. During this time letters poured in upon him, eager and importunate, urging his acceptance, describing the situation, all of them written under the conviction that he was the only man who could meet the needs of the hour in Boston. It was well enough known that if he came, it would be at the expense of a great sacrifice in Philadelphia, of a long and enduring sorrow, in the Church of the Holy Trinity. When he had been called to the professorship in the Divinity School, he had received numerous letters, indignant remonstrances among them, as well as calm appeals from his parishioners and others, which together constituted a powerful motive inducing him to remain. But now the Church of the Holy Trinity for the most part awaited in silence the issue. The danger had come closer and was so real that the anxiety could find no relief in words. It was tacitly admitted that Boston's claim was a strong one; the only hope was that the ties in Philadelphia had become too strong to be severed.

Among those who wrote to him earnest entreaties to come to Boston were his father and mother, who had made Trinity Church for years their home. His brothers also, William and Frederick and Arthur, were of the opinion that he ought to accept, each presenting the situation in a way to make it attractive. For several years his father had seen the possibility of his becoming the rector of Trinity Church in case of a vacancy, and had been frequently asked whether his son would favorably entertain the proposition. He had been wise and discreet, but he could not conceal his earnest hope that if

he were called he would come, yet knowing better than most the obstacles in the way. His mother was confident that he would come. She wrote immediately after the call was given: —

> I have heard of your call to Trinity Church with the intensest interest. . . . I *must* tell you *how glad* I should be if you should decide to accept it, how pleasant it seems to think of getting you back again, *how much* I hope you will *come*. . . . Trinity certainly is a great field for usefulness. . . . It needs a powerful man to make it a live church, and I believe you are peculiarly fitted for the work, and I humbly rejoice that I have such a son to give to it.

Other letters from members of the parish, from the bishop, and from clergymen prominent in the diocese, gave the larger reasons why he should regard it as a duty to accept the call. There was a great work to be done for the Episcopal Church; he could speak to the whole city, and his voice would resound throughout the commonwealth of Massachusetts, throughout New England. He could overcome the negative disintegrating influences which were weakening the churches; he could restore the waning prestige of religion and could save the people from resorting to false guides or from seeking a refuge or solace in the sensuous appeals of Ritualism. Trinity Church would be as a throne from which he could sway the multitudes, or, to change the metaphor, a great strategic centre, from whence operations could be successfully conducted that would alter a situation of weakness into one of strength. There were other arguments: he could influence young men on a large scale, for Boston with its suburbs was the chief educational centre of the country. He owed something to Boston as the place of his birth and education, the home of his distinguished ancestry. It was of course assumed in the arguments that Boston was the most important city in the land because it was the intellectual centre from whence went forth streams of influence throughout all the country.

To these many and urgent letters Mr. Brooks gave one brief and almost uniform reply, — that he was not the man to

do the work which was described. Any other answer could hardly have been expected from him. To have assumed that he was able to accomplish such a task as these letters prophesied, or that he came to Boston with the intention or expectation of accomplishing it, was to put him in a false position and endanger his usefulness. The innate modesty of the man must have rebelled against the assumption that he thought of himself as others were thinking or speaking of him, or admitted to himself that he was superior to other men. He cultivated in himself obliviousness to the signs of his popularity and power. Before the call could be accepted, the ground of the appeal must be changed. But, as in all the other critical moments of his life, when he was weighing questions which concerned his own personal interests, he maintained a strict silence. His own letters deal only with the barest formalities of the situation, with conventional expressions, which may mean anything or nothing. That he was indifferent in the matter it is impossible to believe. It would be nearer the truth to take it for granted that he was passing in solemn review the whole history of his inner life, sounding the depths of his religious faith, asking himself more closely what was the true place and function of a minister of the gospel of Christ. He was aware that he was called to determine the nature of his future work. One phase of his life was over, and he stood at the dividing of the ways. Dr. Vinton, to whom he turned for advice, wrote from his summer home in Pomfret a letter in contrast with the letters from Boston, which had held up before him such exalted visions of the work which he might accomplish. He at least was under no illusion about Boston. His letter may have had some weight. But it is plain enough that, at this moment, Mr. Brooks did not wish to accept the call, and preferred to remain in Philadelphia. Dr. Vinton's judgment coincided with his own preference: —

Pomfret, August 28, 1868.

My dear Brooks, — I do not feel competent to advise you in so important a matter with anything like assurance, and can only

Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D. D.

say in a general way that my impressions are against your removal on the whole.

I do not doubt of your success in Boston, but I am more in doubt of your being so useful as in Philadelphia. You are more needed where you are than in a place where the people are more like you.

You can never have a more devoted parish than Holy Trinity, and when you move from it I think it should be to New York.

You will see from the vague character of these suggestions how uncertain my judgment in the case is, and I prefer therefore to remand the question to yourself, satisfied that you will be guided both by reason and conscience.

I think a good method of decision in such cases is, after pondering the matter impartially and seeking guidance from above, simply and implicitly to mark which way the feelings lean and to follow their direction.

It is a most interesting question, and I hope you will let me know your decision as soon as it is made.

Trusting that you will be guided wisely, I am as always,

Yours truly, ALEX. H. VINTON.

The letter declining the call to Trinity Church was written September 7, 1868, after keeping the subject under consideration less than a month. His own feelings prompted him to remain in Philadelphia. But he could not have been prepared for the outburst of feeling on the other side, the genuine expressions of disappointment from those who had expected that their appeal would be successful. Probably he had never been so near accepting the call as when, just after he had declined it, he received these evidences of an almost hopeless sorrow. He could see more clearly that the situation in Boston was a grave one for the future of Trinity Church and for the cause he had at heart, and that in this emergency they had turned to him as they could turn to no other, that in their disappointment they refused to be comforted. Mr. George M. Dexter, the senior warden of Trinity, wrote: "Yours, putting an end to all our hopes, came duly to hand. I cannot tell you how much we should have all enjoyed your being able to come to the opposite conclusion. What we shall do I have not the least idea." Dr. Stone, the dean of the new Episcopal Theological School in

Cambridge, wrote: "Your letter of the 7th inst. announcing the fact that you had declined the call to Trinity Church, Boston, made my heart sick; I had so longed and hoped for a different decision." Dr. Francis Wharton was sad, but more hopeful, and first made the suggestion that the answer be not considered final: —

I must confess that your declination was a great shock to me, and the longer the time that elapses since I heard of it the more anxious the question becomes. . . . To whom can the vestry go? Do you know any one? My own feeling has been that after the lapse of a year your decision could be reconsidered. Far, far wiser would it be for the parish to wait. . . . Here is really the mainspring of our New England Church, and here will its tone be largely given. You are the one to do this, and to do it with a breadth and power which no one else can approach; and I consider the alternative before us with the greatest anxiety. You are a Bostonian and feel what our want is.

There were many of these letters expressing deep disappointment, but none of them could have moved him as did this letter from his mother: —

Boston, September 9, 1868.

My dearest Philly, — I feel so deeply disappointed on receiving the news of your final decision not to come to Trinity that I know not how to write to you. It is a dreadful blow to all of us. I never can tell you how badly we all felt when your long-looked-for letter arrived at breakfast time. We were all stunned and saddened by it, for your long delay in answering greatly encouraged us to hope, and the disappointment is intense.

And also to every one else alike. Already I have heard of a young man saying, "I am sorry he is not coming; he would soon have filled Trinity Church with young men." I had thought I should have my boy back again, and the thought of your coming made Father and me very happy, and gave a new impetus to our lives; but I fear we shall never have you now. We have indulged the proud hope of seeing you change wasted and suffering Trinity into a fruitful field. Indeed, you could have controlled all Boston.

It is not too much to say I have been sick at heart ever since I heard it, and I cannot write about it, for I cannot find words to tell you how sorry I feel. Only I am disappointed indeed. I am glad you are coming to see us in October, — *very glad*. I long to see you.

Forgive me, my dear child, that I cannot write more now, but believe me intensely

Your dear and loving MOTHER.

When Phillips Brooks replied to this letter, expressing himself as hurt at the absence of any recognition of his sense of duty in the matter, his mother quickly wrote again, but in a different mood. She had recovered from her despondency, and was sharing in the growing hope that his decision was not final: —

BOSTON, September 11, 1868.

MY DEAR PHILLY, — We are very glad to get your letter to-day and hear all you have to say about the matter of your call. But I do not like to have you say that *now* you probably never shall live in Boston. I am not going to consider *that* the case, if only for my own sake.

From what you say, you seem tied for the present to your parish and cannot leave it; but when the next loud call from Boston comes, which undoubtedly will come, to a man in your position, I trust you will be able to accept it. The universal regret that is expressed that you are not coming shows that people will not give you up, for the *first* disappointment. I respect you for caring so much for your parish, but I feel *Boston* has a work for you to do for her, and a claim upon you, for your birth and your education. So remember you are a *Boston boy yet*, and owe her a *debt*, and I pray you may be able to pay it in my lifetime. It does me good to find you are really coming to see us in October. We have dreadfully missed your usual summer visit, and it will be delightful to have you here in the good old family way, for I believe I miss the absent ones more and more every year. Don't let anything prevent your coming, I beg you. . . .

Your loving and devoted MOTHER.

Here the subject of Boston and Trinity Church may be dropped for a moment, while we return to Philadelphia to follow him in the last year of his residence there. His visit to Boston in October was for the purpose of acting as chaplain on the occasion of breaking ground for Memorial Hall at Harvard. While in Boston he preached in Trinity Church, which gave him an opportunity of looking at the situation with reference to himself as he had not hitherto done; but it was an unwise act if his determination were

final to remain in Philadelphia. During his last year as rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity he was experiencing as never before the vicissitudes in human affairs. The city and the church were not quite the same to him as they had been. His popularity was not diminished; indeed his power in the pulpit was greater than ever, and his personal prestige something unknown in clerical life. The devotion of his congregation still attended him, but even this could not quite compensate for losses which closely affected him. He was deeply dependent on his friendships. Allusion has already been made to the group of friends who surrounded him, in whose society he spent his moments of leisure. But gaps had been made in this intimate circle. The Rev. George Strong had departed, to accept a professorship in Kenyon College, Ohio; the Rev. Charles A. L. Richards had become the rector of St. John's Church, Providence, Rhode Island. This sadly reduced the little coterie who, together with the Mitchells, had met weekly at dinner under the hospitable roof of Mr. Cooper. The death of Mrs. Cooper, to whom he was strongly attached, a woman of singular social attractions, was a source of personal grief, and with this loss came the end of those social reunions which had been one of the marked features of his life. The call to arise and depart, for this was not his rest, could no longer surprise him, strongly as he was still bound to the friends who remained.

At this time he turned much to the younger men who were coming out of the Divinity School. The difference that separated them in age was not great; he had reached in 1869 his thirty-fourth year. But he annihilated the difference of age to come among them as one of themselves. His brother Arthur, his junior by fourteen years, was with him, a student at the Divinity School, and between them there grew up an intimate friendship, which is not always the rule with brothers. Through Arthur he became acquainted with the theological students, visiting them in their rooms, curious to know how they were looking at theological questions. Whenever any student read a paper in any way notable, he was sure to

inquire after it and learn its contents. He made it a special duty to become acquainted with a young Mr. Forbes, whose premature death was much lamented, but from whom during his short life a strong influence had gone forth among his fellow students. Mr. Forbes was already an advanced Maurician, and was in correspondence with the master. The letters he received from Maurice he shared with his friends in the school. Among these younger men with whom Mr. Brooks became intimate were the Rev. Percy Browne, rector of St. Philip's Church in Philadelphia, and the Rev. William Wilberforce Newton, a son of the late Dr. Richard Newton, of the Church of the Epiphany. Mr. Newton, now the rector of the Episcopal Church in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, gives reminiscences of this moment in Mr. Brooks's career: —

> In 1868 I was a deacon and assistant to my father at the Church of the Epiphany. I lived at home, and had the third floor all to myself. The front room was my study and my bachelor headquarters, and it was here that Brooks used to love to come and smoke, and talk over affairs. He was then at the highest point of popularity and fame; he was like a great god, so full of activity and force, and the wonder with me was why such a man cared for me. Yet I had his fullest confidence, and he used to pour out all his contents into my astonished ears. I have known him to come as late as one or two o'clock in the morning, throw snowballs or bits of stick at my windows and give a peculiar whistle, which I, like a game dog, instantly obeyed. He used to make me read my essays and sermons to him.

Some of the younger clergy, under the lead of Phillips Brooks and Mr. Newton, had formed themselves into a club, called the "Clericus," meeting every month, when an essay was read and discussed. The social element was prominent, for the members were chosen by ballot and one object was to get "clubable" men, to use a word of Dr. Johnson's. They were men of similar views, yet not unwilling to add to their membership those who differed from them in opinion, for it gave more zest to their discussions. Although they were young, living at a time which to their elders seemed to abound with omens of evil, when materialism was undermining faith and a Romanizing reaction appeared the only alter-

native, yet they were fearless, proposing to face science and a critical hostile literature, to overcome the objections and difficulties each in his own soul and in his own way. The club had no constitution, and no specific object, except to meet monthly, and then what was uppermost in religious thought found earnest expression. If their purpose could be described, it was an ambition to emulate the spirit of St. Paul, "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity." They were full of faith and of hope for the church and for the world. A sense of exhilaration and expectation was in them, as though a great age were to be ushered in, when God in Christ would fulfil his promise, "Behold, I make all things new."

The familiar carol, "O little town of Bethlehem," written by Mr. Brooks for his Sunday-school, to which allusion has already been made, was sung for the first time at Christmas, 1868, to the music furnished by Mr. Redner.[1] The hymn and its music at once sprang into popularity, and has since become the property of all the churches, never henceforth to be omitted from any Sunday-school collection. It appeals to the heart of a child, partly because it was the outburst of a happy spirit. It could not have been written but for those months spent in Palestine in 1865–1866, or for the later musings on the sacred scenes in the life of Jesus. It is an exquisitely simple thing, and yet one feels behind the words the existence of a great soul, meditating on the mystery of the divine revelation.

Those who now met Phillips Brooks for the first time were chiefly impressed, but also perplexed, by his manner. The

[1] In alluding to this circumstance, in his reminiscences of Phillips Brooks in Philadelphia, Mr. Redner writes: "In the Christmas programme for that year I found this extra verse, which was not afterwards published in any of the hymn-books: —

"Where children pure and happy
Pray to the Blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild;
Where Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more."

conventional solemnity of the sacred office of the clergy seemed to be wholly wanting; he was full of mirth and gayety, a spirit of fun gone mad as it were, breaking all bounds in exuberance and buoyancy. He gave full scope to what his friend Bishop Randolph called his talent for nonsense in little things; discerning and welcoming the humor or satire of the moment. This manner was on him up to the moment of his going into the pulpit, when he stirred men's souls to their very depth, producing a serious excitement of the spirit and moral nature which was long in subsiding; while he himself was ready, when the sermon was over, again to resume the bantering, jocular tone. In this manner there was something at first sight inexplicable. It had not been his characteristic as a child, nor was it observed in college or in the theological seminary. He was then much like others; he had his hours of silence and preoccupation, was at moments even what would be called saturnine or gloomy. Not but what in earlier years he could be as hilarious as any, and when he did take part in gatherings where the object was mirth and amusement, could show the same great relative capacity for merriment that he showed in other things. But now it was almost continuous, and became a marked characteristic of his manner. His advent anywhere was the signal that mirth was to begin.

We may surmise where we cannot explain. There must have been some inward revolution accomplished in these years of his education or, as he might call it, his conversion, in which he had come to the knowledge of himself and of his world and of God. A deep-seated conviction of the goodness of the divine order, of the divine will, as having its way in human life and responsible for the salvation and well-being of humanity; a conviction already controlling but destined to grow to an ever larger sense of the actual fatherhood of God and the sonship of men, a feeling that he had entered into the secret of God and of humanity, — some such convictions as these account for the fact that the natural gladness of the soul with which children are born now seemed to him the rightful manner and corresponded to his inward

experience. Every man should be as a ray of sunlight and joy in a world where God reigned supreme, and where God and not man was responsible for the ordering of life. There may have been here a protest against the conventional melancholy of the clergy, that traditional manner by which they were recognized. It had been one of the obstacles to be overcome when he was first turning towards the ministry, — his childish feeling that the Christian ministry meant the loss or renunciation of the joy in life, the schooling one's self to a prevailing mood of sadness and inward condemnation, that religion was essentially a mournful attitude. The portraits of the succession of the Phillips ancestors under the Puritan régime, going back to remote years, were before him from his childhood in the old house at North Andover. From their view of human life he was set free. All that was good in them he could retain, and enforce with a power they never equalled, but their morbid melancholy, the gentle tone of complaint, he felt under no obligation to preserve. At this time he wrote in his note-book: —

> If the modern philosophies fail that would exclude man from central and causal importance in the world, then what truer statement can we find than this, — that man is a sort of sunshine in the world, which, falling upon everything besides, calls it out to the flower of its truest beauty and the fruitage of its fullest use. By his touch, nature grows into delight and supply, and all events open into education. And this being true of man at large, it must be true also of each man in his contact with things. He must be a ray of the great sunshine under whose touch some special flower may open and some special fruit fill itself with healthy and nutritious juice, some little corner of the field grow rich.

This manner of Phillips Brooks, both in his conversation and especially in his familiar correspondence, as will be seen hereafter, might mislead any one who did not know him, as it sometimes perplexed those who did know and revere him. And still it did not deceive those who knew him best. Although he seemed to be invested with an atmosphere of hilarity, yet one of his friends, a lady with great experience of life,

thought that, beneath the merriment and the wild humor, she could always detect "Andover."

Upon this peculiarity of his manner it may be further remarked that it served as a barrier between his inner life and the curiosity of those who desired to have him talk of himself. He was constantly on his guard lest he should be betrayed into personal conversation where a man talks intimately of his own experience. The reserve of his youth, so often alluded to, had not disappeared, but in reality had grown stronger, and now held him so rigidly that he could not, and would not, break it. To this remark there is the one exception, — he would make the world of humanity the confidant of his inmost feelings, while he would not reveal it to any individual. He gave himself in absolute abandon when he stood up to preach, telling, although in impersonal ways, everything he had ever felt or known, but he kept his confidence with this world, and would not speak of it on the passing occasion to any one however intimate. There lay his power as a preacher in great part, that he spoke of himself so freely and so fully in the pulpit, while that few or none realized how complete was the self-portraiture. Thus he reserved himself for the pulpit, and sternly refused to weaken himself by admitting any other mode of self-utterance. He was not one of those who made conversation, as the expression goes. He was difficult to converse with. Some men have given to the world of their best in conversation, he held himself in restraint for the sake of the pulpit.

It has been said that he never alluded either in his letters or in his conversation to his popularity or to the evidences of his growing power and influence. He was daily receiving tributes of admiration and even adulation which would have turned the head of any ordinary man, begetting conceit and egotism and arrogance or the assumption of an ecclesiastical manner, as though he were some great one in the kingdom of God or the kingdom of this world. It was one of the compromises of high ecclesiastics in the Middle Ages to cultivate an inward humility before God, but before men to put on the evidence of pomp and dignity which their position jus-

tified. Here was one who cultivated humility before God and man. If he showed any consciousness of the exalted pinnacle on which he stood in human estimate, it was perhaps in the absolute negation of the appearance of any such consciousness. There lay his safeguard. In his incessant joking, chaffing, and bantering, he was refusing to admit that he differed in any way or degree from other men. He was seeking to be one with them, pleading, as it were, that they should recognize no difference. His high distinction, his personal power, his popularity, his exceptional career tended to constitute a barrier between him and others. Men could not meet him as they did their fellows in ordinary life, because they were conscious of his greatness. It may have been in part the explanation of his manner, that he strove to resist this exceptional treatment by a jocularity which almost looked as if he took nothing seriously.

There is still a further explanation to be offered. He was unlike most men, and herein lay his greatness, that his inner being, his will and his emotions, was quickly roused, and when roused became a profound inward tumult, a raging torrent which could only find relief in some great utterance. An incessant mental activity was always transmuting ideas into power, and in some way he must guard himself, or the result would be exhaustion and collapse. His manner became a sentinel over his life, giving him relief from the endless process that went on within, which indeed was still going on, when he was in the whirl of what seemed a wild, unchecked, or even an irreverent mirth.

During his last years in Philadelphia, dating, it may be, from the year spent in Europe, the physical condition of Mr. Brooks underwent a somewhat remarkable change. From his childhood he had been delicate in health with a tendency to headaches, liable to suffering from imprudence or overwork, easily fatigued with the labor of preaching, and, as we have seen, dependent on conditions of weather. The family physician in Boston, the late Dr. Reynolds, had expressed the opinion that the residence in Philadelphia would be beneficial. Whether from this cause or other causes which

cannot be traced, he now became robust and strong, with the possession of herculean strength and powers of endurance. For a long stretch of years he was able to do an amount of work which would have broken down ordinary men, year after year preaching three times on Sunday and frequently also during the week, easily carrying a multiplicity of demands upon his time and thought, which in connection with his other tasks looks almost impossible. He ceased to complain of weariness; he had almost forgotten what it was to be tired or to suffer from attacks of illness. He slept well and ate well, but never took much exercise. Amid his burdens and the demands on his time he seemed to be at leisure. His outward manner may have been the expression of this inward vitality and abounding jubilant health. Thus the Christian ministry in his experience became the happiest of all professions. He would often tell little children who were awed by his presence that it was great fun to be a minister. His appearance in itself carried comfort and exaltation wherever he went, and seemed to change the whole aspect of life. It was the natural genuine expression of his soul, after it had reached its freedom. But that which he never spoke of in such connections was also true, — his relationship to God as the obedient son of God, who through obedience was entering into life, may have been the deepest clue to the joy and happiness which he knew for himself before he imparted it to others.

When Mr. Brooks declined the call to Trinity Church, Boston, in the fall of 1868, he evidently regarded his decision as a final one, and wished it to be so understood. But the wardens and vestry of Trinity and many other friends in Boston, who had set their hearts on his becoming their rector, refused to acquiesce in this conclusion. It came to be tacitly taken for granted among them that their wisest policy was to wait for a year and then renew the call. It was a great sacrifice to make, to allow the church to remain for a year without a pastor, but in this sacrifice there was an appeal to him, an evidence unmistakable how deeply he was wanted.

He was now somewhat at the mercy of those who wanted him. These were circumstances he could not control. He could resist the importunities of those who laid out for him a great sphere in Boston, who were confident that he would become a theological leader and change the ecclesiastical situation. When they spoke of his power and his fame he was indifferent; he would not trade in his reputation. It was a different thing when he recognized that he was wanted for himself, and had won a place in the heart of old Trinity in the city of Boston, so deep and secure that it shut its ears and refused to listen to any other. But for himself he did not yet want to leave Philadelphia, nor did he desire to go to Boston. He could not always say this in reply to letters which told him they were waiting, or if he did say it in his kindly way it made no difference in the result.

With the opening of the new year, 1869, the subject was renewed by a letter from the late Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who had been in Europe while the question had been pending in the previous year and unable to exert his influence. Since he had returned he had held a conversation with Mr. Brooks's father, which encouraged him to think that the question was not finally closed. He wrote asking for a conversation when he should be in Philadelphia. In view of all the circumstances of the church in Massachusetts and of the new Theological School at Cambridge, he believed that Mr. Brooks could render a service to the church and to the community at large by coming to Trinity which neither he nor any other could give elsewhere. So long as there was an immediate or even a remote possibility of his coming they would continue to wait. Were there any imperative and inexorable consideration which put Trinity out of the question, it would not consist with the dignity of either party that such a position should be openly offered and declined a second time so soon. To this letter Mr. Brooks replied: —

PHILADELPHIA, January 4, 1869.

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP:

MY DEAR SIR, — I thank you sincerely for your very kind note which I received on New Year's Day. I have thought of it much

since, and it has reopened the question which gave me much anxiety last summer. It gives me great pleasure to know that you agree with the other gentlemen of the vestry of Trinity Church in desiring me to accept its Rectorship, and this assures me still more strongly of the pleasure which I should have in working there if I could come. But I ought to say at once that I see no possibility of changing the decision to which I came in the fall. My work here is as exacting as ever, and I cannot see any more chance of leaving it. You say very justly that it is not right for Trinity to renew its invitation only to be declined again, and ever since it has been intimated to me in several ways that there was any thought of such action, especially since I received your note, I have tried to see whether it was possible to hope to give any other answer. I cannot see that it is.

You will judge no doubt that for many reasons I should like to come exceedingly. I certainly should. I appreciate fully the value and importance of the Parish, and have looked anxiously to see the right man appear for it.

I do not know after this whether you will still think the proposed interview desirable. But I should like to talk with you about it, because Talk is so much more satisfactory than writing.

I shall not be in Boston until the 14th of February, when I am engaged to preach there. If you can let me know when you will be in Philadelphia, I shall take much pleasure in calling upon you, or I shall be very happy to see you at my rooms. I beg to assure you that I appreciate your kindness, and with sincere regards to Mrs. Winthrop, I beg you to believe me,

Very sincerely yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Mr. Brooks was in Boston, on February 14, preaching at Trinity Church morning and afternoon, and in the evening at the Old South Church on Washington Street to a "crowded house," under the "auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association." His text was taken from 1 Corinthians xv. 45: "The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit." It was hardly wise for him to have preached at Trinity under the circumstances, for it was sure to increase the desire and the purpose of its people that he should become their rector, and yet, with the Sunday unoccupied, he could not have refused. So the anxious consideration which was disturbing his work began once more, and he faced seriously in all its aspects the

problem of his future years. It added to the gravity of the situation that Emmanuel Church, Boston, was to become vacant by the election of its rector, Rev. F. D. Huntington, to the new bishopric of Central New York. A call would have been extended to him from this parish in case he would consider it, but he declined. On the whole he seemed to be settling permanently in Philadelphia, having made at this time an arrangement for joint housekeeping with his friend, Rev. C. D. Cooper, who was building a commodious residence with this object in view. But the arrangement did not imply that Mr. Brooks felt himself forever condemned to a celibate life. In a letter to Rev. George A. Strong, he speaks on the subject of matrimony: —

February 3, 1869.

My dear George, — And so this was what the long silence meant, and I must not complain, and I don't, for your letter today makes me so thoroughly glad that I can simply feel that it was well worth waiting for all this long winter. Good luck to you with all my heart, my dear fellow. It is what I have wanted for you for years, and now that it has come, I feel as rejoiced as I could be for anybody except myself. This is a wretched sort of life that we are living now, and when a man breaks out of it as you are going to do, his friends who stay behind must clap him on the back as he departs and congratulate him with all the intensity with which they feel their own forlornness. You will be very happy. I used to think you never would be married, but now since ten o'clock this morning, it seems the most natural and necessary thing in all the universe that you should be, and I can hardly realize you as a single man. We have had some jolly good times together in Virginia and Philadelphia and New Hampshire, and Switzerland and London, and all over. We shan't have any more of just the same sort, but if your wife will let me in, we will have some good times yet of some other sort, that probably will be just as pleasant. I hope she knows that when she said "yes" to you she involved herself in a friendship with other folks whom she has never heard of, but has got to have a corner for in her house and her kindness. I like her already because I like your taste; one of these days I am going to do better. As to your good invitations, Cooper and I agreed immediately that we would be at the wedding in spite of earthquakes. As to the Grooming, I will do anything for you, my dear, if you 'll tell me how, but I don't know anything about

this, and you will be ashamed of me. But here I am. The Φ B K invitation (which has not yet arrived) I must decline, because I have agreed to do the same thing at Brown in Providence, and as theirs does n't come till August 31, I shan't be ready and can't undertake two. But I will come. And now, my dear old Fellow, God bless you — and her. How odd it seems, but I 'm awful glad for you. PHILLIPS.

The Convention of the diocese of Pennsylvania met in May, 1869, and Phillips Brooks preached the sermon. It was published by order of the convention, under the title of "The Living Church." It was a comprehensive sermon defining his theological and ecclesiastical attitude, and delivered at a moment when excitement and alarm existed throughout the Episcopal Church. One demurs a little at the text, which was taken from Exodus xxviii. 34, 35: "A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe round about. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister: and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out, that he die not." At this stage in his career, he was wont to search for such remote passages in the Bible whose meaning was not at once apparent, — a practice which he afterwards ridiculed as clerical affectation. He seeks to connect the text with his theme, but when he is launched into the sermon it disappears. The pomegranate stands for the accumulation of life and its ripening fruit in the soul, the bell for its living utterance and proclamation.

The distinctive character of the sermon lies in putting the living soul before the living church. The church is the aggregate of Christly life. Government and symbols are not the church. There is nothing belonging to the church in its totality which does not first belong to individual souls. The danger of the ecclesiastical spirit, the danger for all churchmen and for all times to fear, is that there lies a certain vitality in the church apart from the life of the souls within her. There is danger that the church may harm the life given to her to cultivate by stopping the channels through which Christ communicates with souls.

If a Church in any way hinders the free play of human thoughtfulness upon religious things by clothing with mysterious reverence, and so shutting out from the region of thought and study acts and truths which can be thoroughly used only as they are growingly understood, by limiting within hard and minute and invariable doctrinal statements the variety of the relations of the human experience to God, — if in any such way a church hinders at all the free inflow of every new light which God is waiting to give to the souls of men as fast as they are ready to receive it, just so far she binds and wrongs her children's intelligence and weakens her own vitality. This is the suicide of Dogmatism.

Or if a Church lets any technical command of hers stand across the path, that a command of God cannot get free access to the will of any of the least of all God's people — a system of ecclesiastical morality, different from the eternal morality which lies above the Church, between the soul and God, a morality which hides some eternal duties and winks at some eternal sins, — just so far the Church wrongs her children's consciences and weakens her own vitality. This is the suicide of Corruption.

Or yet again, if the symbols of the Church, which ought to convey God's love to man, become so hard that the love does not find its way through them and they stand as splendid screens between the Soul and the Love, or have such a positive character of their own, so far forget their simple duty of pure transparency and mere transmission, that they send the Love down to the soul colored with themselves, formalized and artificial; if the Church dares either to limit into certain channels or to bind to certain forms of expression that love of God which is as spiritual and as free as God, then yet again she is false to her duty, she binds and wrongs her children's loving hearts, and once again weakens her own vitality. This is the suicide of Formalism.

He pleads for a freer life of doctrine, while also holding the old truths of the old creeds more strongly and lovingly; for a clearer identity between the religious and moral instincts, and for greater simplicity and spirituality.

Out of this present endless tendency to slip the symbol into the place of truth, this tendency which makes one, in the present stage of our progress at least, fear the increasing multiplicity of form, because of its constant encroachments upon simplicity of truth and spiritual thought, we must come forth into the clear spiritual life of Christ, which desires nothing but to know Him, and obey

Him, and feel Him more and more. . . . The enforcement of a scheme of a moral law or good behavior, making the Church a police system to keep the world in order; the mere introduction of a church system of Church government and worship, or the compact symmetry of the Church's year, the beautiful order of the Church's education; every sacred rite and every sensuous impression; Church work done in Sunday-schools, Bible classes, night schools, parish visiting, mothers' meetings, and reading-rooms; preaching, too, — all this is machinery through which the life may manifest itself, but apart from the life or power of Christ entering into the Church as truth, guidance, and love, it becomes mere machinery, like the mechanical whirling of the spindles by hand with the vital fires gone out in the furnaces below. . . . The rites and ceremonies must be clearly significant of truth, and not like the malignant ritualism of our day, significant of error; nor like the tawdry ritualism of our day, significant of nothing, a ghost of dead incantations.

The world does not hear with any attention the ringing of our golden bells. Men do not listen as we go. Men neither fear the Church nor desire the Church as we sometimes dream they might; as we sometimes think in our reading that once they did. The world in large part goes its own way, and leaves us on one side. We are foreign and unreal to it.

What is it that is needed? I say by all means that the first need is larger liberty. I think that all of us Churchmen are burdened with the consciousness that there is more in the Church than gets out to contact with the world. The Church is better than her utterances. There is a larger thought than our sermons utter. Many a man talks better than he preaches. There are conventionalities and timidities of teaching that restrain the Truth. Does the world guess how the Church loves her Master? Does it imagine from outside, the reality and intensity of that affectionate dependence, which you and I know so well to be real and intense seeing it here within, but which attests itself so feebly, so formally, so artificially in a few stereotyped and narrow ways? There is a deep, spontaneous devotion that lacks the chance of a corresponding spontaneity of utterance and action. Am I not right? I plead for no special methods of liberation. I only point out what we all must know. . . .

> 'T is life, whereof our nerves are scant;
> Oh, life, not death, for which we pant:
> More life, and fuller, that we want.

Christ is the Life; first in our souls, to which He enters by his

Spirit in knowledge and authority and love, so that "not we live, but Christ liveth in us;" and then in our Church, where He alone is still the Teacher and the Master and the Saviour, filling it with himself and clothing it with His righteousness.

One would like to dwell in comment upon this sermon, for it was eloquent and memorable, and it left a profound impression. That the Convention called at once for its publication shows that it was not only a sermon for the times, but that it satisfied the religious instincts of the Evangelical school. If complaints had ever been made that it was difficult to get the preacher's meaning or to know where he stood, there was no such difficulty here. In directness, in simplicity and unity, and, above all, in the force with which it urged obedience to the living Christ, it was old, and yet so new withal, that it seemed to sound the note of some great and irresistible departure toward a higher stage in Christian thought and life. The force that went into it recalls the inspired utterances of the critical moments of the civil war. Behind it there was long and serious preparation and deep searchings of heart. It stands, as we can see now, for the initiation of a distinct epoch in the development of Phillips Brooks. One phase of his ministry was closing, and another and a greater had begun.

The occasion when the sermon was preached before the assembled clergy and representative laity of the diocese of Pennsylvania was in itself sufficient to rouse the preacher to some representative utterance. But we can also recognize that his soul was stirred within him by other motives than those presented by the occasion. He was facing a personal issue, his removal from the city of Philadelphia. The question was yet unsolved; there was uncertainty as yet how it would be solved. The breaking up of human relationships and the abandonment of hopes and possibilities, the unknown and untested future which lay before him, were already pressing upon his spirit. There came a letter from his father not long afterward, May 28, 1869, in which he says: —

I write very hesitatingly indeed, and perhaps I had better not do so. I want to ask you, *whether you have given up all idea of*

coming to Trinity, — a bold question, but I feel a great interest in it; and not a day, and sometimes it appears to me hardly an hour, passes that I am not asked the same question. They are getting anxious and desperate, and whenever any one is spoken of they fall back on you. . . . They are hoping some way will turn up that will lead them to call you a second time. I wish you would answer my question, and let me know whether you would accept if another call was made. I don't do this at anybody's suggestion or for any one's use but my own. Nobody in the world (not even Mother) knows that I am writing. . . . I don't know as I can say more, and I hope you will return *me* an answer that you will come. I think you are ready, and they are ready.

To this letter he replied: —

PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1869.

DEAR FATHER, — I do not want to leave your letter unanswered even for a day, but I am afraid that I have nothing satisfactory to say in answer to it. I do not feel ready to intimate in any way that it is more likely than it was last year that I could come to Trinity. Some of the reasons which prevented me last year, it is true, have been removed, but I have not got over the feeling that I am not suited in many respects to Boston and Trinity, and there is still very much to make it difficult for me to leave my present parish. I know that this seems foolish to you, but remember that you see only the Boston side of it all, and are good enough to think better of me than I deserve, and so do not be disappointed that I think differently.

I have been much in hopes that Dr. Vinton might be called and accept. I am sorry that he declined Emmanuel, and it seems to me that in many respects his return to Boston would be an excellent thing. I am sorry to hear you say that they would not call him.

Why don't Trinity call Fred? and William writes me that Dr. Meier Smith preached there last Sunday and that they liked him. Why don't they call him? He is an excellent man. Why don't they look some other way and take their eyes off me? It worries me.

I cannot leave here until the beginning of August, so that it will be impossible for me to preach in July in Boston. One Sunday in August I am engaged to preach at Swampscott. It is getting very hot, and people are fast going out of town. I hope you will forgive me for writing a disappointing letter.

Your affectionate son, PHILLIPS.

To this letter his father replied in a sad, desponding tone. He had hoped it would be a different answer. The vestry of Trinity had met and concluded to postpone the question till the fall. He dwells on the wretchedness of the situation in Boston.

To see such congregations as Emmanuel and Trinity presented yesterday, on one of the pleasantest and purest days God ever gave us, was really sickening. I was sorry you got caught by that . . . invitation [to speak at the anniversary in Boston of the Free Religious Association]; it was one of their tricks and only done to catch your name to bolster up their radicalism. Better let them all alone and have nothing to do with them: it will surely injure you. Don't get the name of being a Latitudinarian, I beg of you.

I have read your letter to Mother and to no one else, and shall not without your consent; but I cannot begin to tell you how disappointed and grieved Mother was; it has really made her sick. She has all along been pleasing herself that you would relent and see your way clearly to come.

One might infer from the above letter that at this time Mr. Brooks had still no desire or intention to leave Philadelphia, however he may have been moved with the arguments and wishes of his friends in Boston. He continued to repeat his conviction that he was not the man for Boston, although he now admitted that he felt free to leave Philadelphia. In his letters he makes no allusion to the subject. He was changing his rooms at this time to Mr. Cooper's new house. He speaks of the musical festival in Boston. "I have been interested in the news of the great jubilee this week. It seems to have been an entire success. All the country seems to be busy at present making much of Boston, which Boston, of course, likes and placidly accepts." On the 26th of June he made a visit to his brother Frederick, then rector of St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, Ohio, and "notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather," says a Cleveland newspaper, "a large audience was assembled to listen to the eloquent divine, preaching in his brother's pulpit." His text was 1 John ii. 16: "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the

Father, but is of the world." From Cleveland he went to Gambier, and thence to Cincinnati, Ohio, to be present at the marriage of the Rev. George A. Strong.

July 4, 1869.

DEAR WILLIAM, — This is the great Independence Day which in old time we used to celebrate by a morning's promenade, with ten cents apiece in our pockets to purchase dainties at the stalls around the Common, and by going to the Fireworks in the evening. To-day we will keep it a little differently. I am going to preach a patriotic sermon to an audience of soldiers this morning, and to ride out into the country this afternoon, and spend the night. It won't be so exciting as the old way, but it will be more satisfactory and comfortable for hot weather.

Besides, I have had my excitement. I have been to see Old Febick [the family name for Frederick]. I found him standing recumbent with his ears up and every sign of vigorous vitality. The new church was on his mind as it was on that of the whole city and State apparently. It seems to promise a speedy success. I preached for him all day Sunday, and found it screamingly hot.

Then on Monday I went down to Cincinnati, and on Monday night saw George Strong married. I was Groomsman. He has got a nice wife, and they are coming to stay here with us next week. I got back here early Thursday morning. So that 's my story. I hear in various ways that Walden —— has made a great sensation at Trinity. Is that so? You did n't say anything about it. . . .

Have you read "Old Town Folks," and is n't it clever and interesting? A New England story to one who lives in this dead Quaker atmosphere has a sort of spring and snap to it that is very refreshing. . . . Good-by.

Yours affectionately, PHILL.

It was while he was deeply perturbed by the impending change in his life that Mr. Brooks sat down to the task of writing an oration to be delivered before the Φ B K Society at the ensuing Commencement at Brown University. His subject was "The Relation of the Scholar to the Life of the World." The title very exactly describes the purpose of his address; and the address was significant as marking the growing importance which he gave to life and to character as the condition of personal influence. He had first touched upon this point in an address before the Evangelical Education Society

in 1864. He now comes to the subject in a richer way and at greater length; it may be said, also, with a fuller experience. We shall see that the subject continued to grow in his mind before it found its last and highest expression in his "Lectures on Preaching." The address was delivered on the 31st of August in the First Baptist Meeting House in Providence, when, long before the appointed hour, the capacious building was filled with an audience waiting impatiently the advent of the procession which came down the hill from the University grounds. So steep is the hill that "the band of music which accompanied the procession was obliged to play a very solemn march in order to keep the dignified gentlemen from descending too rapidly. This was changed to a livelier strain as the procession gained the level street below and approached the church." Professor George P. Fisher of Yale College introduced the orator of the day,

who gave [says the report in the newspapers] a most suggestive and original essay on Scholarship. The scholar as prophet; the scholar as philosopher; the scholar as saint, — were the principal divisions of the broad subject. It was expanded and illustrated in a manner so original and interesting that we listened with an absorbing attention, catching the magnetic power of the speaker, and inspired by his zeal with a longing to rise to that atmosphere of earnestness and humility which characterizes the true scholar, whose aim it was urged should be to unite the intellectual strength of the Greek philosophy with the abnegation of the Catholic saint. . . . We especially liked the orator's remarks on personality, — that the great power of the scholar is to develop the secret workings of the inner life. . . .

We cannot do justice to Mr. Brooks in this effort to grasp the salient points which most arrested our attention; the lips of the living preacher carry a power which no written words can ever render. The rapid utterance and imperfect elocution of the speaker are a great drawback to his remarkable originality, wealth of illustration, and persuasive originality. Thought succeeded thought with such rapidity that we were in a condition of intense mental tension through the whole oration, which, continuing an hour, seemed to have no boundary of time to mark its limit.

His father had written him that Trinity Church would close for the summer in July, and that the vestry had post-

poned the question of a second invitation until the fall. But in the meantime there was some unexpected change in the situation, warranting Mr. Dexter to pay a visit to Philadelphia for the purpose of a personal interview with Mr. Brooks. When he returned to Boston, the vestry was hurriedly convened, and on July 6 a second call was extended. From that moment the decision was practically determined; it was only a question of time when the answer should be given. He did not keep the Church of the Holy Trinity long in suspense. What could be done to retain him in Philadelphia was done, but most of the parishioners were away, and there seems to have been a feeling that effort was useless. A church on the defense against such aggressive attacks is at a disadvantage. Very earnest and touching was the appeal to him from his friend, the late John Bohlen, Esq., the founder of the Bohlen Lectures. The vestry of the Holy Trinity met and again made vigorous protest against the severance of their relations as pastor and people, urging upon him the greatness of his field of influence in Philadelphia and his wonderful success. A prominent clergyman wrote to him: —

> I know your mind is made up and that you are going to Boston. I know that you will not stay in Philadelphia, *but don't go to Boston!* Save yourself for New York. That will give you a little longer to your people here, and New York is the place for you. But Boston! What can you do there? They are too much set in their own wisdom. They are too unemotional. You will be cast away there. What you want is a congregation somewhere near the heart of the world, where its pulses are felt and all things stir, — a crowd of new people of to-day is the kind of matter upon which you ought to work. But I know there is no use in advice.

Some of the motives can be traced which were influencing his decision: the many letters from Boston expressing such genuine personal devotion and sense of need; the strenuous effort of his father, who no longer for the sake of prudence kept himself in the background, and on the mother's part the now silent appeal of a yearning affection; the combined

efforts of all his brothers. During these days of waiting he became aware that he had created the expectation in the minds of Trinity people that he was coming. "Patient waiters," writes his father to him, "are no losers. I met Dexter; he says, 'Any news?' I fall in with Winthrop, 'Anything?' Yesterday at church he says, 'Tell him I am now only waiting to hear the time he has fixed for coming.'" He took counsel with Dr. Vinton on the situation; but whether he writes or talks, the veil of reserve conceals his innermost mind. He suffers, but is silent. At last comes this letter to his friend and senior warden, Lemuel Coffin, Esq., at whose house for seven years he had been in the habit of dining on Sundays. It is a letter that tells the story of a struggle: —

2026 Spruce Street, July 29, 1869.

Dear Mr. Coffin, — At last, with great sorrow, I send you my resignation. Will you please lay it before the Vestry and secure their acceptance of it?

You do not agree with me, but I beg you to believe me honest and sincere in my desire to do what is right. I have given it thought, carefulness, and prayer, and have tried to decide it in God's fear. I can say no more, and only entreat you to try to think the best of my decision.

I want to thank you especially, my dear Mr. Coffin, for all your goodness. I owe you more than I can tell. I shall never forget it, but wherever I go, my love for you shall always be as warm and fresh as it is to-day.

As to the time of my resignation taking effect, I want to do exactly what you think best as far as possible. I can come back for the third Sunday in September and can stay a month or six weeks after that, if it is thought best. Please tell me freely what you think about it.

May God bless you always, you and all of yours.

Your affectionate friend, P. B.

There was no delay in action on the part of the Holy Trinity Church when it was known that the decision was final. On July 31 the vestry met and accepted his resignation, passing the usual resolutions of regret which attested his eminent abilities, his success, and the cordial relations of minister and people. A few letters follow which refer to this event: —

2026 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, August 2, 1869.

My dear Mrs. Biddle, — . . . I doubt not that the future will prove that you overestimate the importance of my ministry to the church here, but however that may be, I thank you with all my heart for your personal kindness and considerate appreciation of the motives which make me do what is so much harder a thing than I knew beforehand, that I do not think I should have had the courage to do it if I had known. . . .

Philadelphia, August 4, 1869.

Dear Father and Mother, — I have just accepted Trinity Church in a letter to Mr. Dexter. I am glad that you are glad that I am coming. I hope and think that it is for the best. Thank you all for your kind notes of welcome. I go to Long Branch to-morrow and shall stay there till Saturday. I shall be staying with Mr. Childs of the "Philadelphia Ledger." I shall be with you early Tuesday morning, the 10th.

Affectionately, Phillips.

Letters of regret and deep sorrow, letters of welcome and congratulation, fill up the scene. Mr. John Bohlen writes him, when he learned his decision: "I can only hope, and yet I ought not for their sakes, and do not, that others of the hundreds of families in our church have not suffered with so deep a sense of personal loss as our household has to-day." From Dr. Vinton he received this letter: —

Pomfret, August 5, 1869.

My dear Brooks, — Your paper was very small, but very pregnant. Of course after your last letter I was not surprised at your decision.

My opinion, which you seem to ask, is that as you have evidently felt a drawing towards Boston, it is altogether best that you should go there. You love the place and the associations like a Bostonian, and I have no doubt you will feel more at home there than anywhere else. Especially, your family is there, and that is a host of arguments in one.

My suggestions last year, when the question was before me, were based on different considerations from these and not contradictory to these, so that I can hold with entire consistency, so far as I have a right to express, the opinion that you have done right enough; and as you wish me to bless you away from Holy Trinity as I blessed you to it, I say with my heart, "May you be happy."

I suppose I shall see less of you and less of Philadelphia now, and this is my only regret in the matter.

I am enjoying my vacation as usual. All well and send remembrances.

Yours as always, ALEX. H. VINTON.

P. S. When I say my only regret, I mean so far as I am concerned. I regret it mightily for the Philadelphians.

Mr. Brooks spent his vacation in Boston, making a short visit on the way to West Point, where he preached in the chapel of the U. S. Military Academy. He went back to Boston, but no longer to the familiar house on 3 Rowe Street (Chauncy Street), which had been once a street of residences, but was now given up to great wholesale warehouses. He was a man who loved to preserve all old associations unchanged. "And so we 've got a new house, and 3 Rowe Street and 41 Chauncy Street will be things of the past. Alas, how the days go by. It never will be natural to eat dinner in Hancock Street. Is the new house fine? I hope not. And will you let common folks come to stay in it?" His mother also disliked and dreaded the change. But the father was more cheerful over the prospect. "It is an old house, and there is a good deal to do to it. It is one you will feel just as much at home in as at High Street or Chauncy Street. Nothing 'stuck up' about it; like all our other houses, 'neat but not gaudy;' not like the houses on the Back Bay, where the people go out in the morning to find the doorsteps have sunk out of sight; but it is on the solid hardpan of Beacon Hill, original soil, street named from the old John Hancock."

The short summer over, Mr. Brooks returned to Philadelphia for a few Sundays before his resignation should take effect. On Sunday, October 24, he preached his last sermon as rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity; in the morning from the text Ephesians iv. 30: "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." In the afternoon he took leave of his congregation with an extemporaneous sermon, when the occasion was one of deep and sorrowful emotion. Thus came to an end his ministry of ten years in Philadelphia.

Among the ties which bound Phillips Brooks to Philadelphia, none was closer than his friendship with Dr. Weir Mitchell, which dates from the time when Mr. Brooks became rector of the Church of the Advent. No one is more competent than Dr. Mitchell to speak of Mr. Brooks during his ministry in Philadelphia, to delineate his character, to describe the power of his preaching or the total impression of his work. This tribute of appreciation, which includes also an account of his gifted sister and her friendship with Phillips Brooks, will be read with deep interest.

AN APPRECIATION OF PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BY DR. WEIR MITCHELL.

In the year 1861, not long after Phillips Brooks came to the Church of the Advent, I first heard him preach. I was struck with the ardor and intensity of the man, and with the imaginative qualities which, in later years, were more or less subjected to the rule of a growing intellect.

At this time he was accustomed to go a great deal to the house of the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, and through this common acquaintance he became, what he was until death, my close and much loved friend. When he became my rector at Holy Trinity he lived quite near to me. At this time my household was in charge of my sister Elizabeth, a maiden lady, even then in breaking health, some years older than I, and as Phillips Brooks was much my junior, very far older than he. Between these two people a close friendship arose. Always once, and usually twice a week, he dined with us, and five evenings out of seven was in the habit of dropping in about ten o'clock for a talk and a smoke before the fire in my library.

In summer, as I was then much in town, we were both fond of an afternoon pull on the river. Later we made many journeys together, and one summer a long canoe voyage from Moosehead to the sea by the Allegash and St. John rivers. At this time he was a very strong man, and his physical force was a source of admiration to our stalwart guides. It is to be regretted that as years went on he left his great frame without its essential tonic exercise. Upon this question I exerted my influence in vain, and even within the last few years I over and over predicted to him the physical calamities which he was surely inviting. He assured me

that he had no time to walk, and that he felt no need for exertion. He was always somewhat annoyed by allusions to his health.

During these summer journeys Phillips delighted to swim and to use the paddle, and found deep joy in the free woodland life. He neither shot nor fished. I think he had a great dislike to killing even a troublesome insect.

The friendship thus formed, when my house was his evening home, matured with years. How dear it was to me I still like to think. With my sister it was as close a tie. Miss Elizabeth Kearsley Mitchell was for the last dozen years of her life an invalid, able to take little exercise. She was by nature fond of books, and, with increasing ill health and rare freedom from pain, her appetite for reading grew with what it fed on. In many directions she became singularly learned, but especially so in all biblical literature, and in the history of the church. Her reading, however, was wide and various. She went through a book at a speed which was surprising when one discovered that what she read remained her mental property, and was easily at hand when needed.

The society of friends and others was her remaining resource; she enjoyed them as few can do. Witty, quick of tongue, picturesque, and often quaint in statement, her talk was full of pleasant surprises. She was for years before her death a nearly constant sufferer, but no weakness conquered her; no degree of pain was long victorious. In a sad experience of what pain, long, lasting pain, may do to degrade and make useless man or woman there shine out for me some strange and heroic exceptions. This woman was of this few. I sometimes thought that pain excited her intellectually. . . .

Even the close relation of a friendship such as her letters exhibit rarely betrays her into a murmur. Near the end of her life there must have been occasional allusions in her letters to her suffering, for of this Brooks now and then speaks. I have preserved some passages of his letters because they mention his own feelings as to pain, and seem to have been evoked by what she said of herself. Over and over he complains that she does not answer his queries as to her health, or that she laughs away the whole subject. In one place he says, "I do not see why you cannot be serious as to this matter," — he means ill health. Either she could not, or was intentionally merry over her aches.

Into this life of humor, learning, and liberal-minded religion, where pain was rarely absent, Phillips Brooks found his way, and as the years went by became her friend.

He said to me once that no one had so influenced his opinions

as this remarkable woman. When he was absent, they exchanged letters once a week, and when, in 1869, he left Philadelphia, amidst ever growing work, his weekly letters continued to brighten her life until the last, which came to her ten days before her death, in May, 1874.

The largeness and value of this relation can never be fitly stated without such full use of his letters as has seemed to me undesirable. At our fireside, and later, he continually sought her counsel and criticism. He had been first understood and appreciated in Philadelphia, and his correspondence during his earlier years in Boston shows his strong affection for the city he had left, and his occasional sense of missing those who had made it a valued home. He often speaks of a sort of homesickness for Philadelphia. I still like to think that with his intense love for the city of his birth, he never failed to remember the great affection with which we regarded him in Philadelphia. The mental hospitality which divined so quickly the angel in the guest was prompt and warmly appreciative. Always in these letters he talks with interest and gratitude of the congregations which had known his earlier care. All this, and more, was in these letters, for they deal with men and things, opinions and books. I have culled from these pages a considerable amount of matter almost altogether impersonal. The extracts I have made suffer from the loss of the almost child-like gayety, the frank fun, and the friendliness of tone of the portions which I have not preserved. Yet of the general character of these letters, which I have now destroyed, something may be said. He was always positive in his opinions about men; but although these outspoken expressions are in his letters to the last, there is also in them an increasing tendency to explain with an ever enlarging and intelligently guided charity the peculiarities of his fellows. So much for the letters.

To one who knew him well, the change in the type of his sermons was like the change in the architecture of his face and head. I heard a good observer say of him when he was quite young that he looked like what a poet ought to look like, and certainly, as I have said, there was in his earlier sermons much more imagination than in those of later date. At one time I asked him to try to speak less rapidly when preaching. He tried it, but found, as I suspected he would, that the speed of his extemporaneous speech had some relation to the rate of his thinking, and that to interfere with the normal rate of delivery of what the mind made ready was fatal. His rate of extemporaneous speech seemed to set the rate for his read sermons, and all effort to alter it became fruitless.

As an extemporaneous speaker he was simply matchless. I heard him twice during the war, at public meetings where he was unexpectedly called upon. The effect was such as I have never seen before in any assembly of men. I recall, of course, many of his greatest sermons. It was his habit to talk over with my sister the sermons he was writing, or to invite us to suggest texts and their treatment. Several times I wrote out for him notes of illustrative value where he touched on the science of the day, and now and then he used these freely; on one occasion winding up a New Year's sermon with a page or two of my own words. It gave me a strange shock of surprise.

I may be pardoned one quite strong illustration of his readiness. My sons were at St. Paul's School, and on Founder's Day, Mr. Brooks was asked to preach. Before the noon hour for the service he stood with me watching with delight the boys at their play. We saw the cricket and football, the races, etc., and at last he said, "How interesting it is to hear these fellows shouting to one another names that are historically familiar." As we walked up to the chapel I said, "What shall you preach about?" He replied, "I do not know; it will come." "But," I said, "here are these fine lot of boys, and many of the most prominent people in New England. Is it possible that you have come altogether without a thought ready?" He laughed and said it would come.

A few minutes later, after a prayer and an anthem, he rose in his habitual way, took off his glasses, put them on, took them off and wiped them, and again replacing them, looked for a text. At last he said, "Render unto Cæsar the things" — and the rest of the great summary. Then he closed the Bible, and with the long hesitation which so often preceded his first words, he said, "As I watched your sports to-day, and you called to one another across the field, I heard many of the names great in American history. It is only worth while to have had ancestors who have served their country well, if out of the pride of birth you win high-minded reasons and desires to follow nobly where they led so well." Then he went on to say that men's truest ancestors were the great of all ages, if from them we knew to draw the inspiration which led to wise dissatisfaction with the mean, the false, and the unchristian. "And now," he said, "follow me a few minutes, and let us see what are your duties to your school, your country, and your God." The rest of it is lost to me, but he wound up with a few words about the flag Mr. Evarts had just given to the school, and with a vivid picture of the battle days when their fathers had gone out to defend it as a sacred symbol. I cannot

imagine that any boy who heard him could cease to remember his terse and beautiful statement of the linked duties of life.

I shall state in a looser way slighter remembrances.

When Brooks came to Philadelphia he had been long away from the conventional, either in the Divinity School or in his little uptown church. At first he remonstrated with our efforts to make him see the need for much that he found irksome and destructive of time. He soon yielded, and became in the end careful as to the ordinary social rules and duties.

He was subject to rare moods of utter silence. I have seen him sit through a dinner party and hardly utter a word; usually he was an easy and animated guest.

He did not much affect the clerical style or ways, and on our long canoe journeys the guides were three weeks before they found out that he was a clergyman.

He was intellectually sympathetic and liked to talk to men of their own work. As to moral sympathy he seemed to me remarkable. A young mother who had lost her only child once said to me, "He is the one person who has seemed to me to enter into my grief as if he really shared it," and yet at this time he had experienced no trouble in life.

I have known a number of the men we call great, — poets, statesmen, soldiers, — but Phillips was the only one I ever knew who seemed to me entirely great. I have seen him in many of the varied relations of life, and always he left with me a sense of the competent largeness of his nature. Perhaps the most vivid picture I retain of him is as he appeared to me at his Wednesday lectures years ago. Then he used to stand away from a desk, so that his massive figure and the strength of his head had their effect, and from his great height the magic of his wonderful eyes was felt, like the light from some strong watch-tower by the sea. There and thus you got all the impressible emphasis his noble sturdiness gave to the torrent of speech, which at first had, for a little, some air of hesitancy, and then rolled on, easy, fluent, and strong.

Before we take our final leave of Philadelphia to turn to the Boston ministry of Phillips Brooks a few more words remain to be said. If we hold, as he held, that every man's life is ordered by God, in all its vicissitudes, it becomes us to note how this divine ordering is more fully manifested in the life we are studying. The same infinite spirit which had shut him up to the work of the ministry when in the

beginning of his career he would fain have turned in another direction, which had separated him to the work to which God had called him, by a barrier he could not overcome, to the vision of faith, was still jealously guarding its protégé that he should not fail. It was well for him that he went to Philadelphia to begin his ministry instead of coming at once to his native city. One cannot say that he would have failed had he come at once to Boston, and yet one may think that Philadelphia was necessary to his success. He had within himself at the beginning the consciousness of power, but he was shy and sensitive, and of a delicate inward susceptibility which might easily have been hurt. Had he gone to a colder, more critical atmosphere, such as New England is popularly reputed to be, it is possible to imagine that he might have been chilled by rebuffs or not at first understood or appreciated. He might have been driven back upon himself, and in the moment of his first self-expression have failed to take the world into the confidence of his soul. He might have been intimidated by the prestige which from his childhood he had learned to revere in the men and the positions of the place where he had grown up, and have had greater difficulty in adjusting himself as a man to the environment of his early years. But Philadelphia meant freedom from all these possibilities. In its warm-heartedness, its rich and genial hospitality, its quick and glad recognition, free from any tendency to overcriticism, in its capacity for real living, happily and unconsciously, without the tendency to introversiveness of the New England character, — in these conditions there was an appropriate climate, where the genius of Phillips Brooks might thrive abundantly. There was no hostile criticism to repress the utterances of his inner life, but indeed so much encouragement that from the first he poured himself forth freely and without restraint, and each effort of his genius was an encouragement to further effort, till he quickly came to mastery of himself and of the situation. One recalls how Savonarola struggled vainly for years before he met the moment and the place where the gates of his spirit were unbarred and his power set free. With Phillips

Brooks the opportunity was given from the first, and Philadelphia was the chosen city which gave the golden opportunity. His spirit not only grew richer and stronger, but an inward sweetness of disposition was developed keeping pace with his intellectual growth, so that any dark, saturnine moods could not thrive. Ten years there were of unbroken, it might even be called monotonous, success of the highest order. We may say of his whole ministry in Philadelphia what he said of Dr. Vinton's short pastorate at Holy Trinity: "It was one of the brightest and sunniest pictures which the annals of clerical life have anywhere to show." In his memorial sermon on Dr. Vinton he thus speaks of Philadelphia: —

> Philadelphia is a city where the Episcopal Church is thoroughly at home. Side by side with the gentler Puritanism of that sunnier clime, the Quakerism which quarrelled and protested, but always quarrelled and protested peacefully, the Church of England had lived and flourished in the colonial days, and handed down a well-established life to the new Church which sprang out of her veins at the Revolution. It was the temperate zone of religious life with all its quiet richness. Free from antagonism, among a genial and social people, with just enough of internal debate and difference to insure her life, enlisting the enthusiastic activity of her laity to a degree which we in Boston know nothing of, with a more demonstrative if not a deeper piety, with a confidence in herself which goes forth in a sense of responsibility for the community and a ready missionary zeal, the Church in Philadelphia was to the Church in Boston much like what a broad Pennsylvania valley is to a rough New England hillside.[1]

And yet Philadelphia was puzzled in her polite and quiet way with the strange power and fascination of the youthful preacher. Here is an account which is worth preserving, as coming from an intelligent observer: —

> The costly, spacious Church of the Holy Trinity, in Rittenhouse Square, was always filled, crowded in all weathers, whenever it was known that he was going to preach. And yet to the breathless multitudes who came and went under the spell of his unique eloquence as certainly as the tides, he stood an insoluble puzzle

[1] *Alexander Hamilton Vinton*, a memorial sermon, 1881, pp. 26, 27.

and wonder. No one could question the genuineness of his eloquence or resist its witchery, and yet no one could touch the secret of his power. Perhaps there never was developed in any pulpit a parallel experience. Here were thousands crowding the pews and standing room of the Holy Trinity Church, Sunday after Sunday, and year after year, with growing enthusiasm towards a preacher who himself never seemed overpoweringly moved. . . . He stood impassive, almost statuesque in imperturbable tranquillity, rattling off in a monotone, so swiftly as to tease and half baffle the most watchful ear, swallow flights of thought, feeling, poetry, philosophy, piety, biblical learning, sociological wisdom, trenchant criticism, — in no syllogistic order or sequence, but plainly the legitimate fruition of his theme, held together by a blood tie of spiritual significance, striding, lifting along through the spaces and reaches of the inner world, until the great throngs, in painful, half-breathed, eager silence, seemed beside themselves with a preternatural ecstasy.

It was something like the glamour of a flying panorama, hour after hour in railway travel; or a deep reverie over the Divina Commedia, or in the grand Duomo itself; and yet unlike anything else having the touch of human artificer. It was not the half-mesmeric spell of the mystic and priest, nor the fascination of an artist with an irresistible technique and magnetic individuality. There were no lightning strokes, no stimulating climacterics, no passage of stirring discords in harmonic resolution of transcendental loveliness or grandeur; and yet there was never for a minute any let-up or rallying-place found for the strained and eager sensibility until the last page was turned and the benediction said. Thousands will recognize the truth of this reminiscence stretching through many years, and identify this early mystification and bewilderment which half hid the young preacher from the people.

It is not the intention here to attempt any explanation of the mystery or to solve the secret of Phillips Brooks's power. But some things are now apparent to the reader, and may be briefly rehearsed, which were not so apparent to the casual listener or the regular attendant on his preaching. All that was in the man was coming to the surface. How much that was, and something of what it was, has been already told. He possessed a rare organization, in its full development so rare as to be unique. Whatever he read or saw left deep impression on his mind, but it did not stop there: it

roused an equally deep responsive feeling or emotion, so that his inner life was always in tumult until the thought and the feeling had buried themselves in the will. The rapid speech was the index of the inward condition. Whatever touched his feeling inspired also his reason, not stopping in movement with emotions, but running the whole gamut of his being and again terminating in the will. These three conventional departments of the soul, often held apart and acting separately, were with him fused into unity. To this ideal harmony of his organization every listener responded as by a necessary law. It was like a strain of exquisite music which could not be resisted.

Again, behind the easy spontaneous manner of the preacher, there was long and arduous preparation. He must be called a genius, but if so a clearer light is thrown upon the nature of a genius; it is a capacity for harder work, more persistent than in ordinary men. He seemed to have a boundless capacity for rich metaphors and illustrations, but in his early note-books we have seen how he had jotted down carefully thousands of these suggestions, which were afterwards to be so effectively and naturally applied that they seemed to rise on the spur of the moment. There was in him an indescribable flavor of the world's richest literature, whether ancient or modern. He had absorbed and made his own the best that was in Carlyle and Ruskin, Coleridge and Wordsworth and Shelley; the teachers of his own day, particularly Tennyson and Browning. In his college days he had steeped his spirit in the literature of the eighteenth century, and then had turned to the masterpieces of the seventeenth, of Milton, and of Jeremy Taylor. He was living on intimate terms with great souls in history, with Lincoln, Cromwell, Luther, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Nor can too great importance be attached to the circumstance that in college, as through the theological seminary, he gave himself with peculiar, almost exclusive, diligence to the classics. "They help to cure us," as Mr. Matthew Arnold has said, "of what seems to me the great vice of our intellect, manifesting itself in our incredible vagaries in literature, in

art, in religion, in morals, namely, that it is fantastic and wants sanity. Sanity, that is the great virtue of the ancient literature. It is impossible to read carefully the great ancients without losing something of our caprice and eccentricity; and to emulate them we must at least read them." Complete sanity marked the utterance and attitude of Phillips Brooks. There was no trace in him of the eccentricities of genius. He was carried away by no passing fashions of the hour, ecclesiastical or social or political. He could distinguish at a glance the shibboleths of the school, with their popular temporary interpretations of life or history, from the permanent reality. This he may have owed in part, as Mr. Arnold argues, to his classical training, which had made him, what is so often claimed but rarely found, an educated man.

After the lapse of ten years since he left the theological seminary, we are in a better position to see how far the work which he there did for himself, in seclusion and solitude, has brought forth its fruit. It had been mainly with a desire to keep his Latin and Greek from becoming "dead languages," combined with his curiosity to know, that led him to the Church Fathers. Out of these studies, there had proceeded certain influences which remained as perpetual motives. They have been mentioned before, but, at the risk of wearying the reader, may be mentioned again. The study of the Greek tragedians had left their stamp upon his outlook of life, forcing him to go beneath the surface of appearances to the awful depths of human experience, so that he never impressed one as sailing over the shallows with a light and easy heart. In harmony with this result from classical studies were the motives gained from other ancient sources. First and foremost among these was the lesson taught by Philo Judæus, how to search creation and the sacred books in quest of "deep meanings in old Hebrew laws." From Tertullian he learned the necessity of keeping religion in harmony with the concrete facts of life, so that it should not be too much as with Philo, a transcendental thing in the clouds in danger of vanishing away. For that had been part of Tertullian's problem, to reconcile the material with the spiritual, the sacra-

mental problem, where the water in baptism, the bread and wine in the eucharist, the flesh, as in the resurrection of the body, tie down the spirit of man to the emblems of this physical world. And once more he had taken lessons from Boethius in the art of consolation, — an art in which, when the time should come, he was to appear as a master. These are some, not all, of the directions which may be traced in his earlier preaching, and which do explain, in some measure, the sense of wonder with which he was heard. Through the study of history, which always remained the favorite study, — history including literature and biography, — he had deepened his conviction of human progress and development, so that he could seek life and strength at any point in the career of humanity. He felt his oneness with the race of man, and made its achievements his own. It was said of him by some that he seemed to combine the spirit of Greek culture, in poetry and art, with the ethical motives of the Hebrew prophets. But there was more than this. Into the combination there entered also something of the severity and gravity of the old Roman temperament, with its reverence for law and order, the apotheosis of obedience as the highest of human virtues. And still further he had been moved by the spirit of Oriental mysticism, whence had proceeded the motives of the Catholic cultus. All these things, these potencies, prismatic variations of spiritual light, had entered into the Christian church, creating its complex richness and attractiveness, but never before had they so entered, that we know, into the composition of one individual man. Combination, said his brother Arthur, was the word that stood for his method. As a boy, it was his amusement to unite the familiar games in some new combination. He strove to combine the impossible at times, but still he made the effort. Yet this combination of his mature life was not eclecticism, but organic fusion of things related. Out of all these colors he made for himself a new color that was unique and entirely his own. These elements entered into his imagination, the vision of life in its rich diversity, and with the clear and powerful imagination came the force of reproduction.

His studies had left the deeper impression on him because of the sensitiveness of his being to the action of the world without, and in proportion as his nature was cast in larger proportions and moved in more complete symmetry and harmony. This inward symmetry corresponded to the physical symmetry of his body. To follow the conventional division of the human powers which he also adopted, intellect and feeling and will were in almost perfect equipoise, acting together in harmonious concert. There was an inward rhythm, which sought expression in poetry, — he only failed of being a poet, — and this inward rhythm meant music within the soul, responding, as it were, to the music of the spheres. Alike in his outward manner and in his influence in the pulpit, which played upon an audience in mysterious ways such as no one could fathom, we may trace a joy and satisfaction in life as of one who had penetrated its secret and knew it to be good. As we think of him in this aspect, we may recall those words describing the first creation in its glory, when the stars sang together and the sons of God shouted aloud for joy.

But all these things would have been as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal were it not for other gifts and endowments, partly inherited, and partly his own by assiduous cultivation. He had received from his Puritan ancestry the God-consciousness as in its most supreme manifestation in history; it was in his blood, in the fibres of his being, waiting only for the education of life in order to its full development in his own soul. He could not think of life or of himself apart from God. He had the conviction of the absoluteness of the divine sovereignty in the affairs of life and in the education of the world. This was but one side of Puritanism. On its other side he also inherited a mood long latent in the Puritan life of New England, till at last, after many tentative efforts, it burst forth in an indignant remonstrance, — the reality of humanity and its sacredness, as having some divine root, some spiritual potency in itself, worthy of its origin from God. These things, too, he combined, and the principle of the combination became the ruling principle of

his teaching. He believed in Christ as a divine human leader, for humanity must have a leader from its own ranks, but he who could lead humanity must be divine. Nor was this only a conviction of the head. He had felt the touch of Christ through his mother's influence and training, through familiarity with the Scriptures from his infancy, through the language of sacred hymns learned in childhood and forever ringing in his ears. In his theological studies in Virginia he had learned much from his teacher, Dr. Sparrow, acquiring an intellectual respect for the formulas of doctrinal and historical theology. Yet because he regarded them as the condensed expressions of human experience in other ages, he felt himself under an inward compulsion to translate them anew into the convictions and language of modern life. And finally, all his gifts and acquirements were subordinate in importance to his conversion, not a momentary but a lifelong process, which began from the time when the first faint breathings of his awakened soul led him to the resolution to be the man that he ought to be, for his own sake and in order that he might speak through himself to others. We may not be able to explain the secret of Phillips Brooks's power, but at least these things which we have said of him are true.

There is a difficulty, however, connected with the ministry in Philadelphia, that out of the three hundred and seventy-two sermons which stand recorded in his sermon note-book as written there, he has deliberately chosen to publish only five. In the five volumes of his printed sermons, put forth in his lifetime, containing nearly one hundred in all, this is a small proportion. In the solemn responsible act of putting himself on record he took final counsel with his own judgment and discretion. To any one looking through his early unpublished sermons, it might seem as though there were many among them that equalled, if they did not exceed, in beauty and power those to which he gave the imprint of his final approval. But the selection of Philadelphia sermons, although limited to five, is sufficient to give some idea of their character, as it differed from the tone

of his later preaching. They are more poetic and imaginative, with a higher literary finish. There is the sermon for All Saints' Day, 1868, from the text, "After this I beheld and lo, a multitude which no man can number;"[1] and another, written in 1869, from the text, "And a vision appeared unto Paul in the night: There stood a man from Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us;"[2] the third has for its text, "So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty,"[3] — a sermon preached first in 1864, repeated in many places, and always with a profound and startling impression, which those who heard can never forget; the fourth, written in 1868, based on the passage in Revelation which speaks of "The sea of glass mingled with fire;"[4] and the fifth entitled "The Beautiful Gate of the Temple," — a sermon first written in 1861, while in his second year in the ministry, but afterwards rewritten in 1873.[5]

Whether Mr. Brooks was the best judge of his own preaching may perhaps be questioned. Authors, it is well known, have often an opinion of the relative merits of their books wherein the general public does not always acquiesce. But some reasons may be given which will perhaps account in part for the circumstance that he should have doomed to oblivion the results, with these few exceptions, of the first ten years of his ministry. The earlier sermons differ from the later in that their tone is more intellectual. He was occupied at this time with the intellectual difficulties which stood in the way of the acceptance of some Christian doctrines. He was showing the rationality and coherence of the Christian experience from whence had emanated theological formulas. But he was also clearing away much of the débris and the underbrush impeding the pathway of those seeking the truth. This indeed was the leading purpose in the decades of the fifties and sixties. Carlyle had called it the getting rid of the "Hebrew old Clothes." But religious inquiry was to sound a much deeper note in the decade of

[1] Vol. i. p. 117. [2] Vol. ii. p. 91. [3] Vol. ii. p. 183.
[4] Vol. iv. p. 110. [5] Vol. iv. p. 127.

the seventies. It was with a feeling of strange disappointment that many realized they had escaped from these minor difficulties — questionings about inspiration and revelation, the nature and method of the atonement, or the reality of the miracle — only to fall into deeper and sadder questionings which touched the existence of a personal God and the personal immortality of the soul. Of course no definite line separated these two periods. The desire to restate in more intelligible forms the old truths still went on after the deeper issues had been raised, and these deeper issues may also be detected in the earlier years.

After coming to Boston, Mr. Brooks became more keenly alive to the greater peril, and in his own way addressed himself to the task of meeting it. Few could realize that a great movement forward in the history of the development of doctrine had begun, which must go on to its predestined conclusion. But Phillips Brooks was one of those few, a leader in the process, never losing his faith that God in Christ was bringing the world into richer and larger fields. He still continued for many years to feel the influence that moulded the Philadelphia preaching, but his soul grew more powerful, and his preaching reflected the change, as he bent himself to the simpler and yet more difficult task of encountering at close quarters the subtle penetrating doubt in whose atmosphere all things religious and spiritual seemed to melt away, and the mind contemplated the possibility of a world without God and with no future for the soul.

From this point of view, the Philadelphia ministry had done its work; it was inspired by a different mood, and the old sermons no longer gave adequate expression to the needs of the changing hour. But while in their way they were beautiful and positive in their teaching, they are marked by another characteristic, — they reveal more than do the later sermons the methods and the process of his own growth. The traces of work may sometimes be seen. In his later preaching the contagion of a great conviction is the power on which he relies for the propagation of truth. For the rest, it may be said of the Philadelphia sermons that they

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tend to transfigure life somewhat in the way in which Browning has transfigured the scene in the poor dissenting chapel, in his poem on Christmas Eve. The great Brighton preacher, F. W. Robertson, had travelled over the field with such thoroughness of observation, noting with such keen and minute criticism the strength and weakness of the popular Christianity of the time, that it might seem as if no opportunity were left for those that came after him. Phillips Brooks did not imitate nor reproduce. The world as it appeared to him was not quite the same as it appeared to Robertson; his outlook was richer, more joyous; free from any touch of morbidness, and more robust. No great calamity had befallen him in the loss of faith, no reaction against an earlier teaching. He had moved steadily onward from the moment of his first awakening. He assumed that what had been true of himself was true of others. Beneath the difficulties and the questionings reposed the great faith of humanity. Upon that he built with confidence, and to it he carried his appeal.

It would be an incomplete picture of the Philadelphia ministry if no allusion were made to certain defects which at times were bemoaned by individual members of the Church of the Holy Trinity. How, it might be asked, did this brilliant, intellectual style of preaching, as it has been described, meet those who had been trained in the first principles of evangelical religion as presented by Dr. Vinton, or as generally held in the city of Philadelphia, which was a stronghold of the Evangelical school? To this question the answer must be that the result was at times unsatisfactory. It was complained of the preacher that he was subject to moods. There were those who went to hear him, wondering whether they would be fed or turned away hungry. A very accomplished lady, in whose household he was a frequent and regular visitor, took him to task as his mother might have done. She wrote to him at the moment when he was contemplating the abandonment of the pulpit for the chair of Church History in the Divinity School, and while she remonstrated with him because he did not recognize how strong a hold he had upon

the affection of his people, she could not refrain from speaking her mind about his preaching: —

> Let me go on to say that I am scarcely surprised at the point you have reached, when I remember the gradual change in your preaching that I have observed during the last few months, — a change which has pained me more than I can express, and which, it seems to me, is only finding its natural result in your present dilemma, — I mean your increased tendency to preach duties and to set forth the Christian life in a manner to make it a painful bondage, taking away from the believer the assurance of hope. . . . I have been trying to believe you did not mean all you seemed to imply, but the present state of your mind painfully convinces me that you did. You said on Wednesday night (as I was told), and I have also heard you say at another time that no one could call themselves safe, that we never knew when we might fall away and be lost. . . . I think that lately, from some cause I know not, you have allowed your energy, zeal, devotion, and imagination to reach a morbid point of excitement which borders on unsoundness. Pardon me, I must speak plainly now, if never again. It seems as if you were urging yourself and your hearers to work and deny themselves, and more and more exhibiting the Christian life as a painful toil, overshadowed by a dismal terror lest after all it might be in vain. You will perhaps be shocked, and perhaps laugh, when I say I think the road you are travelling tends to that Church which enjoins penance as the road in which our salvation can be daily earned.

The late Rev. F. C. Ewer was singularly drawn to Phillips Brooks from what he heard of his preaching. Considering how their paths diverged in after years,[1] it is suggestive, at this time, to find Mr. Ewer writing to him that beneath all their differences they have much in common, standing hand to hand, and neither of them heading exactly in the beaten paths of their predecessors. He invokes God's blessing on him, and calls him "a noble leader."

The mother of Phillips Brooks was for a moment alarmed about the tendencies of his theology. It was in 1864 that she wrote in great distress, warning him against the dangerous errors, as she regarded them, in Bushnell's writings.

[1] Mr. Ewer afterwards became known by a book called *The Failure of Protestantism.*

Nor could Dr. Stone quite reassure her. For several years he sat in the chancel of Holy Trinity, listening closely to the wonderful sermons which surpassed, as he thought, anything in the history of preaching. He was accustomed to remark that it was not the gospel as he was wont to preach it, but none the less he recognized in it a helpful message; it aroused, and sometimes it pained him, yet he could not but listen, and he refused to believe that there was any ground for fear of the preacher's theology. The cause of this doubt and hesitancy lay in the preacher's method, which reflected a bewildering process. The tenets of his own church and of historic Christianity were passing through his spirit in order to their readjustment and to more living estimates of their meaning. So also the human world, with its diversity of efforts to solve the religious problem, came before him for a rehearing. There was a moment when he was affected by the attitude of Pascal, which had been reproduced in Sir William Hamilton's writings and in those of Mansel, who, in their effort to delimit the bounds of the reason, were preparing the way for agnosticism, or for the reaction to Rome. In one of his most brilliant sermons, regarded, that is, from a purely intellectual or literary point of view, he seemed to admit that the absolute truth could not be known; that in this world we saw, as in a glass or mirror, darkly, and only reflection of truth, not truth itself; in other words, the picture of life, as it appeared in the familiar comparison of Plato's cave.[1] There were also some of the phases of Evan-

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 459, for an account of this sermon. An extract will illustrate its character: "Here is the picture. A man is shut up in a dungeon, which is so built that no ray of sunshine ever finds its way through any door or window. It is so turned away from the light, so walled about on every side, that day by day and year by year the sunlight in its various approaches never finds an open side on which it can break in and lay its glory through the thick and sunless air at the poor prisoner's feet. But before one unlighted window is set up some polished mirror on which an imaged sun is seen repeating the changes and processions of its unseen original; and watching this, the captive studies by its reflected rays the laws and nature of the heavenly body that he never sees, and gets his vague, imperfect notion of what it is and how it moves at second hand. One of two things must result: either the poor prisoner never finds out that he is studying a copy, and, counting it an original, gets wrong ideas about

gelical doctrine with which he became impatient because he did not at once detect their bearing on life. To these he would sometimes refer slightingly, saying that he did not preach them, for he did not know what they meant.

While the process through which he was passing was unsatisfactory at times to himself and to others, in the imperfect, one-sided utterances to which it led, yet it was a vital one, necessary to his full development. When he said, as he did so often in the later years, that the great body of Christian doctrine had positive value, and was to be retained and not discarded; that it was verifiable to the reason, or had grown out of the spiritual life and needed only to be translated back into the terms of life in order that its importance as spiritual testimony might be evident, — he was speaking from the insight gained in his Philadelphia ministry. But already, before he left Philadelphia, he had entered upon the second phase of his religious and theological development, where the lack of unity which marked the earlier preaching would disappear. Hitherto he had sought to worship the Christ as presented in the traditional ecclesiastical art, where passivity and atonement for the world's transgressions was the ruling motive. He had now begun to discern the Christ as will, the legislator for humanity as well as its redeemer; the stronger Christ, whom he needed for himself,

it, mixes the laws of its reflection with the nature of its direct radiance, mistakes the direct for the indirect, the echo for the utterance; or else, feeling how unsatisfactory his knowledge is, his one great longing is to break the walls away and let the full unhindered glory pour down upon him, that he may know he sees, and learn to love and understand the sun. So man knows God only by his reflection in some lower nature, and either misunderstands God from not knowing the inherent fault of his position, or else lives and labors with a high dissatisfaction, an intense ambition to break the thick walls of his humanity aside and see his Maker at last face to face. You see how important is the subject that is brought before us. It is the difference between direct and reflected knowledge in the highest things. We stand before our window thinking that we look on God and duty and the phenomena of the eternal life. What if it be so that all we see is how these great Eternals relate and represent themselves in the phenomena of time? Not yet; not till this prison house goes to pieces do we see God and duty and heaven as they are." For the contrast with the later preaching, compare a sermon written in 1886 (vol. iv. p. 280) entitled *The Knowledge of God.*

in order to bring him into inward peace by obedience. He had discerned the stronger Christ as yet from afar, but henceforth his work as a preacher would be to enter into the mind of Christ, to reproduce His image, that life and character whose power had remade the world. Perhaps the later preaching, after he came to Boston, lacked something of the imaginative charm and the literary finish of the earlier period, but it gained in directness and in power. At any rate, there was a difference. He felt it, and showed that he was no longer in sympathy with the attitude of his Philadelphia ministry, when he refrained from publishing many of those exquisite sermons which as literary productions have the highest quality, but as sermons fell short of his later standard.

CHAPTER V

1869–1872

TRINITY CHURCH. THE RECEPTION IN BOSTON. CONTEMPORANEOUS COMMENTS ON PHILLIPS BROOKS'S PREACHING. RECORD OF WORK IN THE FIRST THREE YEARS

Phillips Brooks began his ministry in Trinity Church, Boston, on Sunday, October 31, preaching in the morning from the text, St. John ix. 4, 5: "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work;" and in the afternoon from St. John iv. 34: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." From this moment began the long period of twenty-two years until he resigned his rectorship. During these years he knew himself and thought of himself primarily and almost solely as the rector of Trinity Church. He concentrated his energies in making the church united and strong. He lavished upon it the wealth of his affection. He believed strongly in the corporate life of a parish, an organism of which he himself was a vital part. Trinity Church he believed had a great future before it, as it had also a great past behind it. To help it to realize its possibilities was the single task to which he devoted his powers. A few words about its situation and its history will make more clear the picture of the work he was to do.

The church edifice then stood on Summer Street, near

Washington Street, one of the relics of an earlier Boston when Summer Street and the adjacent territory was the scene of fine residences with their ample gardens. The church had been built in 1829, and though robbed somewhat of its impressiveness by the change in its surroundings, it still possessed an air of distinction and solid majesty. It belonged to a style of architecture which has since passed away. It was built of granite with a massive battlemented tower, and at the time of its erection was regarded as one of the finest churches in the city. Mr. Brooks has thus described it in his historical sermon on Trinity Church, published in 1877: —

> It was a noble building in its day. It was one of the first of the Gothic buildings of this country, which were built after church architecture had begun to waken and aspire, and few that followed it equalled its dignity and calm impressiveness. The lighter and more fantastic styles of building sprang up in the city. The timber spires that made believe they were stone leaped up with unnatural levity into the sky; the cheap stone sculpture covered and deformed great, feeble fronts; the reign of imitation came; and in the midst of all of them Trinity stood, in its exterior, at least, strong, genuine, solid, with its great rough stones, its broad bold bands of sculpture, its battlemented tower, like a great castle of truth, grim, no doubt, and profoundly serious, but yet able to win from those who worshipped there for years an affectionate confidence and even tender yearning for love.

Trinity Church in Boston resembles to some extent Trinity Church in New York, as being the centre and home of Episcopal traditions and prestige. Its organization went back to the year 1729. Like the old North Church on Salem Street, it was an offshoot from King's Chapel, which was the first Episcopal Church in Boston, and had been founded in 1689. But King's Chapel had ceased to be an Episcopal Church, and the neighborhood of old Christ Church had changed until it had lost its ancient influence, so that Trinity Church was left as the stronghold of Episcopacy in Boston. During the trying days of the Revolution it had remained open to its worshippers when most of the Episcopal churches

were closed. When the alternatives had been presented of closing its doors or of omitting the petition, in the Litany, for King George and all the royal family, it had chosen the latter with the hope that it would be "more for the interest and cause of Episcopacy, and the least evil of the two, to omit a part of the Litany than to shut up the church." It shows the tenacity of the corporate life of the church, that many of its worshippers were the descendants of the families who first constituted it. They were conservative, holding by the traditions, cherishing the names of past rectors, among whom Dr. Parker, afterwards Bishop of Massachusetts, and Dr. Gardiner were men prominent in the social and civic life of Boston.

It seemed to many incongruous that Phillips Brooks, the heir of a long line of Puritan ministers going back to the settlement of the colony, and of eminent Puritan laymen honored for their devotion to the "Standing Order," should be the rector of Trinity Church, with its reversal of these traditions, representing what seemed in New England an alien church, indifferent to the highest ideal of Christian truth. But that question had been settled for him when his mother made the transition from Puritanism to Episcopacy while he was an infant, — a migration which caused her many searchings of heart, but which she never lived to regret. As for Phillips Brooks, he did not feel the situation to be incongruous. He had been brought up on the Church Catechism; he knew no other church; he was loyal to it while yet admiring and applauding the history of his ancestors. He studied the records of Trinity Church, making himself familiar with American history in the eighteenth century and with the process of its religious thought, in order to connect himself more closely with the life of the church of which he was the minister.

Trinity Church had again shown its loyalty and devotion to the cause of Episcopacy when, in 1842, Dr. Manton Eastburn had been elected bishop of the diocese of Massachusetts. The diocese being unable to provide a salary for the bishop, it had called him to be its rector, and thus relieved the situa-

tion. The endowment known as the Greene Foundation supported from this time an assistant minister, who divided with the bishop the burden of preaching and other parochial ministrations, always officiating in the bishop's absence on his episcopal ministrations. Among these assistant ministers had been the Rev. Thomas M. Clark, now the Bishop of Rhode Island, the late Rev. John Cotton Smith, and Dr. Henry C. Potter, the present Bishop of New York. But this arrangement had not worked well. It was a case of divided responsibility. The assistant ministers were not free to carry out any projects of church extension, while the bishop was also hampered by the double burden he was carrying. When in 1869 the bishop resigned the rectorship, it was felt by all that a new era had dawned in the history of Trinity Church.

The new rector brought with him to Boston the ways he had learned from Dr. Vinton, and which he had put into successful practice in Philadelphia, — the Wednesday evening lecture, the Saturday evening Bible class, and the communicants' meeting in preparation for the Lord's Supper. These were the methods of the Evangelical school in the church. Things were beginning to change at this time, new modes of parish activity were becoming popular, and a complicated machinery of what was called "church work" was coming into vogue. Much of it was adopted by Mr. Brooks, though without display or ostentation. He was equal to any one in appropriating methods of activity and in administering them wisely. But he preferred the Wednesday evening lecture to the observance of Saints' Days, as being a fixed occasion in the week, while the latter came irregularly and were in danger of being neglected. Thus Wednesday evening became a sacred occasion. One of the first fruits of his ministry in Boston was to find the chapel of Trinity Church too small for the purpose, and calling for an immediate enlargement. But this did not meet the need, and the service was transferred to the church, where every seat was occupied.

Among the arrangements he projected at once for increas-

ing the activity of the parish and creating a sense of responsibility for those without was a mission on West Cedar Street, where a Sunday-school was gathered, under the charge of a theological student from the Cambridge seminary. There was at this time an Episcopal Church, St. Mark's, on West Newton Street, which, having fallen into weakness on account of the changing population, was no longer able to maintain a rector. He proposed that this church edifice should be purchased and become a dependency of Trinity Church, and that the income of the Greene Foundation be devoted to the support of its minister. This project was carried out after some delay, and the Rev. Charles C. Tiffany, now Archdeacon of New York, was called in 1871 to be its rector, and assistant minister of Trinity Church on the Greene Foundation. These things are mentioned as showing the energy of the new rector, and the large spirit of religious enterprise with which he began his parish ministry in Boston. But these yield in importance to another scheme, which he broached to the parish during the first year of his incumbency, 1870, that the church should be removed to another part of the city, where it could do a greater work and better meet the needs of its parishioners. There was some opposition to the scheme, even among his warmest friends and supporters, for it meant a violent uprooting of sacred associations. In the vaults beneath the church lay the remains of relatives and friends. There were other difficulties to be overcome. But Mr. Brooks continued to urge the removal as an indispensable condition of progress, until the plan was approved by the wardens and vestry. To overcome opposition, to create sympathy and agreement, and even enthusiasm, to recommend himself to the confidence of men of affairs in so important an undertaking, is an illustration of the many-sided capacity of the new rector.

It took time to carry out this large plan. All through the years 1870 and 1871 it was the one foremost purpose in Mr. Brooks's mind, on which he concentrated his energies and his interests. He was studying the city of Boston and the possible directions of its growth, in order to the most

available site. Before any other steps could be taken, it was necessary to gain the permission of the legislature to sell the old edifice. On December 3, 1870, the first meeting of the Proprietors of Trinity Church was held to consider the question of removal. Early in the next year Mr. Brooks appeared before a committee of the legislature and stated the reasons why the removal of the church was desired: —

I think there is necessity for a removal of Trinity Church for the best interests of the parish, and a necessity which is more and more strong constantly. There has been a growing conviction with me ever since I have been rector of the parish that it would be necessary to move. The reasons are simply these: the entire change of the population in Boston which has removed all the residences from Trinity Church, leaving literally no residences within that region round the church which is usually considered the parochial line. All our congregation are therefore obliged to come from a great distance, which looks badly for us in two ways; in the first place by rendering their attendance unstable and preventing the church from accumulating any permanent parish; for a family coming from a great distance is loosely attached, and unless it is in some way geographically connected with the parish it cannot be counted upon to sustain the church. The instability and lack of adhesion and difficulty in conducting any of the educational and charitable work of the parish, arising from teachers and taught residing at very great distance, is one reason that has forced itself upon me. These difficulties are increasing every day. Every removal that has taken place — I may say almost every removal since I have been in the parish — has been a removal to a greater distance from the church. Therefore looking forward a few years, we can see how much the present difficulties are likely to be increased. Then there are difficulties that attach to the location of the church, — the nearness of a business street, and the extreme noisiness during the Lent services. These have been much greater this season than last season. Then in addition to these two reasons there are the very serious ones attaching to the accommodations of Trinity Church, which are entirely incapable of remedy in our present location. The church originally was simply a structure for the church proper and since then there has been added a Sunday-school or lecture room, and this is the only room we have at present. We have no rooms for class instruction and for carrying on the work of the parish. Our lecture room is inadequate for our lecture-room pur-

poses. For this reason I think almost any one who is associated with the work of the church, who is engaged in the actual charitable and educational work of the church, feels the necessity of a change of location; and without knowing personally the opinion of each one of those who are so engaged, I should say that with three or four exceptions they all favor the removal.

The permission to sell having been granted by the legislature, it was accepted by the Proprietors of Trinity Church. The question of the new site was not an easy one, and deliberations proceeded slowly. Not until the end of the year 1871 was the lot purchased on which the present Trinity Church now stands. Mr. Brooks was at first strongly attracted by the lot on the corner of Beacon and Charles streets facing the Common. But the wisdom of the final choice needs no justification. On March 6, 1872, the building committee was created, consisting of George M. Dexter, Charles Henry Parker, Robert C. Winthrop, Martin Brimmer, Charles R. Codman, John C. Ropes, John G. Cushing, Charles G. Morrill, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., Stephen G. Deblois, and William P. Blake. The committee voted at once to notify Mr. Brooks of all meetings and their readiness to receive any suggestions from him. Six competitors were invited to furnish plans, and in June the late H. H. Richardson, of the firm of Gambrill & Richardson, was chosen as the architect. "The building committee were at once impressed," writes Mr. Robert Treat Paine, in his final report, "with the importance of purchasing the triangle of land which now forms the whole Huntington Avenue front of our estate. An appeal was made to the parish for gifts of money, and a generous response enabled the committee to make the purchase." The additional amount thus called for was $75,000, but the contribution reached $100,000. "The church," continues Mr. Paine, "thus completed its title to the whole domain of over an acre, enclosed by four public streets, and making the church visible in all directions. So far as the committee know, this is the only site of the Back Bay where these advantages could have been secured."

Plans for the new church had already been drawn by Mr.

Richardson, when the enlargement of the estate by the purchase of the triangle called for their entire remodelling. It was while the building committee were engaged in this study for a new design that the great Boston fire, on November 10, 1872, swept away the old Trinity Church on Summer Street. Whatever indifference or opposition there had been to the removal of the church could now exist no longer. A new interest and enthusiasm united the parish in the determination to make the new edifice a grander one than the old had been. The building committee appointed an executive committee out of its numbers, Messrs. Robert Treat Paine, C. H. Parker, and C. W. Galloupe, "with full powers to prosecute with all despatch the erection of the new church." Mr. Richardson encouraged them to think that in two years the new edifice would be completed. In this hope and expectation the large hall in the Institute of Technology on Boylston Street was hired for the Sunday services. The expectation was not fulfilled; it was more than twice two years before they saw the consummation of their desires. But meantime in this secular hall, with no accessories or associations of sacred worship, Mr. Brooks entered upon a still more powerful phase of his ministry, under the influence of which Trinity Church not only remained united, but received large additions to its membership.

When Phillips Brooks came to Boston it was his study to be the rector of Trinity Church, to carry out the ideal of a parish minister as he conceived it in all its scope and in all the detail of its relationships. To give himself up to the work of preaching the gospel of Christ to the congregation over whom he was set to minister was his single purpose. To this end he sought to know the people to whom he preached, to study their needs, to share their joys and sorrows, to lead them into larger conceptions of the mission of a parish to the church and to the world. No one could have written the "Lectures on Preaching" who was not first and foremost and always the parish minister, devoted to his people, giving them of his best, and in the relationship of mutual love and

service finding his satisfaction and reward. He does not indeed record any vow of exclusive faithfulness to this special purpose, but that it was his purpose, his single aim, is written on all his work after coming to Boston, and finds expression in unmistakable manner. During the year before he came to Boston, while the call was under his consideration, he must have been solemnly deliberating with himself and reaching a determination as to his line and method of work. We must therefore note at this point a significant change and epoch in his ministry. In Philadelphia he had appeared almost as a reformer and agitator, with a work to do outside the pulpit, which rivalled in importance and popular interest his work as a preacher. He had thrown himself into the cause of the abolition of slavery with an intensity and rare eloquence which was not surpassed by any one. He had espoused the cause of the emancipated slaves, pleading in most impassioned manner for their right to suffrage in order to their complete manhood. In the interest of the Freedmen's Aid Society he had made stirring platform addresses in the greater cities of Pennsylvania and in New York. He was more prominently identified than any other citizen in Philadelphia with the local issue whether the negroes should be allowed to ride in the street cars. From his activity in these moral causes he had become as widely known as by his eloquence in the pulpit.

But from the time when he came to Boston he ceased to be identified with any special reform. There were others, who, as soon as the war was over, had addressed themselves to the cause of the working people, seeking the redress of social evils, enlightening the popular mind, and securing the needed legislation for the amelioration of social burdens. Phillips Brooks might easily have followed in the same direction. It was in him to have become a reformer, and to have used the pulpit and the platform as his levers of influence. But he did not take this rôle. He gave himself to his parish, and exclusively to the preacher's task, and for seven years he was supremely interested in the work of building the new Trinity Church as if that should be the crown of his labors.

We have seen that his father was dismayed when his son devoted his strength to what seemed like preaching politics; how he earnestly dissuaded him from carrying politics into the pulpit. The advice may not have been without its influence. But apart from this a man like Phillips Brooks could not have had his Philadelphia experience without studying its bearing upon his work as a preacher. As he studied it, he saw that the two functions were incompatible, and that of the two the mission of the preacher of the gospel of Christ was the higher, the more important, the more far reaching and fundamental in its influence, — the primary condition of all successful enduring reforms. It must not be supposed for a moment that he was not interested in every social or moral issue which aimed at the improvement of man. His interest was recognized and presupposed. He never failed when he was called upon to advocate any good cause. He sympathized with those who devoted their lives to such ends. On occasions in his own pulpit, and especially on Thanksgiving Day, he uttered himself freely on the questions of the hour. But he did not identify himself exclusively with any of them, nor work for them in direct manner, but always indirectly through the power of Christian truth, brought home to the heart by the preaching of the gospel. Of all the cities in the land, Boston, more than any other, was associated with ideal issues and moral reforms. It might be almost called the home of reformers since the days when the preparation began for the American Revolution. It puzzled Boston people, therefore, when Phillips Brooks came among them and began at once to exert his magic influence. They found it impossible to label or classify him. He was neither a moral, a social, nor a religious reformer. It is amusing now to look back at the efforts made to define his position by critical analysis, or by comparison with other men. Boston at last accepted him for himself without attempt at analysis or criticism. But in the earlier years it was not so.

One cannot think of Boston without thinking of Unitarianism. When the schism took place, in the first part of the nineteenth century, which divided the Congregational

churches into Orthodox and Liberal, the latter body carried with it the social prestige, the wealth, the intellectual culture of Boston. It was represented by Harvard College also, and by a line of men eminent in literature, — Emerson and Hawthorne, Longfellow and Holmes and Lowell, and many others. It had given birth to two great preachers and reformers, Channing and Theodore Parker, who had added to the fame of Boston by their eloquence, their high character, and their large influence. Phillips Brooks had now come to take his position by divine right among the greatest and best of her children. Her literary men recognized him at once as entitled to an equal place. There could be no doubt of his greatness, but what was he, and how should he be described?

At first there was an inclination on the part of the Unitarians to claim him as their own. Such power, such genius, marked him as of necessity one who, though he might not be conscious of it, must be at heart a Unitarian. They were unfamiliar with the breadth of the national Church of England; they were indifferent to Maurice and Stanley and Arnold, Kingsley, F. W. Robertson, Thirlwall and Tait and Temple, who represented liberal theology in the English Church, with whom Phillips Brooks was affiliated in spirit, and at whose feet he had sat as a pupil. Archbishop Tillotson and the liberal theologians of the English Church in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they had long since forgotten. They could not believe that such things were indigenous in the Anglican Church, having their roots in the Reformation and in the Book of Common Prayer. However it was, the Unitarians flocked to the new preacher, — the man with a message to which they responded as divine. Against this disposition on the part of Unitarians to "attend the earnest and attractive ministry of Phillips Brooks," the "Liberal Christian," a Unitarian organ in Boston, gave a most emphatic protest: —

> We hold the earnestness and sincerity of those Unitarians who desert their own worship and their own laborious pastors to swell the tide of hearers of Orthodox Liberals at a very cheap value. There is a certain meanness, and time-serving, and cowardly

spirit, and a carelessness about intellectual and moral distinctions which is discouraging and deserves strong rebuke. (1870.)

The "Liberal Christian" was indeed very much in earnest in its protest, refusing to admit a communication in reply, which extenuated the fault of the culprits.

The editor of the "Christian Register" (Unitarian) went with the crowd to listen and to know for himself what these things meant. He was inclined to be severe and prepared to notice flaws, yet he was also determined to be fair and to get at the truth. While he admired the noble presence of the preacher, he found defects in the voice, and thought the rapidity with which he read the service somewhat irreverent. He was on the watch for any "omissions" in the service, but could not detect them. This was his report to his readers: —

The text of the sermon was "She hath done what she could." The first half of the sermon was satisfactory and impressive, that human responsibility was limited by human power and opportunity. Every man, however weak and humble, has some thing especially appointed for him to do, and the harmony of the universe is incomplete so long as he neglects his task. . . .

All this was exceedingly impressive. He spoke with such fervor and unaffected earnestness that we felt quickened and uplifted by his appeals in behalf of our doing our best, and making the most of our chances in life. Then came the only unsatisfactory passage of the discourse. It seemed to be assumed that as sinners we must not only repent, but rely upon Christ's atoning blood. No particular theory of the atonement was insisted upon, but in some way we must feel that we are ransomed and bought with a price.

The room was growing darker, and we became less and less sure that we understood Mr. Brooks perfectly. But we were quite convinced that while he was only mildly "Evangelical" and used, mainly, Scriptural expressions that admit of a Unitarian interpretation, he left the plain path in which he had been walking for the devious ways of theological subtleties. Still the general effect of the sermon was excellent, and we came away deeply grateful for the most that we had heard, with a new understanding of Mr. Brooks's deserved popularity; and fully believing that he is as rational and independent as an honest man can possibly be while remaining within the Episcopal Church. The whole atmosphere about him was far superior in simplicity

and manliness to anything that we had ever known in his denomination.

"If the Rev. Mr. Phillips Brooks," remarked the "Congregationalist," an Orthodox paper, commenting on this report, "has trembled and felt weakened as to the security of his position in this city, he must now take heart and dismiss his fears. The editor of the 'Christian Register' having been to hear him has come away 'fully believing that he is as rational and independent as an honest man can possibly be while remaining within the Episcopal Church.'" These things are not recovered from the forgotten years for the purpose of illustrating the amenities of religious controversy, but in order to reproduce the moment when Phillips Brooks came to Boston. It recalls the picture of Boston, or of any Massachusetts town, in the colonial days, when a stranger entered its precincts. Before he could be accepted, he must be questioned and made to give an account of himself. The inquiring looks now directed upon the new preacher, the sharp criticism to which he was subjected, were simply the inevitable Boston greeting. It was Boston's way, — that was all. Philadelphia had a different way. It had not the suspicion of the stranger as such. It knew a good thing when it saw it, and did not spoil its enjoyment by overanxious questioning. It was not perhaps so easy a thing for Boston to bow before Phillips Brooks as it had been for Philadelphia. Boston is a city with peculiarities of its own, and they are marked and strong. But on this point let another speak, one whom Boston loved and revered: —

> Shall I say [writes Dr. Channing] a word of evil of this good city of Boston? Among all its virtues it does not abound in a tolerant spirit. The yoke of opinion is a heavy one, often crushing individuality of judgment and action. A censorship, unfriendly to free exertion, is exercised over the pulpit as well as over concerns. No city in the world is governed so little by a police, and no city so much by mutual inspection and what is called public sentiment. We stand more in awe of one another than most people. Opinion is less individual or runs more into masses, and often rules with a rod of iron.[1]

[1] *Works*, vol. ii. p. 265, ed. 1845.

It was not only the Unitarians that had questions to ask. The Orthodox or Trinitarian Congregationalists were puzzled. The Unitarians watched him to see whether he were Orthodox, and the Orthodox were curious to see whether he were a Unitarian in disguise. At this time the antagonism between these two parties was strenuous and even bitter, for the painful associations of the schism which Channing had led were still fresh in the memory of many then living. The influence of Theodore Parker had only intensified these religious antipathies. Parker had divided the Unitarians into two wings, the conservative and the progressive; but he had also aggravated the prejudices of the Orthodox against the whole body of Unitarians by his denial of miracles and the supernatural, by his criticism of Scripture and rejection of its external authority. But his was on the whole the growing tendency in Boston. He was a transcendentalist, building on the authority of an inner light, finding God and immortality and religion in the natural instinct of the human soul, and needing no external authority, whether of Scripture or prophet or person of Christ, as the sanction of religious truth. But there was also something better in Parker which would be apparent when the storm of controversy had died away. It was then with dark suspicions in their minds that Orthodox critics approached the new preacher. They, too, were not quite satisfied. The trouble with both these classes of critics was that they went to their inquiry with formal tests of doctrines or dogmas uppermost in their minds, while the preacher was in another atmosphere, thinking not of doctrines but of life.

The Episcopalians [says the Boston correspondent of the Christian Intelligencer] have a new light and popular preacher, Rev. Phillips Brooks, late of Philadelphia. Before coming here he had achieved a high reputation in the pulpit, and as a liberal in doctrine and churchly rites. However true it may be we know not, but he is said to occupy about the same theological position as Robertson of England. We heard him on Sunday evening, and he did what too many Orthodox ministers do in this region, threw out a "sop" to the Unitarians. His sermon was unexceptionable in almost every particular. It was, in fact, the best

sermon on the whole we have heard here for some time. It was practical, written in a clear and forcible style, with passages of wonderful beauty and eloquence. It was delivered with that impetuous earnestness that distinguishes certain nervous natures. No one could listen to it without being moved to live for God. But a fly was in the ointment, needlessly there. He went out of his way to say, "I don't believe in total depravity," and then added that he believed there was something good in all men, giving the impression to those who did not know better that the doctrine known as "total depravity" embraced the view *that every man is as bad as he can be, or is utterly destitute of what is good*. But still he intimated that there is no recuperative element in the soul, an important feature, however, of the discarded doctrine. Of course all liberals delight in such statements or caricatures, and then quote them as proof of the effect of their liberalism in modifying evangelical doctrines. Mr. Brooks ought to know just what total depravity as a theological doctrine involves, and while the term is confessedly objectionable as now interpreted, yet, like many legal and medical terms, can be explained.

The popular verdict on the preaching of Phillips Brooks was more important than the judgment of the critics. There had been no similar event in the history of Boston which created such excitement, such widespread interest, such a veritable sensation. He stepped at once into the same relative position as he held in Philadelphia. Trinity Church on Summer Street was crowded with eager hearers. It was almost unseemly the way in which the people claimed him for their own, regardless of the privileges of those whose special minister he was. They came from every direction, feeling that they must be there. Precedents and vested rights, distinctions of pewholders, the authority of the sexton, these seemed like an impertinence when Phillips Brooks was to preach. The true gospel of Christ, the word of life, must in the nature of the case be offered alike to all, without distinction. It was a trying situation for the stately, decorous parishioners, who had associated worship with calmness and dignity, and with ample accommodation in the high-backed, luxurious pews. It was no slight inconvenience and annoyance when they sought access to their pews to find them

occupied by strangers, whose apologies did not relieve but only magnified the grievance. Mr. Dillon, the sexton, to whom it fell to manage these things, strove to rise to the occasion and struggled to meet an emergency so wholly unlike anything he had hitherto known in his long administration. He tried to sort the people who presented themselves for admission, sending some to the galleries, and allowing others, whom he judged more fit, to occupy the waste spaces in the pews on the floor, but his expedients were futile.[1] There were too many seeking to be admitted, that was the simple difficulty. There was room perhaps for a thousand people, and the demands were for more than double the accommodation. The people became indignant and vented their anger on Mr. Dillon, "the grim and truculent sexton, who acted as if he owned the church." Complaints found their way to the newspapers, with accounts of the "most disgraceful scenes ever enacted within the walls of a Protestant church." Many who came were unfamiliar with the ways of the Episcopal Church; they regarded the morning and evening prayer as something to be tolerated, — "introductory exercises" before the sermon could be reached. They rejoiced at least that "Mr. Brooks ran it off so rapidly." Mr. Brooks did what he could to facilitate matters. The pews in the galleries were declared free, and after pew-holders had taken their seats the church was thrown open to all. But this was no temporary evil to be cured by any expedient. It lasted as long as Phillips Brooks remained the rector of Trinity Church. Bishop Eastburn continued for a while to attend the services at Trinity. But he was not accustomed to such excitement, or to see people flocking in crowds to the proclamation of the gospel. He was not altogether sure that the new preacher could be "sound in his views." He betook himself to the roomier spaces of St. Paul's.

[1] In Mr. Dillon's view of the situation, the end to be aimed at was to reduce the numbers who sought admittance to the church. "He once came to me in the vestry room," said Mr. Brooks, "to tell me of a method he had devised for this purpose, 'When a young man and a young woman come together, I separate them;' and he expected me to approve the fiendish plan."

Many of those who went to hear Mr. Brooks for the first time were so impressed that they must needs give utterance, in newspaper articles, to the emotions which stirred them. Some went prepared to watch closely and see vividly in order to get the material for a striking literary report. There are in these early years at Trinity many of these pen-and-ink sketches of the preacher and the wonderful effect of his preaching, descriptions of the church and the congregations, and the accessories which made the scene impressive. All agree in being compelled to describe the preacher himself as though that were a part of the message.

The door of the anteroom opens, and Mr. Brooks appears in his white flowing robes. There is something almost boyish, yet beautifully sweet and earnest as well, in his face and manner. He is emphatically a manly man, with no sentimental, morbid, sickly notions of life. He is a "muscular Christian" and believes in work and stout-hearted endeavor. And he walks through the earthly and tangible as beholding the things that are invisible and heavenly. All this and more we find in his strong spiritual countenance.

The old building [according to another report] seems the fitting place of worship for the solid men of Boston. There is an air of ancient respectability about it. . . . The deep roomy pews, and thoughtfully padded, seem adjusted for sleeping, and though seven can sit comfortably in them, if you humbly ask for the fifth seat in some of them, beware of the lofty look and high-bred scorn which seems to say, Are not the galleries free for negroes, servants, and strangers? . . . I shall have to let you in, I suppose. Take that Prayer Book, and keep quiet; service has begun. Don't you see Mr. Brooks?

Yes, we do see the Rev. Phillips Brooks, a tall, stout, powerfully built man, with a smooth boyish face, and very near-sighted eyes, which nevertheless, by the help of glasses, seem to search you out in whatever dark corner you may be hidden. He is reading the service with a thin voice and rapid, breathless, almost stuttering delivery, and yet with a certain impulsive and pleading earnestness that carries even Congregationalists on their knees and takes them with him to the throne of grace.

To reproduce here the many comments upon Phillips Brooks when he first made his appearance in Boston would

be impossible, and yet to neglect them altogether would be a loss to his biography. The time never came when people tired of portraying him or of writing their impressions. Those who wrote were not more eager to rehearse than were the thousands, who had not heard or seen for themselves, eager to read what was written. It is part of the story of his life to give him in his relations with the great body of people who heard him gladly, who were sure that something unknown before in the history of the pulpit was now enacting, and that it behooved them to catch and preserve each slightest accent, as an almost sacred responsibility. Thus they loved to describe his appearance as though in this case the symmetry of form and beauty of countenance were in some mysterious way the counterpart of the spirit within, and nature had for once succeeded in making the body the transparent revelation, the harmonious accompaniment, of the immortal soul. Such was the opinion of the many, but others dissented: —

He is exceedingly portly and also very tall: in bearing one of the most commanding men of his day. He has a fine, well-proportioned head, covered with a short growth of thick dark hair, which he wears easily without careless indifference and also without dainty niceness. . . . A certain throwing of his head up and a little to one side is his most prominent gesture; and it is all the more effective that it is not strictly elegant. There is nothing in his voice, bearing, or look which can explain his almost unexampled popularity. For popular he is almost beyond precedent.

He stands in the pulpit [says another writer] smooth-faced, full-voiced, as self-reliant a man as ever occupied such a station. He indulges in few gestures; he has no mannerisms. If, under any circumstances, he might realize the popular conception of an orator, he does not betray the possibilities here. He provokes no attention to predominant spirituality by inferior vitality. There is a splendid harmony of strength, bodily and mental, which prevents the measurement of either. It is only when he is out of his desk and level with his audience that you realize his stature. In the lecture room or crowded street he stands like Saul among the people. The well-balanced head and strong shoulders draw your eyes at once. He dresses well, lives well, and holds his own decidedly in social circles. . . . His power

is not limited to his church ministrations, nor is he making himself known by some brilliant special development. It is the whole man — mentally, morally, and spiritually, leader, helper, friend — which is attaining such preëminence. But when he preaches, you are carried away to the need of men and of your own shortcomings, and have no present consciousness of the personality of the speaker. A transparent medium is the purest. You do not think of Phillips Brooks till Phillips Brooks gets through with his subject.

His manner of entering the church [says another observer] was quite peculiar. He hurried in, sweeping his left arm in long circuits and glancing quickly about and abruptly kneeling at the altar. In selecting his places in the Prayer Book he continued to glance nervously about. . . . And yet there was something even then that interested one in him and gave assurances of his sincerity. His complexion is dark, his forehead low, his face full, and his figure and motions those of an overgrown lad; and yet in spite of all and through all there is a struggling for goodness and culture. . . . The sermon was a model, rapidly delivered and yet effectively, when the preacher had advanced far enough to lose himself in it, and thrilling the hearer by every word. . . . There was apparently as little aim at effect in the preparation as in the pronouncing of the discourse, but it was exquisitely written and every sentence was a blade, though wreathed in flowers. The hearer was both transported and cut down, delighted with the rhetoric that saluted his ear and regaled his taste, and penetrated and solemnized by the truth with which he was addressed.

Another listener goes to hear him at St. Mark's, West Newton Street, one Sunday evening in midsummer, allowing an ample half hour before the appointed time, only to find the edifice already nearly filled, and the silent, steady stream of worshippers appropriating every available spot with an earnestness noticeable to the merest stranger, and this although the heat is intense and the atmosphere almost stifling.

A stranger [he continues] cannot be long in doubt of the justness of his popularity, as he enters in that unpretending manner and goes instantly to his work, without a seeming thought of anything but his duty as a worshipper. Look at the man! Would you not look at him twice in any surroundings? All our previous ideas of a pale, formal stereotyped Episcopal minister . . . are

put to flight at once and forever, as we are instantly magnetized with the man's polished energy and the spirit he infuses into every part of the service. With a physique the embodiment of perfect health, you look in vain for any symptom of the spiritualized consumptive symptoms that old-time people were wont to regard as a sure advance towards saintship. A round, full, smooth face, shadowed with massive eyebrows and lighted with eyes of richest black, not flashing but deep, his whole expression so free from guile and affectation, and every movement so full of inexhaustible vitality, that he seems to retain all the wealth of a pure, boyish nature, crystallized into perfect manhood.

Here are a few more descriptions of Phillips Brooks in the pulpit and of his manner of preaching: —

At last the order of evening prayer is concluded and the preacher mounts the turret-like pulpit. He is clad in the plain black gown, with a collar, vest, and necktie such as ordinary mortals may wear; and carries a manuscript which his eyes, intently following, scarcely leave from the smoothing out of the first page to the turning of the last. While the choir are singing the final verse of the preliminary hymn, he somewhat nervously adjusts the tablet before him to his height and the lights at his side to his eyes, and then stands motionless, gazing forth for a moment with a pleasant and rather inquiring cast of countenance over the congregation. . . . His sermon to-night is from Romans vii. 22: "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man." . . . The sermon is scarcely over thirty minutes long, but is preached with so rapid an utterance that from the lips of another it might take a third longer. It is founded upon an exegesis which is novel, but its proposition commands assent, its argument is strong, its tone is exhilarating, and one goes from it pondering the oft-repeated question, What is the secret of Phillips Brooks's preaching? Where is the hiding of his power?

When he reaches his sermon [says another observer] and plunges into his subject, as if it were a message from heaven, delivered for the first time to mortals, so fresh and earnest it is, then the real height of the man's power is reached. . . . He avoids all the old, worn grooves of reasoning, and leads you by his own routine of thought into the clearest and simplest comprehension of life's duties and God's demands. And as he is lifted by his theme into a rarefied atmosphere, and with a marvellous faith catches a glimpse of still higher summits to be reached, like a mountain climber, scaling from crag to crag, you are rapidly

borne along with him, till the worries of earth look very trifling from the crest where he pauses.

After this [according to another report] he entered the pulpit in a black gown and announced his text, Hebrews ix. 4: "Wherein was the golden pot that had manna and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant." . . . This meagre outline can convey no idea of the richness of the sermon. . . . His style was simplicity itself. Illustration and imagery are not profuse but perfect. His power, however, is what no one less gifted than he can describe to another who has not felt it. It seems to come from a deep, personal experience which gives his message authority. . . . He has a certain great-heartedness, and a passionate, irrepressible desire to bring others to the Saviour whom he finds so precious, that people of all shades of belief, and no belief, are carried along, for the time at least, by the same enthusiasm that seems to possess him. Out of twenty or more of his sermons which we have heard, there has not been one which would have been unsuitable for a revival meeting. Whatever the subject, the central thought is always the cross of Christ — the goodness of the gospel to a sinful soul.

A stranger's earliest impressions on listening for the first time to the young preacher, whose name is already famous far beyond the limits of his own denomination, is doubtless amazement at the rapidity with which words and sentences follow each other from his lips. Utterly devoid of those pulpit mannerisms and affectations of which the world is weary, his first utterance seems to fling him body and soul into his subject. . . . It is the earnest wrestling of a brilliant intellect with great and yet simple truths, evolving new and startling conceptions, or clothing familiar thoughts with rare and subtle beauty. No written words can do justice to the varied powers of this great pulpit orator. He has the keenest analytic skill, the most charming purity of style, a wonderful grasp of glowing imagery, the most evident sincerity, the most touching pathos, and the broadest catholicity. . . . There are none of our so-called popular preachers who at all resemble Mr. Brooks, either in manner and style of delivery or in peculiarities of thought.

We have seen that Mr. Brooks puzzled the inquiring minds bent on detecting his theological bias. But according to the majority of the best opinion, his teaching was in the strict sense Evangelical. An Old School Presbyterian says: —

Writing from an "Orthodox" standpoint, your correspondent may be pardoned for expressing the joy he felt that Puritan truth is the doctrine of the preacher now most admired and sought after in degenerate Boston. It was most refreshing and hope-inspiring to hear him.

It is this compound [says another writer] of Broad Church liberality and absolute fixedness and certainty as to points of belief and faith that accounts for Mr. Brooks's wide influence in the community.

Here and there [says a writer in the Congregationalist] you will find one who thinks that the Unitarians get a little more comfort out of his preaching than he ought to give them. But there is reason for the remark that such suspicions are mostly confined to those who seldom hear his sermons, if in some instances they are not unaccompanied with what is very near akin to a professional jealousy. I have never heard but one opinion from those qualified by knowledge and impartiality to judge, and that is that the current of his preaching is strongly and warmly Evangelical.

One other testimony to his power as a preacher comes from New York, when he preached at Grace Church in the year 1870. The occasion rose at once to dignity and significance, calling for description and comment which found expression in the "Evening Post:" —

The preacher was a man of mark in every sense, and the moment you set eye upon him you asked who he was, if you did not know him before. . . . There was no look or tone of assumption in him, and in fact, until he warmed in his sermon, there was nothing in his manner to impress you with remarkable power. . . . His subject was positive religion, viewed especially in its superiority over merely negative or repressive religion. It was a strong and telling and glowing argument for the brave virtue that follows the "Spirit" above the petulant asceticism that is always fighting with the "flesh." The preacher held his congregation fixed on his words for forty minutes. We listened to him with the more attention from the fact that he is a memorable sign of the times. He seems to be run after more by young people, especially of the more cultivated class, than any other preacher, and he is the most conspicuous man now in the pulpit of Boston, — that city so renowned for its theologians. . . . It is not

difficult to discover the secret of his power, although he has not all of the conditions which have been regarded as essentials of success among his associates. He has no remarkable qualities of voice, or elocution, or gesture. He speaks and reads very rapidly and has no dramatic touches of pathos or humor. He does not abound in original metaphors or epigrammatic points, in rare classic allusions or profound philosophic distinctions. He has none of the tragedian's startling tones and attitudes, and nothing of the buffoon's grimace and merriment, which are now not unknown in the pulpit. But the power of the man lies in the fulness of his nature, his thought, his affections, his purpose, and his speech. There is a great deal of him, and he lets himself out without reserve, without affectation, without conceit, without meanness. His sermon flows from its large fountain head in full, continuous course, now in easy talk, and now in swelling volume, and now in dashing force, until it pours into the open sea under the eternal heaven, and carries you on its grand tide to its glorious vision. . . . It is a significant fact that Harvard, which has been so eminent for the cautious accuracy, careful elegance, and dainty reserve of its orators, should have sent such an unusual representative into the pulpit, and that her representative preacher now is this stalwart Broad Churchman, who preaches the humanity of Channing with the creed of Jeremy Taylor, and strikes at the shirks and shams of our day with the dashing pluck and the full blood of Martin Luther.

Space must be found for another calm, intelligent estimate of Phillips Brooks as a preacher. It was written by a Bostonian, as the extract just given was from the pen of a New Yorker, by a Unitarian who abandoned his fold to listen to him. No better statement than this was ever made: —

One word remains to be said in regard to the ministry which it has been our privilege to attend during the last winter (1869–70), listening to those impressive utterances: —

> Where all is calm and deep and grave,
> With a full soul's mature sedateness;

where the overflow of vital power, and wealth of poetic imagination, and the nameless enchantment of genius are all made tributary to an awful earnestness of soul, a solemn and tender sense of responsibility in preacher and hearer, which sends the latter away with very different emotions from those awakened by the rhetorical brilliancy, or dazzling oratory, or mere theatrical perform-

ance of whatever kind. Of three points which make this ministry especially attractive we notice, first, an extraordinary mental clearness and precision, which make every word aid in guiding the hearer straight to the point intended; which admits no redundance in its beautiful and finished expression, and, in its most glowing imagery and felicitous illustration, never gives the idea of external ornamentation, but rather deepens the impression of the truth to be conveyed as by the exposition of a purely natural analogy or preëxisting correspondence between things divine and human. And secondly, we are impressed by its rare *persuasiveness*, — a power of taking for granted assent, which almost compels it, an emphasis laid on points of agreement, rather than on those of difference, — so that we find ourselves addressed from the broad ground of a common humanity rather than from the narrow platform of doctrinal distinctions, and are led to recognize the central truths which underlie and comprehend all our diversities of opinion. But once more and including all the rest, we find in this preaching a depth of thought and purpose, a scorching analysis of character and motive, that cuts clean through the crust of conventionalism (whether of worldliness or religion), and takes us to those depths (shall we say?) or lifts us to those heights where we are set face to face with eternal realities, in whose sight the poor routine of our daily life is transfigured with new hope, made quick with grateful impulse and weighty with sacred meaning.

These testimonies all belong to the first years of Phillips Brooks's ministry in Old Trinity on Summer Street, while he was making the conquest of Boston. They may suffice to show how the city was moved at his coming. There were those of course who doubted whether it was more than a passing fashion, some of whom went to analyze or criticise but for the most part remained to pray. Those were wisest who accepted the situation as inevitable, recognizing that some strange phenomenal power was in evidence ; that this was no case of the ordinary sensational preacher, but something that was real and abiding, and as deep and mysterious as the mystery of life in this world. If it may have been hard at first for the Boston clergy to bend before such royal presence in the pulpit, they did not show it ; they demonstrated their own greatness by admitting that a greater had come among them. Still, it was a disturbing experience in

all the churches. It was a source of further disquiet that it was impossible to classify the preacher according to received canons of criticism. Those who listened in order to sit in judgment sometimes thought they had discovered the secret of his strength and again frankly admitted their failure. "His power consists in his simplicity," said one, "in his earnestness and strength, exhibited in the expression of a theology free from the narrowness and technicalities of those dogmatic schemes which make religion ridiculous and weigh it down." Another said, "Of course he has a fine intellect, but it is the warm, earnest heart guiding the intellect that gives him such influence over his hearers." Still another: "He knows what is in us all. He speaks out of the common experience and comes right to the heart of men." And again thought another: —

> His secret does not lie in his thought or his style; not in his utterance, which is rapid almost to incoherency, and marred by an awkward habit of misreading his writing, a delivery unrelieved by the charm of a musical or even a pleasant voice; but in his evident honesty of conviction, sincerity of purpose, and earnestness of desire, — he does not think of himself or of the impression he is making; also, in that he approaches men on the side of their hopefulness. He is a man of exceptionally intellectual abilities, but the moral qualities are so obvious and forceful as to make the other seem secondary.

Those who made no attempt to penetrate the secret were on the safer side. The preacher had the "vision and the faculty divine," beyond which it was impossible to go; of which Plotinus had said, as quoted by Coleridge: "It is not lawful to inquire from whence it sprang, as if it were a thing subject to place and motion, for it neither appears hither nor again departs from hence to another place; but it either appears to us or it does not appear. So that we ought not to pursue it with a view to detecting its secret source, but to watch in quiet till it suddenly shines upon us; preparing ourselves for the blessed spectacle as the eye waits patiently for the rising sun." Somewhat in this mood he was waited upon by the people. And the people in this case were

worthy of study, as was the preacher to whom they listened with rapt attention and in a wonderful stillness. They, too, have been described in these reports from which extracts have been made. It seemed to some as though the congregations were made up mostly of young men, to others as if young ladies under thirty predominated.

The packed congregations of old Trinity [says one] represent the best intellect, the most cultivated minds, as well as the richest families in Boston.

It is pleasant [says another] to see Phillips Brooks's audience and to analyze it. I had expected that it was exclusively of the more educated classes, but it is not; from the place where I sat last Sunday evening I could pick out easily enough the sewing girls, the Boston clerks, the men of leisure and of study, the poor old women with their worn and pinched and faded, but thoughtful, earnest faces; and it was a dear sight, all those classes and conditions of men riveted to the countenance of Phillips Brooks and hanging on his lips.

It was not long before the popular verdict was rendered: "Phillips Brooks's reputation is not to be church or city limited. So thoroughly genial, strong-brained, and strong-hearted a man will of necessity find a wider arena than can be shut in by any lines which local whim or habit may draw."

Somehow [says one observer] there is a feeling that he belongs to the Church and not to the Episcopal Church; that he is too large a man for the enclosure of any denomination; and that a sketch of him in the "Congregationalist" is just as pertinent as in the "Churchman."

And another writer sums up the situation with an air of finality: —

It is easy to see that Phillips Brooks has found his true sphere in Boston, and those fond souls that dream of his return to Philadelphia, disappointed with his success here, may safely put away that delusive hope. He has not been long in Boston, but Boston knows how to improve her own advantages, and Phillips Brooks is already a household deity in her complacent pantheon. Harvard has taken him under her wing, and he is already one of her magnates. Boston, secular Boston, quotes him familiarly and scarcely

remembers that he ever lived out of sight of Bunker Hill. Philadelphia appreciated and valued him. Boston appropriates and canonizes him with all the unapproachable honors of the "Cambridge set," and there is only one thing that Boston will never do with him, and that is to spoil him as an honest, earnest, fearless minister and man.

From Boston and the city churches the influence of Phillips Brooks went forth at once into the suburban towns. It soon became evident that he must belong to all the people and occupy an interdenominational position, so far as was consistent with his duties as the rector of Trinity Church. Thus during the first years of his ministry in Boston we find him preaching in Tremont Temple (Baptist), in the Hollis Street Church (Unitarian), in Music Hall before the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Men's Christian Union, in the Shawmut Church (Congregational); also in the large Methodist Church in Charlestown, in the Congregational Church in Salem, in the Harvard Church (Congregational), Brookline, and in the Baptist Church in Old Cambridge. But we find him also in Episcopal churches in every suburb of Boston. Three times on every Sunday he now preached as a rule, and as there were not Sundays enough to go around he preached on week-day evenings, and whenever he preached it was the event of the moment. All this was not the manifestation only of ecclesiastical courtesy, it was a personal tribute to the preacher. No other Episcopal clergyman was ever given a similar opportunity.

Among the manifestations of his larger ministry, a special place must be given to the St. John's Memorial Chapel in Cambridge. It had been one of the inducements held out to him as a reason for coming to Boston, that this new and beautiful chapel, built by the munificence of the late Robert Means Mason of Boston, for the use of the Episcopal Theological School and for Harvard students, would be put at his disposal. It had also been urged upon him by Dr. Stone, its dean, and by Dr. Francis Wharton, one of its professors, that he should have some official connection with the school; but this proposition he does not appear to

have considered. On the third Sunday evening in January, 1870, he preached for the first time in St. John's Chapel, a memorable occasion to the residents of Cambridge, for it was the beginning of a practice to be continued full seven years before it came to an end. On the third Sunday evening in every month, during all this time, he was to be found in the pulpit of the chapel, till his regular appearance became a prominent feature of Cambridge life. From the first Sunday that he preached till the last the chapel was densely packed, and with such an audience as Old Cambridge can furnish. The seating capacity was estimated at about four hundred, but a hundred camp stools were provided in the aisles and vacant spaces; the congregation, regardless of ecclesiastical etiquette, accommodated themselves in the spaces allotted to the clergy, around and beneath the pulpit, and during the sermon the doorways were thronged with eager hearers. Long before the service began people were to be seen rapidly wending their way toward Brattle Street, and were willing and glad to wait an hour in the church in order to secure their seats. It was not an Episcopal congregation, rather it was composed of those who profess and call themselves Christians and of those who do not. Professors and students of Harvard College availed themselves of the opportunity in large and increasing numbers. The spectacle was an inspiring one at Trinity Church in Boston, but hardly more inspiring or significant than that which the seat of Harvard University afforded. If Cambridge had any intellectual prestige or superiority to other academic centres, it was represented fully in those audiences, who during these years came to hear Phillips Brooks in the chapel of the Episcopal Theological School.

This was the first approach of Phillips Brooks to the students of Harvard College. He did not preach in Appleton Chapel until 1873. In the meantime, from 1870, he took a Bible class in the college, composed mostly of members of the St. Paul's Society. Among his pupils who hold this early relationship in grateful remembrance were William Lawrence, now Bishop of Massachusetts, F. W. Tompkins,

rector of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, and the youngest brother, John Cotton Brooks, rector of Christ Church, Springfield.

Quite as striking as this extension of his influence in ecclesiastical or religious ways was his recognition in secular Boston. He rose quickly to the place of a foremost citizen of his native town, whose presence at every civic solemnity or function seemed indispensable to its completeness. On such occasions he took his part with dignity and gravity, yet never without the sense of amusing incongruity in the formal association with great men and distinguished citizens to whom as a boy in Boston he had been accustomed to look up with reverence. The child in him was perpetuated in the consciousness of manhood's obligations. Thus in February, 1871, he was present at a meeting in Music Hall whose aim was to awaken public interest in a scheme for the erection of a museum of fine arts, "when a distinguished array of leading citizens occupied seats upon the platform." Among the speakers were Ralph Waldo Emerson and Edward Everett Hale.

Mr. Brooks in his remarks maintained that this was a thing of the people and for the people. He pictured clearly the state of the popular mind with regard to an art museum. There was a certain hardness and want of development in American character on its æsthetic side; an art museum would awaken those large ideas of life and nature which nothing but the art feeling can awake, — a boundless good, the new feeling of unworldliness, and the artistic sense it would create. The passion of our people to go abroad, when we have so much natural beauty at home, was not strange; man needs man's as well as nature's work, and hence Americans flock to the galleries of the Old World. He spoke of what he gained as a Boston boy in the Latin School out of the old room which contained the wonderful casts of Laocoön and Apollo. He thought that an art museum would help every minister in Boston in the effort to lift the people crushed by the dead weight of worldliness to higher things. He spoke [says the reporter] with more than his usual earnestness and eloquence, and was frequently applauded.

He was present as chaplain at the third reunion of the

Army of the Potomac in 1871, an occasion which brought together Generals Meade, Hooker, Fairchild, Burnside, Logan, Sheridan, and Pleasanton. In introducing Mr. Brooks, General Meade spoke of the eminent services he had rendered during the war, not only by his eloquence in the pulpit, but by his ministrations in the hospitals to the sick and dying. He attended a large meeting at Music Hall in commemoration of Italian unity, and spoke, together with Dr. Hedge and Mr. E. P. Whipple. He was the chaplain of the Bunker Hill Monument Association at its meeting on June 17, 1871, and in the fall of this year he officiated in the same capacity, making the prayer at the laying of the corner stone of Memorial Hall of Harvard University. When the Grand Duke Alexis visited Boston in 1872, the festivities were concluded with a banquet at the Revere House, at which Hon. Robert C. Winthrop presided, and speeches were made by the governor and mayor, by President Eliot, and by Messrs. Lowell, Dana, and Hillard. Mr. Winthrop, who introduced Mr. Brooks, spoke of him as already a power in the community, as welcome to social and public occasions as he is valued as a pastor. Mr. Brooks, in his remarks, dwelt on this feature in Russian history, how all Russian life and government were everywhere pervaded with religion, — a religion different from ours, which had yet a great work to do in the world. He described the growth of the Græco-Russian Church, claiming that the great work it had done for civilization should be recognized. America and Russia were the two young nations of the world with none of the taint or stain of age. "The youth of the guest was the fit expression of the hopefulness, the large mysterious future which was before his country and his dynasty."

In 1872 he preached the sermon before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company at its two hundred and thirty-fourth anniversary. The sermon, afterwards published, was a notable one, from the text in Revelation xii. 7: "And there was war in heaven." It was characteristic of Mr. Brooks that though he hated war as an evil, and denounced its cru-

elty and inhumanity, yet when it came to representative occasions, he took a different view and subordinated personal feeling: —

> Force has a divine mission. It was not to be invoked save for divine tasks, never for the mere brutalities of selfishness, or ambition, or jealousy, or worldly rage, or for the mere punctilios of national dignity. So far as war had justification in a principle it was this, — that what men think and what men feel should incorporate itself in action. The late civil war was not the manifestation of the military passion, but the passion of civil life, the passion of home, the passion of education, the passion of religion. It was not war but peace that fought, strange as the paradox may seem. This was the claim by which our republic may, with no unreasonable pride, boast to stand among nations as Washington among men, First in war, first in peace; first in war *because* first in peace.

One other remarkable occasion at which he officiated was known as the Peace Jubilee, when Boston commemorated in 1872 the reign of universal peace by erecting a vast temporary edifice known as the Coliseum. Although the music to be furnished by a choir consisting of several thousands of voices, with a correspondingly large orchestra, was the principal attraction, yet it was thought becoming at the formal opening to have a religious service, and Phillips Brooks was invited to make the prayer.

There were opportunities, however, to take part in civic solemnities which he declined. Such was the invitation by the city of Boston to deliver the oration on the Fourth of July in 1871. He drew a distinction between the pulpit and the rostrum, between the sermon and the oration or lecture, invariably declining to lecture, in spite of the inducements pressing and attractive which were offered him. The familiar New England Lyceum still existed, and Mr. Redpath, its once famous manager, knew well the value of Phillips Brooks. There had been a time when Mr. Brooks would have welcomed such an opportunity. It was one of his boyhood's ideals. That he had come to some resolution to abide by the limitations of the pulpit, if limitations they were, is most evident; in this he was wise, and here lay also one source of his power, that

he confined and concentrated his energies in one direction. For the ministry is the most jealous of all professions, and the pulpit tolerates no rival. It would have been very easy at this moment for him to have been distracted from his profession, drawn off into lines of literary activity where he must have excelled, because he had for them a native aptitude. Thus he was received into literary circles in Boston as a peer among men who had won world distinction. But when he was urged to domesticate himself in Boston as a man of literature, as by the editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," the invitation was declined and the temptation put behind him. Whatever he did must have its close relation to preaching; it was the preacher who was speaking at the civil functions which have been described; he could not talk or write without preaching.

The services of Mr. Brooks were immediately demanded in behalf of philanthropic institutions and charitable occasions. Every movement for reform requested his assistance. Without identifying himself with any special cause he gave his support to every effort which aimed to secure the greatest good of humanity. The list is a long one of organizations to which he lent his presence and sympathy in these earlier years, — the Boston Fatherless and Widows' Society, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Boston Humane Society, the Children's Friend Society, the Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers, the Society for Discharged Female Prisoners, the Idiots' School Corporation, the Consumptives' Home, General Armstrong's Hampton School in the South for the education of negroes. At religious anniversaries he was wanted, even the Free Religious Society feeling that his presence would not be amiss in their gatherings. Equally on special occasions in his own church was he called to speak, — before the Margaret Coffin Prayer Book Society, the Episcopal Church Association, the American Church Missionary Society. It was with a peculiar felicitousness and distinctive freshness and power that he met these situations, as shown in the reports of his remarks which invariably followed in the press.

Amidst these many appeals to his sympathy the cause of children and of young people was most near his heart, or seemed to be. The two organizations of the Young Men's Christian Union and the Young Men's Christian Association possessed him as if he were exclusively their own. And these are included in the great scheme of educational institutions with which from the first, and through all his later years, he allowed himself to be identified as he did with no other cause, his relations with schools and colleges and theological seminaries constantly increasing, and growing always more influential, tender, and intimate. One might think that this was a compensation to him for his own exclusion from the work of a teacher, which in his early life he had chosen for a profession. There was something extraordinary in the way in which schools and seminaries and colleges looked to him as the one man to give the fitting word for both scholars and teachers. He knew how to address them from within their own sphere. This could not have been unless he had shown some special enthusiasm for the cause of education or insight into its methods, and above all a sacred reverence for the work it was doing. In great measure it was his by inheritance and by no effort of his own. But so it was that from the time he came to Boston he proved the teachers' ally and friend, and there was a spontaneity in the action of educational institutions and agencies who sought his aid as by infallible instinct. Thus in 1870 he was elected an overseer of Harvard College. In 1871 he was appointed on the State Board of Education, in which capacity he visited annually the normal schools of Massachusetts. He went to Vassar College where he made an address; to Andover where he spoke to the pupils of the Abbott Academy on "Methods of Instruction Human and Divine," "and the address was like the author, noble, affectionate, and winning;" he was chosen to make the address at the dedication of the new building of the Bradford Academy, and his subject was "The Personal Character of Force and Truth." He gave another address at Mr. Gannett's School in Boston at its closing exercises. As an overseer at Harvard, he was one of the

Board of Visitors at the Harvard Divinity School, and he soon came into close relations with the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. He still retained his position as a trustee of the Philadelphia Divinity School, giving to it his most loyal affection and support. In 1870 he went to Philadelphia to preach before its alumni. To these many addresses he brought the same careful and elaborate preparation. He was maturing his distinctive principle, which was afterwards to appear in books in more impressive and final form. He could not visit school or college, or come in contact with the educational process in any of its stages, without asking himself the fundamental question of his own youthful preparation, How is the power of ideas to be brought to bear upon the will? The question of education was only in another form the problem of the pulpit. Thus in one of his note-books he gives hints of the thoughts passing through his mind: —

> The whole educational idea needs revision and is getting it. All these years there have been a few influences called education, but others have been doing a large part of the work. The man at thirty, what has made him what he is? Now these are things claiming recognition. The question is how far they can be brought into the methods of a school, and how far a general basis can be found common to all trades. There is hope of this to some extent.

CHAPTER VI

1869–1872

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE AND FROM NOTE-BOOKS. SOCIAL LIFE. THE SUMMER ABROAD. FORMATION OF THE CLERICUS CLUB. DESTRUCTION OF TRINITY CHURCH IN THE BOSTON FIRE

We have seen how Phillips Brooks was received in Boston, what impression was made by his preaching, and how diversified was his activity during the first three years of his ministry at Trinity Church. We now turn to the more personal side of his life, to the impression Boston made upon him. What hints may be gathered about the man himself, who, while he threw a flood of light upon the souls of others, still always remained in and with himself alone, guarding, as it seemed, the shrine of his personality from the gaze of those who fain would know him in conventional ways.

His manner at this time was marked by the signs of exuberant vitality; he appeared to have a larger degree of life and of health than other men possess, and a boundless hopefulness. He went up and down on his missions or in his social relations with a certain power of arousing or of exciting all with whom he came in contact. His capacity for trifling, his talent for nonsense, had not diminished by the change from Philadelphia to Boston. In the photograph which best represents him at this period there is a look of profound inward peace and contentment, but withal an amused smile, as the commentary on what he was observing. It is the eye of one who, reading others and studying the secrets of their hearts, does not impart the secret of his own life in casual conversation. In this respect he could be almost exasperating. Those who felt disposed to hold

serious discourse with him, such as they deemed becoming to his office, were disappointed when a question called for an answer revealing the inner life. He met them frankly and with the utmost kindness, with so great charm of manner that they felt drawn to him by an irresistible impulse; but when they undertook to sound him upon opinions which would betray his inward nature, he was like a young colt watching for the first sign of harness or halter; in a moment he had vanished in quick flight to the remotest corner of the field, and to follow him, to come near him again, was impossible. The passion for freedom, the refusal to be entangled or betrayed until he knew his ground and was sure of absolute sincerity, was his marked characteristic. But if one would be content with an hilarity which played upon life and shook together its various elements as in the pictures of a kaleidoscope, then he would meet him upon more than equal terms. His bearing seemed to indicate a man who had never known sorrow or disappointment in cherished hopes, to whom life appeared as enchanted ground, who wore the crown of the victor, and possessed some subtle power of transforming all situations into victories. And yet it had been no slight experience which had transplanted him from Philadelphia to Boston. Though he loved Boston with all his heart, and had done so from his childhood, yet it was like the love of a child for its home, to whom other homes may appear more attractive, richer in the fascinations of life. It took him several years before he ceased to hunger for Philadelphia. Intensely tenacious as he was of old friendships, and slow in forming new ones, there was something almost unnatural in severing the sacred ties which bound him to a hundred homes in the city he had left behind. It looked almost like disloyalty or treachery to the hearts which loved him and sorrowed for his departure that he should begin at once to create new ties in Boston homes, in a perfunctory, ministerial manner. It was long before he entirely outlived this feeling. Indeed he never quite outgrew it. Philadelphia remained the city of joy and beauty; it stood for the romance of life, the home of his immortal youth.

Thus hardly had he reached Boston in the fall of 1869, when he returned to Philadelphia for a flying visit. He writes to Miss Mitchell, November 7, 1869: —

I am afraid I shall be dreadfully jealous of any one who steps into my place at Holy Trinity in spite of my great desire to see it filled, which is very unreasonable and womanly in me of course, but natural. I am seeing my people and like them very much indeed. There are many more young people among them than I had supposed. I do not feel as much as I expected the embarrassment of old associations.

Before Christmas he made a brief visit to Philadelphia, and on his return he writes to Miss Mitchell, December 24, 1869: —

My visit was very bright and pleasant. I cannot tell you how pleasant it is to sink out of the strain and tension of this new life into the long-tried friendship of my few kind friends. Two weeks from to-night I shall be at your board again. Till then I am impatient. We have had a Christmas Tree at Trinity this afternoon, which went off very nicely. Christmas has been as pleasant as strangers could make it.

To his brother Arthur, who asked him as the year 1869 was closing whether he was satisfied that he had done right in coming to Boston, he answered that he would prefer to wait and tell him at the end of another year.

His correspondence with Miss Mitchell, which runs through the first five years after his coming to Boston, enables us to trace the external events of his life with the advantage of his own comment. But he rarely goes much beneath the surface of things, and the extracts from this correspondence which follow need to be supplemented from other sources, in order to a completer knowledge of the man.

Oh, that they would get a rector! The sight of the parish the other day convinced me how much they needed one to step in just now and take the loose reins. All is ready to run as steadily and vigorously as ever, but with a little longer delay there will be degeneracy and dropping to pieces, which will be hard to repair. McVickar cannot come, and they will not settle on him; why can't they call Willie Huntington? (December 31, 1869.)

Trinity is doing beautifully, the church is full, the lecture on Wednesday evenings is crowded, we are just starting a mission, our collections have doubled what they were, the people have a mind to work. There is no opposition worth speaking of to the idea of a new church, and we shall get it very soon. If anybody says that I am disappointed in Boston, tell them from me it is not so. I knew just what to expect, and I have found just what I expected. Last Sunday evening I preached for the first time at Cambridge at the new chapel. It was crowded mostly with students, and all went off very well. I am to go there once a month. (January 20, 1870.)

The thing that dissatisfies me most this winter is the way I have had to live and work. I have read nothing for three months, and though I have had a very pleasant time indeed, yet three months is a big slice to take clean out of one's life and give away. But things will be better in this respect by and by, and meanwhile I am getting a whole shelf full of books that I mean to read in that golden day which is always just ahead when I have leisure enough. (January 24, 1870.)

The dreadful certainty of some people grows terrible to me, and the more sure I grow of what we ought to *do* and of what we are in the world for, the more dreadful it seems to have dropped anchor in the midstream and fancy we are at our journey's end. As to "where they will bring up" I 'm sure I don't know, but I fancy somebody does. . . . "I see my way as birds their trackless way. I shall arrive. What time, what circuit *first*, I ask not. In some time, His good time, I shall arrive. He guides me and the bird. In His good time." (January 27, 1870.)

I have been dining at Mr. Charles Perkins's. Mr. and Mrs. Brimmer, Longfellow, and Tom Appleton were there. It was pleasant and easy. The Perkinses have endless pictures and art things of all sorts. Mr. Appleton I like exceedingly, for he is not merely bright, but generous and kind and simple. (February 10, 1870.)

I find my winter's record runs into a dreadful statement of whom I have seen, not what I have read or what I have done. It has been a winter of acquaintance-making. I know some five hundred people that I did n't know in October, and that is all. Except as a very general sort of basis for future work it is not very satisfactory. Lent is just upon us, and while it is a time that one would like to spend with a people that I know better than I yet know these Trinity folks, yet I shall enjoy it with

them. We are to have our usual services, just as we used to at Holy Trinity, and besides, I have undertaken what I expect to be very much interested in, a Bible class for Lent in college at Cambridge, where there are a good many young men who desire it, and who came and asked me for it. . . . I can't tell you how much I am depending on my next visit to Philadelphia. . . . I am writing on Monday morning, when I am giving myself a little indulgence after a hard day yesterday. (February 28, 1870.)

Have you read Emerson's new volume [Letters and Social Aims]? How delightful it is! I speak not from the point of a Bostonian, but with the mouth of absolute humanity. Is n't it delightful to have a creature so far outside of all our ordinary toss and tumble, describing life as if it were a smooth, intelligible, well-oiled machine, running along without noise on the planet Jupiter, and seen by him with a special telescope and then described to us, instead of being this jarring, jolting, rattling old coach, which almost drives us crazy with its din, and won't be greased into silence? It 's a capital calm book to read at night before you go to bed, but I don't think it would go in the morning right after breakfast, with the day's work before you. (March 9, 1870.)

This is Tuesday. Do you remember the old Tuesdays? For five years I think we hardly missed once, when we were all in town, of going to Race Street, and eating our dinner together, with a long talk afterwards. How completely that is over now. Mrs. Cooper gone, and Cooper in Palestine; and Strong and Richards, who were part of us for a while, in Kenyon and Providence; and I here. You hold the field alone. Now and then of a Tuesday it all comes over me with a little swash of blue. (March 22, 1870.)

Last night I had my Cambridge class again. There were fifty young men there. I am intensely interested in it. It is the most inspiring and satisfactory teaching in the world. (March 29, 1870.)

Have you read Disraeli's new novel? I like it ever so much. It is full of such swell people. One lives with dukes and duchesses in a way that delights me with mild snobbishness. (May 26, 1870.)

Have you read Kent Stone's story [The Invitation Heeded] of his conversion? As an appeal it seems to me powerful, as an argument weak. It may touch some people strongly. Poor fel-

low! there is something dreadfully sad in a man telling himself and the world over and over again that he is happy, as he does for so many hundred pages. (June 8, 1870.)

On June 28 he sailed for Europe, where he had planned to spend the summer in a pedestrian trip through Switzerland and the Tyrol. He landed at Cherbourg, and after a few days at Paris went to Geneva, to be joined there by his friend Cooper. They were disturbed by rumors of war between France and Germany, but were soon out of reach of telegraph, and for some days knew nothing of the truth. They first realized the existence of war by its interference with the Miracle Play at Ober-Ammergau, which Brooks had counted upon seeing, the one great human interest for which he sighed in the midst of the wonders of nature. As to the war, he regarded it as wicked and unnecessary. His sympathies were with Germany, while France seemed to him insolent and arrogant beyond herself. After some four weeks of tramping in Switzerland, face to face with Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau, he went down into Italy and thence into the Tyrol, which was new to him. Almost every day saw a good many miles of walking accomplished. He was a restless traveller, uneasy unless at work and seeing something new. His interest and enthusiasm in natural scenery were excited to the highest degree, but he never failed to be touched by the contact of nature with humanity. The scenery he describes as gorgeous, the towns as picturesque. Ischl "is one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the earth." "We drove through the valley of Salza, till far up among the hills we came to the very beautiful watering place of the Austrians, Bad Gastein. It is lovely as a dream, just a deep mountain gorge, with a wild cataract playing down through it and splendid mountains towering above." Here stray rumors reached him of the terrible war, with the unexpected defeat of the French, which had thrown all Europe into confusion. Of Meran he writes to his brother Frederick: "Cleveland is pretty, but this is prettier. A lovely old valley with vineyards at its bottom, and running up to the tops of the high hills that shut it in.

Old castles and modern chateaux looking down from every side, and in the midst this queer old town, with peasants in their picturesque Sunday clothes strolling back and forth over the ridge that crosses the little Adige, and an Italian sky and sunlight over everything." From Meran to Innsbruck, then over the Stelvio Pass, "the grandest in Europe," till they came to Bormio, "as pretty a little spot as there is to be found anywhere."

One of the chief drawbacks he experienced in travelling was the shortness of the beds. He writes to Frederick, "You and I are too long; you will have an awful time with the beds when you come into these parts." He speaks of having escaped from bed at an untimely hour, "because I could not stretch out straight or make the narrow bedclothes come over me." He was in Paris on the 28th of August, having met with no obstacles in getting there, though under constant apprehension. The city was still gay, even when the Prussians were believed to be only two or three days distant and the memorable siege was impending. Again he was in Paris on the 5th of September, "too busy and exciting a day to write; there was a bloodless revolution, and we went to bed last night under a republic. I saw the whole thing, and was much interested in seeing how they make a government here."

MERAN, TYROL, August 14, 1870.

MY DEAR WEIR, — Cooper and I have been spending a week among the Dolomite Mountains in the very heart of Tyrol, and we have wished so often that you were with us that I have been much put in mind of you all the week, and now that we have climbed up into this nest of vineyards for Sunday, I am going to do what I have meant to do ever since we got among the hills, and write a report of myself. The hills have been too many for me. They have piled in by the hundreds and buried my best intentions of letter-writing, — hills of all sorts, big and little, Swiss and Tyrolean, grassy and snowy, with glaciers and without glaciers, each sort always fiercer than the sort before it, and last of all these wonderful Dolomites, perhaps the most wonderful thing in the way of mountains that I have ever seen. They lie in a vast group to the east of the Great Brenner road and to the south of the Puster, that which runs through Tyrol from west to

east. The great Ampezzo road into Italy runs right through their midst. They shoot up singly or in vast groups and ranges, sheer masses of rock, black, red, or dazzling white, three, four, five thousand feet into the sky, with tops indescribably broken into spires and towers and castles, with great buttresses against their sides and acres of snow upon their sloping roofs. Between the groups, right from their very feet, start down the most exquisite steep, green valleys overrunning with luxuriant cultivation, with picturesque villages clinging to their sides, and wild brooks brawling along their bottoms. From valley to valley you climb over steep meadowy passes standing between two of the giants at the top. Everywhere grand views are opening of the great Marmolata, which is the King of all these mountains with his miles of snow. The constant contrast of wild, rugged majesty with the perfect softness and beauty of the valleys is very fascinating. The mountains get their name, oddly enough, from a certain M. Dolomieu. He didn't make them, but some years ago he first discovered what they were made of. I believe it is some peculiar preparation of magnesia. I wonder if some day a metaphysician, or, if the materialist people are right, a physician, of the future finds out at last what this human nature of ours is made of, whether the whole race will be named over again for him and we shall all have to be called by his name forever and ever. How the mountains must have laughed, or frowned, at the poor little Frenchman who said, "I have found out that you are magnesia, and so you must be called Dolomites eternally."

These southern Tyroleans are very interesting people. There is a pleasant mixture of German and Italian in their character, as there is in their dress and language and look. They are very cheerful and very industrious, the men handsome and many of the young women pretty. Their beds are short and the bread is awful, but they always give you your candle with a "May you sleep well," and tell you that dinner is ready with a "May you dine well," that makes the footboard seem a little softer and the bread not quite so musty. If you are unfortunate enough to sneeze, the whole country takes off its hat and "God bless you" resounds from every Dolomite in the land. Here on Sunday they are sunning themselves in the pleasant gardens of the Meran, looking as picturesque as possible with their tall hats and red jackets and big green suspenders and great embroidered belts and bare knees and black breeches. They are thoroughly hospitable, and help a fellow out with his imperfect vocabulary by generally knowing just what he wants, or at any rate what it is best for him to have. If you could see the route that Cooper and I have come

over, you would know that a very little German can go a great way in Tyrol.

Meanwhile this disheartening war goes on, and we hear of it at intervals in the mountains. These Austrians hate both sides so thoroughly that any news of battle is welcome to them because one side is beaten and some of their enemies are killed. The great battle of last week and the unexpected rout of the French has changed the look of things. With Paris in his rear already sizzling with revolution and the Prussian cavalry afront of Metz, it does seem possible that this war may be the suicide of the wretch who has brought it on with all its horrors so needlessly and wickedly. It seems to me that nothing could make one so despondent about human nature and the world who was inclined that way as just such a war as this coming at this time of the day in history.

Cooper sends you his love and wishes you had been with us among these Dolomites. The poor fellow is groaning over a letter in the next room. He and I are alone now. Newton was with us for ten days, and I liked him exceedingly. We go hence by Innsbruck, then by the Finstermünz and Stelvio passes into Italy. Then through the Engadine north again, and I go to Paris if I can get there. I sail on the 10th of September. I hope to find at Innsbruck the letter you promised me from the Pictured Rocks. I hope you have had a good summer. God bless you always.[1] P. B.

The following extracts are from Mr. Brooks's letters to Miss Mitchell after his return from Europe: —

I got in New York Stanley's new volume of Essays, some of which I have seen before, but all of which are interesting. There is an essay on the "Religion of the Nineteenth Century" which is the best statement I have seen of the characteristics and prospects of what we call the "Broad Church" movement. Do read it. His views about Church and State I can't agree with, but it is the only strong ground on which an Englishman can put the question, and for all Englishmen must have weight. What capital English he always writes? I send you a number of the Harvard boys' paper with an account of Mr. Hughes's visit to them, which was very pleasantly done. I missed seeing him at Mr. Fields's by my Pennsylvania visit. (October 17, 1870.)

[1] Cf. *Letters of Travel*, by Phillips Brooks, for fuller details of this and other journeys abroad.

I am reading Huxley's new "Lay Sermons." How clever it is, how much the man knows, and how brilliantly he writes. But it is like most Small Books on Great Subjects, most books for the people that popularize science. It is patronizing and mince-meaty, and he is particularly belligerent about the theologians in a way that does not do credit to his discrimination or temper. . . . It does not seem as if it could be only a year ago that I preached my last sermon in Holy Trinity, and we all travelled together to New York the next morning. It seems a half dozen years at least. My first year here in Boston has been on the whole successful. I have done as much with Trinity as I had any right to expect to do, and we are on a footing now to do more. But it has not been the pleasant life that the old one was, and while there has been much to enjoy, there has been more anxiety and worry than ever was of old. But I dare say I shall like it better. Meanwhile don't think I am blue. (November 10, 1870.)

I don't feel theological this morning. It is too near Christmas, which always upsets theology entirely. I have never been able to write a Christmas sermon yet that was in the least a theological satisfaction to me or anybody else. So we 'll put the questions on the shelf till next week. I am so glad that Christmas is coming, and yet I hardly know why. This is the only day whose associations have much power over me. I don't care a great deal about Anniversaries, but Christmas, with its whole spirit, into which we all seem to slip so easily year after year, is exceedingly beautiful to me, and, as I go about the streets, the details in these few days beforehand, which are vulgar enough in themselves, — men mounting up spruce boughs in churches and men carrying home turkeys by the legs, — all give me ever so much pleasure. And I like it more and more as I get older. (December 23, 1870.)

The smallpox was prevailing in Philadelphia, and Mr. Brooks writes to Miss Mitchell, inviting her to Boston: —

We will take good care of you in our cold-blooded sort of way, and when the pestilence is over, you shall return to your home with an increased measure of that respectable dislike with which Bostonians are always gratified to think that the rest of the country regards them. Have you read Dickens's "Life," and is n't he a disagreeable person and is n't it an ill-written book? (January 6, 1871.)

The Lecture (Wednesday evening) didn't go very well. The night is stormy, and though I don't care much for a full audience for the name of the thing, I need it for inspiration, and when I see a small audience I lose the impersonalness of the thing. I think of individuals and that always puts me out. I was talking about the visit of Zebedee's children and their mother to Jesus, and am much interested in the subject. But it never is yet the same thing talking in Trinity that it used to be in the old time speaking from the dear old platform. (January 11, 1871.)

I have been quite stirred upon the subject of prophecy in writing a sermon for last Sunday on Cephas. I am quite convinced that there were two Isaiahs. . . . Queer people come to consult me here. To-day there was a man who had been to England and got into some set of fanatics there and come home calling himself a Christadelphian. To-morrow, like as not it will be a skeptic of the widest incredulity. (January 18, 1871.)

One evening this week I had my Cambridge boys, the fifteen senior members of the St. Paul's Society, in at my room to spend the evening with me, a noble set of fellows, manly and true, and helped instead of hurt by their religion. I take great pleasure in them. (February 3, 1871.)

Aren't you glad that Paris is taken? I was reading last night one of Robertson's Lectures on Poetry, with its extravagant glorification of war, which is so amazing in a right-minded man like him. It seems to have been the last remnant of brutality in a nature which had been almost everywhere cultured and refined far above it. But who can look at the last ten years on both continents and not call war horrible? Let us trust this one is over. Good must come of it, horrible as the process is. Whoever was to blame for it, we surely can't help being thankful that Prussia and not France is to be the master in Europe. (February 13, 1871.)

This is one of the evenings when I wish myself in Philadelphia; not that anything particular is the matter with Boston, but I have an evening to myself and I am tired of reading, and there is nobody in particular that I can go and see without its being a visit, which I don't feel up to. Nobody's house where I can go and smoke and be pleasantly talked to, and answer or not, as I please. I know one such house in another town where I don't live any longer. But I am not there, and I must make the best of it. (March 7, 1871.)

As to English Church matters, I am thoroughly content with the Voysey decision, and I think the Convocation debate about (Vance) Smith disgraceful. It is published in full in the "Guardian." Bishop Wilberforce is worse in his way than any . . . can be. The American bishops too, it seems, went with them. (March 15, 1871.)

I am having a very good time, with plenty of loose reading and the days only half long enough for what I find to do. This evening I have been reading Tyndale's new book of Alpine stories, which is very charming, bringing back the fascination of that wonderful country and exciting one as all such accounts of venturesome climbing unaccountably do. The style is charming, and the man, with his splendid health and enjoyment of nature and his current of sentiment, is delightful. (July 25, 1871).

Are all Hutton's Essays like the one which I have just been reading, republished by Dr. Osgood in New York? It is on the "Incarnation and the Laws of Evidence," and shows a breadth and purity and devoutness of mind which gives one great delight. I would rather have a Unitarian read it than any book I know; and if one thinks that Broad Churchmanship is necessarily hard or indifferent of the Whately or the —— style, nothing could better convince him otherwise than the warmth and earnestness of this little book, which has so evidently come out of a man's soul. (August 10, 1871.)

The summer of 1871 was spent in Boston. He seems to have adopted the rule, though it was not invariable, of taking the alternate summers abroad. Throughout the summer he preached regularly at Trinity Church in the morning, and at St. Mark's, West Newton Street, in the evening. Both churches were free to strangers, and it is needless to say were filled.

The summer still continues very beautiful, cool and pleasant, and I have enjoyed the leisure of the town exceedingly. But I am already looking forward and counting on my visit to you in the fall. I shall enjoy it immensely, and you will be obliging and talk to me as much as I want to know. From that I shall take the fresh start into another winter which everybody needs, and which is mainly what one loses by keeping at work all summer. "All life is tidal," as Tom Appleton said to me on the street just now, and went on to tell me how the other creatures as

well as we needed ebb and flow and got it somehow at regular periods of their life. So I shall be high tide about the last of October. (August 13, 1871.)

I have been reading Browning's new poem, and I could n't help feeling vaguely all the while that there was a sort of story in it of the way that other men lose their wives nowadays, only not always with the better fruit of widowhood. The poem seems to me, by the way, very fine and beautiful, more tender and human, than almost anything that Browning has ever given us before. (August 22, 1871.)

Miss —— was staying at the Vintons' (at Pomfret), and when I was coming up, as I had to do on Wednesday, to attend a funeral, I had the privilege of her company all the way to town. She was delightful, full of brightness and information and fun, not in the least formidable to people of imperfect cultivation, with all that is best and apparently nothing of what is worst in women. . . .

On Thursday I had an hour with Mrs. ——, which was as good as a walk in the Alps for freshness and healthfulness. There is nothing like her in Boston, and remember we are to have an evening there when I am with you in Philadelphia whatever else may fail. (September 7, 1871.)

Have you read Joaquin Miller which is brilliant in color and very picturesque sometimes, and not by any means our great poet yet. (September 16, 1871.)

The old round of parish duties, which I have gone to afresh every autumn for twelve years, has opened again, and I have been rather surprised at myself to find that I take it up with just as much interest as ever. I suppose that other men feel it of their occupations, but I can hardly imagine that any other profession can be as interesting as mine. I am more and more glad that I am a parson.

I wonder if the autumn is as splendid with you as it is here. I spent last night at Waltham (at the country house of Mr. R. T. Paine), and this morning got an hour's walk before I came into town. I never saw anything lovelier than the woods, just touched with autumn color. The whole of September has been a perfect month, and next month when the glory of it is beginning to fade I shall get over it again with you in Philadelphia. (September 25, 1871.)

It is very good of you to think so kindly of my visit. It was a very delightful time to me, and if you really enjoyed it all I am

truly glad. How delightfully lazy it was, and Boston seems so driven and hurried. People here seem possessed to do something without much care for what they do. The mere passion of restlessness is in the Yankee blood and partly in the East winds. (November 11, 1871.)

I have two of your letters to one of mine, which is a good deal more than it was worth, but is very pleasant to me. I do not find that people ever are troubled at getting more than their deserts.

It is my birthday and I am thirty-six years old. It seems a little strange but not unpleasant, and although I have had a pretty time indeed so far and would be glad to go back and do it all over again, yet I am not miserable that I cannot, and I am still rather absurdly hopeful about the future. To have passed out of young manhood altogether and find myself a middle-aged man is a little sobering, but I only hope that all the young fellows who come after me will have as good a time as I have had. . . . We have been seeing the Russian Grand Duke, who appears to be a fine, manly, sensible fellow. (December 13, 1871.)

It is rather strange how freshly and delightfully the Christmas feelings come back year after year. And yet it is ten years ago the first Sunday in January, 1872, since I became your minister at Holy Trinity. I have had an awfully uneventful life. Things happen to other people, but not to me.

I am ashamed to look back over any day, though I was never busier in my life. It seems made up of such wretched little details, and yet I would n't be anything else but a parson for the world. I wonder often that the work keeps up such a perpetual freshness when the days are so monotonous.

I know nothing of the grace of sickness. It seems to me terrible, the whole idea of suffering, but even more of weakness and weariness. (January 16, 1872.)

Last Sunday I spent at New Haven, and enjoyed it exceedingly. Stayed with Dr. Harwood, who is a fine, studious Broad Churchman; preached for him in the morning, and in the evening preached in his church for the Berkeley Association of Yale College. The church was crowded, and Congregational professors sat in the chancel. I had never seen Yale College before, and was interested in its size and life. It is not equal to Cambridge, but it is a great college still. . . . Have you read Lightfoot's "Commentary on Philippians"? Do get it and read the "Essay on the Christian Ministry." It does seem to me to finish the Apostolic Succession Theory completely. (January 19, 1872.)

The California plan is not settled yet, but I think I shall go. . . . Though it would be folly to talk about being run down, I am conscious of having been on the strain rather too long. I have preached twice every Sunday, and generally three times, since I got home from Europe, a year ago last September. I am preaching badly, and the trip will do me more good now than at any other time. (February 7, 1872.)

I don't think that parsons really are so bad. I suspect that they are human, and I see but little evidence practically of Apostolic Succession, but I think there are not many who would refuse to see a smallpox patient, or who would give up parish visiting because the smallpox was in town. . . . McVickar was here on Sunday and preached a good hearty sort of sermon for me in the afternoon. They are talking about him for St. Paul's here. I went out on Sunday evening to preach the first of a course of sermons for the St. Paul's Society at Cambridge. Going there is one of the most interesting things I have to do. (February 21, 1872.)

I get so tired of talking with tongue and pen that I don't feel equal to hearing myself in one unnecessary word. To-day, for instance, I have preached a Price Lecture, and attended two funerals, and carried on a Mission meeting among our poor folk, and had a regular Wednesday Evening meeting (lecture). I am sure that I shall hear my own dreary voice reading the service in my dreams. Do go and hear Miss Smith and tell me about her. The old Methodist idea of perfection, which I fancy has always more or less believers, is just now quite a favorite notion. There are several meetings held here in its interest. I have just got a note from Rev. Copley Greene, who wants me to dine to-morrow with Rev. John Hubbard, who is a great believer in it; and Mr. Boardman of the "Higher Christian Life," Bishop Eastburn, and Dr. Vinton, and Willie Newton are to be there, — a jolly dinner party. . . . I have been looking through Hawthorne's "Italian Diary," — an interesting book that it would have been wicked to publish, if it had not been the work of a man who took delight in dissecting himself in public. (March 6, 1872.)

I am very busy. My Confirmation class is to be large, and gives me much thought, but it is very interesting. Last Sunday Dr. Harwood preached for me in the morning, and preached well. He gave a noble sermon to the College boys at Cambridge in the evening. (March 22, 1872.)

I have been reading a new book, which is a rare thing with me

nowadays. This one delights me exceedingly. It is Dr. Sears' book on St. John (The Fourth Gospel, the Heart of Christ). Do get it and enjoy it. It is so rich and true and wise. All that he has written before is excellent, but this is best of all. I have a copy of his "Regeneration," which you gave me once. . . . Have you read the "Life of Hookham Frere?" It is very interesting. Some of his translations are wonderfully well done. (March 28, 1872.)

I have perfected my plans for Europe now. The 27th of June is the day, and Denmark, Sweden, and Norway are the places, with possibly a little of Scotland thrown in. Judge Gray goes with me. We shall represent to Norwegians that we are insignificant specimens of the American size, and I shall tell them that they ought to see two giants we have at home, called —— and ——, if they want to see the true grandeur of the American pulpit. (April 6, 1872.)

I was very much disappointed that Weir refused to go. I had dared to hope that he might look favorably upon our plan. . . . I suppose it is one of the small compensations that my lonely life brings with it, that having nobody but myself to provide for, I can now and then get a chance like this. A few of the folks of Trinity surprised and embarrassed me a little the other day with a check for $3300 to go with. A week ago my friend Edward Dalton died in California. Did you ever see him? He married a cousin of Mary McBurney's. He was one of the noblest and best and bravest men I have ever known, and death has not often come nearer me than in his loss. His life for the last three or four years has been one of the saddest things I ever knew of. Wife, child, and health all went at once, and it has been a mere fight for life, as brave and cheerful as possible, ever since. (May 25, 1872.)

Somehow my visits to Philadelphia, delightful as they are, always go off in such a rush and whirl and hurry that when I come away I have a sort of feeling that with all the pleasant time I have n't got exactly what I went for, — the quiet, placid time I used to have, especially of evenings when I dropped into your house on my way home. I suppose it is necessary that one should feel that his time is not limited before he can enjoy it thoroughly. At least it is so with me. I hate to be hurried. That will be one great advantage of heaven. . . . We shall have plenty of time for all that our hands find to do. I sometimes have suspicions that if I could live for five hundred years I might come to something and do something here. All is going on beautifully

about the new church. Some of the people of their own notion got up a subscription to buy an extra piece of land, and in a few days raised $75,000, and are going on now to make it a hundred thousand, so that the church will be really something very fine. We shall have in all something pretty near half a million to put into it. . . . I am getting up a sermon for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, one of the queer old Puritan organizations before which every Boston minister preaches some time in his career, and is not thoroughly initiated without. (May 30, 1872.)

It is a terrible week in Boston. The Jubilee is going on with flash and bang all the time. . . . It is wonderful what a row this jubilee is making. There is not a corner to be had in any hotel, and the Enormous Barn which I see from my window is thronged all day with folks curious to see what the big noise is to be. I like to see a crowd and expect to enjoy this very much, but it is all very funny and sensational, and the primness and classicism of Boston turns up its stiff nose at it. . . . We have chosen Richardson of New York for our church architect, — the best of all competitors by all means. He will give us something strong and good. (June 11, 1872.)

The summer of 1872 was spent abroad in northern Europe. Mr. Robert Treat Paine accompanied him and was with him for a month; after that he was alone, dependent on acquaintances made in travelling. His brother Frederick was in Europe at the time, but naturally preferred, as he was making his first visit to the Old World, to see it in his own way. They met in London, and then separated. Mr. Brooks's summer included several weeks in Norway, where he was enchanted with the scenery and impressed with the broad daylight, which enabled him to read a letter on the street at eleven o'clock at night. From Norway he passed to Sweden, where he speaks of seeing Prince Oscar. He was delighted with Stockholm; he went to Upsala for its university and cathedral, and to meditate upon Scandinavian mythology. From Sweden he went to Finland and thence to St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and Moscow, recalling historical associations, commenting on ways and customs, drawing his own inferences, but especially interested in the churches, which he made it a rule to attend on every possible occasion. He returned from Russia to Berlin, stopped at

Copenhagen and Hamburg, then went to Paris, where he met his brother, and together they sailed for home.

An incident occurred while Mr. Brooks was in Sweden, to which he makes only the briefest allusion in his "Letters of Travel," — his meeting with Prince Oscar, brother of the reigning king, and who soon after acceded to the throne as King Oscar II. A fuller account of this meeting is given by Rev. Percy Browne, from a conversation with Mr. Brooks: —

When Brooks was approaching Christiania he heard that Prince Oscar was to come on board the steamer on which he was travelling. As the ship anchored, the royal barge drew near amidst a thunder of salutes from the forts. When the Prince reached the deck he stood for a moment between the sailors drawn up on either side of the gangway, and noticing Brooks, who modestly stood behind the sailors, said in excellent English, waving his hand toward the city, "Is it not a loyal people?" The Prince then retired to the end of the ship roped off for his exclusive use. At midnight, Brooks was smoking a last cigar before turning in, sitting on a part of the deck far removed from the royal enclosure, when a tall man wrapped in a cloak drew near. It was the Prince. He said in English, "Will you oblige me with a light?" When he had lit his cigar he sat down and entered into a long conversation, asking many intelligent questions about America, especially about the Judiciary, the method of administering justice in the Courts, etc. Brooks said he spoke like a man conscious that he had come to a position of great responsibility, and anxious to learn all that might be of use to him. The next day the Prince disembarked. Before leaving the ship, as he stood at the gangway, he reached over the line of sailors behind which Brooks was standing, and shaking hands with him, said, "*Au revoir*. The earth is round and we 'll meet again."

A few extracts from his note-book give us an idea of the deeper moods of the traveller, in this summer of 1872: —

As we travel, it seems sometimes as if ninety-nine hundredths of the people in this world had so hard a time, could find so little in their lot to enjoy. The reassurance must come from considering that joy in mere life, often dumb, brutish, and unconscious, but very real, which every creature has, the luxury of mere existence to which we cling, for which we slave, and which we really do enjoy.

As we travel, this impresses us much, I think, — the uniformity of nature under all the endlessly various changes of men and their ways and customs, always the same sky and ground and grass. It is a striking picture of the universality of the primary and simple emotions and affections, beneath the changing aspects of men's more complicated life, — this sight everywhere of the simplest signs of the simplest emotions. The child's smile, curiosity, love, rage, give us the same idea.

This terrible longing to fasten and confine sacredness to locality; this passion of holy places. We refine it and elevate it, but it is to be feared that many of its worst effects are latent in the most beautiful features of our Anglican religion. (Moscow, August 18, 1872.)

After all, it is the deepest and not the superficial interest of life in which men sympathize most and come together; in religion above all other things, and as regards religion in those things which are deepest, not in forms and ordinations, but in the sense of sin, the sense of God, the hope of perfectness. I was struck with it as I travelled in Norway, where those whom I had not understood, who had lived a different life all the week, seemed as I saw them in church on Sunday to be so perfectly intelligible. The value of Sunday as thus the *common* day, the day of worship.

Out of these reflections was born a sermon on the text, "Until I went into the sanctuary of God." He wrote down the leading ideas of the sermon in the note-book, following the extracts just given.

The Sanctuary of God the place of solved problems. The Holy Place of God. His Presence. The contact of the soul with His soul. How it shames our ordinary talk about churchgoing. How it convicts most of our preaching. How it shows the unimpaired fitness of the custom. The solution comes with the thought of God and of the soul and of eternity and of redemption.

I think one cannot go into any temple which men have built to worship God in, in however false a way, cannot enter a mosque or the most superstitious of cathedrals in a right spirit, without seeming to feel the influence of some such spiritual illumination on the problems that he has left outside in the hot street. I dare not despise the poor Russian crossing himself, etc.

I went yesterday into a bookstore to find something to read on my journey hither, and the only legible thing that I could hit on — strange company for an orthodox travelling parson — was a

cheap copy of Renan's "Les Apôtres." I read it through yesterday, and it was dreadful; the studious putting of the supernatural and the spiritual out of our knowledge, and almost out of our existence, the making of life its own complete solution. I pitied him for his flippant satisfaction, every page I read. What can such an one do with death? (Copenhagen, August 28, 1872.)

The summer was a thoroughly successful one. So he speaks of it in letters on his return. To his friend Mrs. Lapsley of New York he writes: —

I have had a superb journey, . . . that was quite unlike anything I have ever had of Europe before and exceedingly interesting. We went so far north as to get beyond the reach of darkness, and lived in broad daylight all night long. The scenery of Norway is wonderfully picturesque, especially the coast scenery, and the people are the oddest, quaintest, poorest, honestest, dirtiest, ugliest folk in all the world. I found Russia, too, intensely interesting, and altogether have had a rare summer. (October 13, 1872.)

It is important to chronicle these journeys of Phillips Brooks because they constitute the breaks in a somewhat monotonous round of triumph and honors, of numberless engagements, of constantly recurring social functions where his presence was indispensable. They were indeed his only recreation, his only mode of escape from the burdens of the life that now began to press ever more heavily upon him. What strikes one forcibly in his way of living at this time and afterwards is the absence of any form of exercise or recreation. He has ceased riding horseback; his walking is mainly confined to his round of parish visiting. Occasionally he walks when he goes to Cambridge to preach. Now and then he mentions bathing, fishing, and sailing, as when he visits his parishioner, Mr. C. R. Codman, at Cotuit; or goes on some yachting excursion along the coast. He speaks sometimes of playing billiards at Mr. Morrill's, or of bowling at Mr. Thayer's at Lancaster. He appeared so well, however, so exceptionally vigorous, that one would hardly suppose that he was the worse for neglect of exercise. Yet even in this exceptional moment of apparently luxurious vitality and abounding spirits there were hints which were

suggestive of danger. In 1871 he was hindered from work for several days and confined to the house with a bad throat. He wrote describing his illness to Dr. Mitchell of Philadelphia, admitting that he had been alarmed. Here was his vulnerable point. He was putting a burden upon his voice to which it was not equal. Those who were experts in the use of the voice were convinced that he did not understand the right use of the vocal organs. When he was fairly launched in his sermon, in the storm and stress of his great effort, one seemed to hear the voice creaking and groaning, as if overstrained, and the result was sometimes harsh and unmusical. There were fears that his voice might fail him, — fears in which he shared, and which sometimes depressed him as he thought of the future. But the immediate danger passed away, and the voice recovered from its ill usage, though somewhat impaired.

This was the time when he should have married and formed a home of his own. His friends introduced reminders of the subject in their letters, but his reply was only that the coming woman had not yet appeared. When he first came to Boston he took rooms at 34 Mount Vernon Street, but complained of the want of sunlight, and soon transferred himself to the Hotel Kempton on Berkeley Street. Here he was happy in his surroundings, exercising his rare gifts as a host. If he suffered at all seriously in the separation from Philadelphia, it was not evident. He gave the impression of being the happiest of men, — a happiness whose fountain was deep and inexhaustible, as though he drank from sources more rich and full than others, and to most men inaccessible. He was now possessing or creating a rich new life in the hosts of friends who gathered about him.

In the first place his father and mother were near him. He made it a rule to dine with them every Sunday, after morning service, as in Philadelphia he had dined with Mr. Lemuel Coffin. That was a fixed engagement. At his brother's house, he found another home. He was greatly interested in the birth of his first niece as the starting of a new generation in the Brooks family. His youngest brother,

John, he attended on his way through Harvard, as he had done with Frederick and Arthur. John graduated in 1872, and then the family succession closed at Harvard. "Since I entered college," he writes, "in 1851, twenty years ago, we have had one there all the time."

It was a family event of rare interest, such as few family records can boast, when at the ordination of Arthur Brooks to the deaconate, his two elder brothers in the ministry were present, Frederick Brooks presenting the candidate, and Phillips Brooks preaching the sermon. The event took place in Trinity Church, June 25, 1870, Bishop Eastburn officiating. A brilliant career opened at once to the younger brother. He possessed the same family characteristics which lent power to his older brothers; he had dignity and gravity, and effectiveness as a preacher, joined with soundness of judgment which made him even while still young a valuable counsellor. He had energy and administrative gifts, hallowed by a spirit of consecration to his work. His first parish was at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, where in a short time he witnessed as a result of his labors the erection of a new church. In 1872 he accepted a call to the important parish of St. James in Chicago. The following letter was written to him by Phillips Brooks on the occasion of his engagement to be married: —

Boston, March 23, 1872.

Dear Arthur, — I write at once to say how sincerely and with all my heart I congratulate you upon your great happiness. Of course you are very happy, and you have the best right to be, for a life is a poor, imperfect sort of thing unless a man is married, and engagement is about the same thing. I hope it won't be a long engagement. Do be married and be wholly happy very soon. Life is n't long enough to waste any of it. . . . I can rejoice with you not only on the abstract bliss of an engagement, but on your own peculiar good fortune and special prospects of being happy. A good many of my friends I have lost when they got married, but I look forward to knowing and liking you better than ever, and when it comes to the snug little cottage or the gorgeous parsonage in Chicago, I speak to be your first visitor and to have my place always in your home, as you shall always have yours in my disconsolate and empty rooms.

So, Arthur, you are wise and good, as you always are, and may God bless you and life be always only brighter and brighter than it seems to-day.

I send by you my kindest regards to Miss Willard, which I shall hope to dispatch more directly very soon. We are counting on your visit. Yours always, P.

None were quicker than his old college friends and classmates to discern and rejoice in the signs of his greatness, many of them living in or near Boston, some of them his parishioners at Trinity, Mr. Robert Treat Paine, Mr. John C. Ropes, Col. Theodore Lyman. He felt at first some embarrassment at the revelation of his new and greater self to these associates of earlier years. Hardly had he become fixed in Boston when it seemed as if he were transferring to it his clerical friends of Philadelphia and rebuilding his old environment. Dr. Stone had preceded him in coming to the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. In 1870 Dr. Vinton came to be the rector of Emmanuel Church. Soon after followed Rev. William Wilberforce Newton to be the rector of St. Paul's, Brookline, Rev. Percy Browne to St. James's, Roxbury, and Rev. Treadwell Walden to St. Paul's, Boston. Rev. C. A. L. Richards was almost within calling distance at Providence; Rev. James P. Franks, at one time his pupil and now his kinsman by marriage, was called to the rectorship of Grace Church, Salem. In 1870 these clerical friends were associated in a club called the "Clericus," which met on the first Monday evening in every month. To Mr. Newton belongs the honor of being its founder, who organized it after the plan of the Clericus in Philadelphia, already mentioned, if it could be called an organization which had no constitution or by-laws. It possessed a clerk in Mr. Newton, who notified the members of the monthly meetings. In the course of years it developed a president in the person of Phillips Brooks, but no one ever knew exactly when or by what process he assumed the office. His right to it, however, was unquestioned. The meetings were held informally for a few years in the houses of the members, until finally Mr. Brooks

insisted that they should meet regularly at his rooms. The social element on the whole was the most prominent feature of these evenings, though the inevitable essay was always read. There were some who thought that the meetings would be more profitable if the members were all required to comment in turn on the essay, but to this arrangement the president positively refused to listen. The talk should be spontaneous or not at all. If a member had anything to say let him wait his chance and then hold the floor if he could get it against some one else more anxious to be heard. It was practically Phillips Brooks's Club, and so it came to be generally known. It formed a prominent feature in his life, as it surely did in the lives of all its other members. Those who had the privilege of meeting him there saw him and heard him in familiar and yet impressive ways which will never be forgotten.[1]

It was characteristic, too, of Mr. Brooks that he seemed to give himself exclusively to whatever occasion claimed his interest. Thus he seemed almost to live for the Clericus; he was seldom absent from its meetings; he kept track of absent members, and urged their attendance or reproved them for neglect. But he was also giving himself in numberless other ways. The demands upon him were so great even in these early years in Boston that one wondered how he found time for reading or sermon-writing. Hospitality in Boston was extended to him as freely as it had been in Philadelphia. According to his diary there is rarely a day when he does not mention some dinner engagement. Breakfast was about the only meal that he took at his lodgings. He never gave the impression, however, of one who suffered from the burden of his duties, and certainly he never complained, except in familiar letters, that his life was not wholly to his mind. He attended concerts occasionally,

[1] The founders and original members of the Club were Phillips Brooks, Rufus W. Clark, C. A. L. Richards, Arthur Lawrence, William W. Newton, W. R. Huntington, A. V. G. Allen, James P. Franks, Charles H. Learoyd, George L. Locke, Henry L. Jones, Charles C. Tiffany, Percy Browne, Edmund Rowland, Leonard K. Storrs, Henry F. Allen, Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Treadwell Walden, James H. Lee, C. G. Currie, E. D. Tompkins.

especially the Oratorios given in Music Hall. He kept late hours, not generally retiring before twelve o'clock, but was always an early riser, breakfasting at half past seven. He had one standing engagement where there was no objection to the lateness of the hour, — his Sunday evenings at Dr. Vinton's after his third service was over. If he found "the doctor favorable for conversation" the occasion was a prolonged one.

Yet amid this multiplicity of engagements, he did secure time for reading and study, and for the writing of sermons. Despite the manifold distractions, his mind was preoccupied and concentrated on his work; because he saw life in its unity and as a whole, all things were contributing to his purpose. From 1871 he was a member of the Examining Committee of the Public Library in Boston, which served to keep new literature before him. His own library, already large, was rapidly growing. He continued to make it a rule to read books as they appeared, which every one else was reading, and so kept himself in contact with the literary trend of the moment. In poetry at this time there was Browning's "Ring and the Book," A. H. Clough's poems, Morris's "Earthly Paradise," Robert Buchanan's poems, George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy," etc., and these he read. He writes to Rev. Arthur Brooks: —

> I indulged myself in a little piece of mediævalism in Rossetti's Poems, and as I read over the "Blessed Damosel" last night I thanked you for it. Have you ever read the Poems? They are Pre-Raphaelitism in verse, very curious and very lovely in their way, but you need to go at them in the right mood, perfectly dreamy, entirely untroubled with practical affairs. . . . Quick would n't like them because they don't preach the Gospel a bit, and Claxton would n't like them because there is not a word of parish work in them, but they are very pretty, nevertheless, when you are a trifle tired with parish work. (December 27, 1870.)

There was different and more substantial reading, as in Hunt's "Religious Thought in England," which he greatly admired, and which still remains the one best work for introducing a reader to the comprehensive character of the Angli-

can Church; or Tulloch's "Rational Theology" in the Church of England. In other books which he was reading we get the reflection of the hour: Lecky's "History of Rationalism," Darwin's "Descent of Man," the writings of Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall, whose "Prayer Gauge" suggested a sermon on prayer in which he maintained its objective as well as subjective effects; Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy," Pater's "Renaissance," Froude's "History of England," Stanley's "Westminster Abbey," and Parkman's "Jesuits in North America;" in biography, the lives of Lacordaire and of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and the "Letters" of John Adams; in lighter books or novels, "Realmah," Auerbach's "On the Heights," "Wilhelm Meister," and Lord Chesterfield's "Letters." There was one period of history which he continued to study with peculiar zest, — the English civil war and the age of the Commonwealth, as if he were invigorated by returning to the native atmosphere which his first American ancestors had breathed. He read Burnet, Clarendon, Hallam, and Nugent's "Memorials of Hampden." Masson's "Life of Milton" sent him to Milton himself, and especially to the "Areopagitica." He read anew "Cromwell's Letters" by Carlyle, taking notes as he read. There was another author whom he valued and kept by him, Isaac Taylor, who has furnished the seeds of thought, of sober and sane criticism to many minds. Wordsworth must be mentioned and Shakespeare particularly as writers to whom he was constantly recurring.

There is evidence that he was carrying on some larger purpose in his more directly religious reading. He was studying the Fourth Gospel as the basis of Wednesday evening lectures; he had also begun a systematic study of the life of Christ, in order to the satisfaction of the deeper questionings of his mind. Then, too, he was looking into the history of preaching, and to this end was making out a list of the great preachers in the church from the time of Chrysostom. After the first six months of his rectorship at Trinity, during which he was making the acquaintance of

the parish and wrote only a few sermons, he began with renewed zeal the task of sermon-writing, but under a somewhat different impulse from that which had inspired the Philadelphia preaching. He was beginning to feel the influence of Boston. The religious situation was also changing; the spirit of free inquiry was growing deeper; the difficulties begotten by the scientific mind were to many overwhelming. These influences he had not felt so strongly in Philadelphia. There his task had been to arouse a living, fresher interest in what men already believed. Now he was called upon to meet the moods of those who were drifting away from the historic Christian faith. The question was before him how far it was possible to be true to one's reason, to be free to accept new truth from whatever quarter, to be honest with one's instincts and conviction, and yet to maintain the faith of childhood as given in the Apostles' and the Nicene creeds.

Out of the many sermons which he wrote during the first three years of his ministry in Boston, Mr. Brooks chose but four for publication. Two of these have a distinct autobiographical value. The sermon entitled "The Young and the Old Christian" from Deut. xxxiii. 16,[1] "The good will of him that dwelt in the bush," written in 1871, has the marks of the earlier Philadelphia manner when he rejoiced in discovering some unfamiliar passage of Scripture, whose meaning was not at once obvious. The thought of the sermon bears on the relation between the beginning and the end of the Christian life; on the unbroken process of growth in which the personal Christ becomes clearer to us in the years of mature manhood; so that whatever the years may bring in the accretions of knowledge or wisdom, we shall never be called on to renounce as unreal the vision of youth by the bush side when we first heard the voice of God in our ears. The local mood of the moment when this sermon was preached called for a protest against the narrowness and illiberality which many identified with the Christian faith: "Narrowness of view and sympathy is not unnatural in a

[1] The sermon is published in the second volume of his sermons, *The Candle of the Lord, and other Sermons*, p. 39.

new believer. It is very unnatural in the maturer Christian life. . . . I do not say that it is best for the young Christian to be illiberal. Far better certainly if he could leap at once to the full comprehension and the wide charity which the older Christian gathers out of the experience of life." We have here the germ of his later treatise on Tolerance: —

> It is too apt to be the case that only by experience does the Christian reach this breadth of sympathy, which comes not from indifference, but from the profoundest personal earnestness. It is something wholly different from the loose toleration which men praise, which is negative, which cares nothing about what is absolutely true or false. . . . At present it seems to be assumed that narrowness is essential to positive belief, and that toleration can be reached only by general indifference. Not long ago I read this sentence in what many hold to be our ablest and most thoughtful journal: "It is a law which in the present condition of human nature holds good, that strength of conviction is always in the inverse ratio of the tolerant spirit."

Against such a view he raises his protest. He does not believe that human nature is so depressed. If men can only be filled with the spirit of God, we "may still see some maturer type of Christianity, in which new ages of positive faith may still be filled with the broadest sympathy, and men tolerate their brethren without enfeebling themselves." Such was the ground he assumed at the beginning of his Boston ministry, in a city where religious differences were wider and more sharply marked than elsewhere in the country, where they threatened also to be more intense, until they should endanger Christian charity. From this position Phillips Brooks never retreated. But on the other hand, the comprehensiveness of the preacher is evident in his bold statements in regard to dogma, which the liberal school of thinkers might undervalue: —

> And for one thing I should say that as every Christian becomes more and more a Christian, there must be a larger and larger absorption of truth or doctrine into life. We hear all around us nowadays great impatience with the prominence of dogma — that is, of truth abstractly and definitely stated — in Christianity. And most of those who are thus impatient really

mean well. They feel that Christianity, being a thing of personal salvation, ought to show itself in characters and lives. There they are right. But to decry dogma in the interest of character is like despising food as if it interfered with health. Food is not health. The human body is built just so as to turn food into health and strength. And truth is not holiness. The human soul is made to turn, by the subtle chemistry of its digestive experience, truth into goodness. And this, I think, is just what the Christian, as he goes on, finds himself doing under God's grace. Before the young Christian lie the doctrines of his faith, — God's being, God's care, Christ's incarnation, Christ's atonement, immortality. What has the old Christian with his long experience done with them? He holds them no longer crudely, as things to be believed merely. He has transmuted them into forms of life. . . . The young dogmatist boasts of his dogmas. The old saint lives his life. Both are natural in their places and times, as are the ripe and the unripened fruit. How soon you can tell the men whose soils have tugged at the roots of their doctrines and taken them in, and left them no longer lying on the surface, but made them germinate into life.

At this time Mr. Brooks was encountering, whether as a parish minister, or as a reader of the passing literature, these divergent attitudes in regard to Christian faith: some were tenacious and defiant in maintaining the traditional doctrines; others were calling for elimination, or modification, or restatement; others still gloried in the rejection of creeds altogether, or if there must be a creed, let it be made anew each day or year to meet the changing moods of the soul or the requirements of the passing hour. Under these circumstances he wrote his sermon on the words of St. Paul, "I have kept the faith."[1] The history of the sermon is interesting. During his summer in northern Europe in 1872, when his mind was at leisure to review his work and the existing situation, the words kept recurring to his mind, "I have kept the faith." Months before the sermon was preached he was taking notes in his journal as he prepared himself to speak. He proposes to meet the popular fallacy "that a man must change his views to show his freedom." He had before him "the danger of making one's opinions matters of faith." The question of training children brings

[1] *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 57.

the issue to a test. Shall they be brought up in the traditional faith, or what is the result of the experiment which leaves them without religious tenets, until they arrive at maturer years? "What is the meaning of the Collect for Trinity Sunday, which asks of God that *He* would keep us in this faith? Is it merely a prayer that pride and obstinacy may be strengthened, or that He would show us a method of keeping ideas fixed? Exactly what did St. Paul mean by 'the faith'?" It is evident that he meant, whatever else may have been implied, "certain fixed belief," which he had received and not originated. The conclusion is "the possibility of counting some things settled and going on to develop them into life;" and the method is through obedience. No faith is kept except as it is obeyed. There is "a strange mixture of the moral element" in all the passages of the New Testament where "the faith" is mentioned. No faith can be truly kept except by discovering in it relations to life. So it must be with the doctrines of God, of the Incarnation, of the Trinity, of the Atonement, of Immortality.

Such were the hints and fragments of the preparation he made for his sermon in the fall of 1872. Some of them were incorporated in it, but the sermon when it was born throws this meagre outline into the shade. It was delivered at a moment when people were wondering at his preaching, unable to define his position to their satisfaction. But this sermon gives the open secret. There is no bondage in holding to the historic faith as expressed in Christian doctrines, but rather through them lies the way to perfect freedom. The tendency of Christian doctrines is to expansion under the vital process which reveals in them a relation to life. As we follow the preacher in the years that are to be studied, it is important to keep this sermon in view. From the position here taken he never receded.

The impersonal character of entries in his note-book prevents one from always discerning the immediate motive out of which they spring. His fellow traveller in Norway was abruptly summoned home by the death of a child. This is his comment when left alone to his reflections: —

It seems as if a child's death and the keen, bitter pain it brings us let us see much of the feebleness of the intellectual powers to command our love, — of the possibility of that in which the intellectual was not at all developed holding us intensely.

A few more extracts from his note-books of these years may be given without comment. They illustrate the current of his thoughts, whether at home or abroad.

The positive and negative pictures of heaven, — "no night," etc., and "river of water of life," etc. This world suggesting the other by contrast and by anticipation. So the uses both of Sorrow and Joy.

We have no descriptions of Jesus in the Gospels, only stories of what He did. The perfection of Biography. Contrast with novels.

In utter dark, in bitter pain,
I reached a vague hand out for strength,
It pressed a hand that pressed again,
And all my tumult calmed at length.

The darkness brightened slow around;
I looked to see what friendly hand
My need had grasped, and lo I found
My foe of foes in all the land.

One angry look of strange surprise,
Then, "Take we what the Master sends;"
He holds me to his heart and cries,
"Brother, the Lord hath made us friends."

The difference between suffering and pain. Pain is accidental, suffering is essential. It is right and necessary that we should undergo and accept as our lot whatever comes in our way of work whether it is agreeable or disagreeable (and therefore note that the old Latin and Greek corresponding words were used of "suffering" or "experiencing" either pleasant or unpleasant things); but that pain in the sense of discomfort should accompany the acceptance is a mere accident, no more to be called absolutely "right" or "necessary" by the ascetic than, on the other hand, pleasure is by the voluptuary.

"I will walk at liberty because I keep Thy commandments." The liberty of law, Eden; the passage out of it, a passage into

slavery. True liberty is harmony. The slavery of self-consciousness that comes with sin. That is the tree of knowledge. David, so free in his goodness, so cowardly in his sin. Sympathy with a law well kept, that is the best freedom.

We may not always be consciously thinking of God, only we must think of all things through and in Him, as we do not always look at the Sun and yet see all things we know only by the Sun's shining.

The man was going somewhere else and sat down for a moment on the lowest step of the Temple of Fame, which is work; and Fame opened the door and called him in, to his surprise.

Men keep their brains strangely in abeyance, or they show you and expect you to be satisfied with some certificate of deposit, which shows that they have got them put away somewhere. There is no doubt about the genuineness of the certificate and so none about the real existence of their brains, but it is not the same thing to you after all.

The danger, the terrible danger of false tests! I have been told a hundred times that the Bible must stand or fall with slavery; and John Wesley says, "Infidels know, whether Christians know it or not, that the giving up of witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible."

As the Hebrew Psalmist prayed, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning," so let us in the same spirit pray that our powers may be of use to us, only while we abide in the religion of the right and the true. Let us beg that any power of reason, or imagination, or persuasion, or any other that we have may abandon us when we forget righteousness and God. Let us dread most of all to be builders for Satan with those powers which the Father gave us to build with for Him.

"O Lord and Sovereign of my life, take from me the spirit of idleness, despair, love of power, and unprofitable speaking." (Prayer of St. Ephraim of Syria, in the Russian Liturgy.)

To Miss Mitchell he writes November 7, 1872: —

I don't like to hear you talk as you have in your last two letters about not living long. Not that I think death is dreadful in the least for the one who goes; he has the best of it; but it is dreadful to be left behind, and find how merely impossible to make new friends that are at all like the old. I am sure, too,

that our friends must be more and not less to us in the other world than they are here, and that this world only begins friendships. Otherwise nothing could be more wretched. Only I shudder when I think how one's friends who have believed in him here will find him out there, and see what a humbug he was. I don't believe it will alienate them, though, and no doubt even there the humiliation will be good for him. Promise me that however you find me out to have been a delusion and a sham you won't give me up, for I forewarn you that you don't know me now, and if you ever do the discovery will be a shock to you. Which does n't mean that I ever murdered a parishioner or robbed a house, but only that I know myself better than you know me. . . .

I am glad on the whole that Grant is elected, but wish it had been a narrow thing instead of such a sweeping vote. He and his party will hold that the whole administration has been triumphantly endorsed, and that they are strong enough now to do just what they please. There won't be any great despotism, but there is no reason to look for reform or for a high-toned government for the next four years.

Have you read Beecher's "Lectures on Preaching"? It is very rich and sensible and clever.

The most important circumstance in the latter part of 1872 was the destruction of Trinity Church in the great Boston fire, to which reference has been made in the previous chapter. His own account of it is given in this extract from his correspondence with Miss Mitchell: —

Hotel Kempton, Berkeley Street, Boston, November 12, 1872.

We have had terrible days. Last Saturday night and Sunday were fearful. For a time it seemed as if the thing would never stop so long as there was anything left to burn. Everybody has suffered, almost everybody severely. Very many have lost all. Scores of my parishioners have been burned out. But the courage and cheerfulness of everybody is noble and delightful. It began about eight o'clock Saturday evening, and hour after hour it went on, growing worse and worse. Street after street went like paper. There were sights so splendid and awful as I never dreamed of, and now the desolation is bewildering. There was hard work enough to do all night, and though much was lost, something was saved. Old Trinity seemed safe all night, but towards morning the fire swept into her rear, and there was no chance. She went at four in the morning. I saw her well afire inside and out, carried off some books and robes, and left her. She burnt majes-

tically, and her great tower stands now solid as ever, a most picturesque and stately ruin. She died in dignity. I did not know how much I liked the great gloomy old thing till I saw her windows bursting and the flame running along the old high pews. I feel that it was better for the church to go so than to be torn down stone by stone. Of course our immediate inconvenience is great, and we shall live in much discomfort for the next two years. We have engaged the Lowell Institute, a Lecture Hall that seats a thousand people, and shall begin service there next Sunday.

But Trinity is only one little bit of the great catastrophe. There is little immediate destitution, for there were hardly any dwellings burnt, but thousands are thrown out of employment, and it is pitiable to see the rich men who have been reduced to poverty in a night. My poor friend Mr. ——, the gentlest and best of men, is ruined in his old age. Every hour one hears of some new sufferer, but the strength and brightness of every one is amazing. My father was so happy as not to be touched in any of his little property. I myself had none to lose. It is going to be a winter of sadness and suffering, nobody can guess how much yet.

I can talk of nothing but the fire, and not of that coherently. Some day I will tell you all I can about it, but the horribleness of that night nobody can tell. . . .

To this account some other particulars may be added. Mr. Brooks was sitting in one of the pews of Trinity Church, with Mr. Dillon the sexton, resting after the fatigues of the awful night, when the flames were seen stealing in at the roof of the northeast corner. They waited there together, watching the progress of the flames until it became unsafe to remain. As they were hurriedly leaving the building, Mr. Dillon, in his excitement, threw open the great doors of the tower and fastened them back, as had been his habit for many years when the congregation was to disperse after service was over, — this last time, as it were, for the invisible crowd of witnesses to take their final departure.

There is another incident connected with that fearful night which is worth recalling. As Mr. Brooks came away from Trinity Church he went into the large jewelry establishment of Shreve, Crump & Low, then on the corner of Summer and Washington streets, where they were expecting the fire

to reach them at any moment. It added to the wild excitement of the hour that thieves were known to be in the neighborhood awaiting their opportunity, some of them experienced in their craft, having come from a distance; and there were rumors of vessels lying at the wharf near the foot of Summer Street, which were being laden with the spoils of the burning district. Under these circumstances, Mr. Brooks offered his aid, asking if there were anything which he could do. Mr. Crump immediately responded by emptying the safe which contained the most valuable property of the firm — pearls and diamonds and other precious stones — into two hand bags, and consigned them to Mr. Brooks with directions to carry them to a house on Newbury Street, a mile or more from the conflagration, taking no certificate of deposit, and offering no bodyguard for protection on the dangerous errand, for the distance was to be walked, and no conveyances were to be had. Under these circumstances, about the hour of two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Brooks executed the commission entrusted to him.

In a letter to Rev. George A. Strong, Mr. Brooks describes other aspects of the desolation which appealed to him: —

November 12, 1872.

Run your eye over the map and think what there was between Summer and State and Washington streets, and consider that all swept away, and it is wretched to think about. None of us knew how fond we were of the old town. The streets that are gone are those that were most familiar to us when we were boys. They were then all residences, and I was born in one, and grew up in another, and went to school in another, and had walked them until I knew all their cobblestones. I am glad to know that you are very fond of Boston too. It is the best city of the continent anyhow. . . . As for Old Trinity, it was sad to see it go, and we shall be much inconvenienced by living in tabernacles for the next two years, but in the end it will not hurt us, and if the parish keeps together, as I think it will, we shall find some compensations in the freer and heartier worship of our hall. We have got a beautiful hall as large as the old church, close by our new place, and count ourselves very lucky.

To Miss Mitchell he writes: —

My kind friend Mr. Dexter is dead. His funeral is to be this morning. I do not know of anything more calamitous that could have befallen the church, and personally I had become very fond of him for his constant kindness and thoughtfulness and the simple, bright, transparent character he always showed. I never knew a more unselfish man. His own sorrows he had enough of, and kept them perfectly to himself. He was born with every instinct of a gentleman. He had never been successful in business, for he was too good-natured and gentle. I hardly ever saw a man who had been successful in business whom I did n't dislike. Mr. Dexter had been very busy since the fire removing the last of the Trinity dead to Mount Auburn. He took a severe cold and last Saturday was laid up, and Tuesday he died of congestion of the lungs. I shall miss his friendship sadly, and to the church his loss is simply irreparable. He was full of interest in the new church, and meant to give now his whole time to it. He had been warden of Trinity about fifty years, and yet was young and fresh and progressive, while his long service gave him that sort of fatherly authority in the Parish which, if it is wise, it is a good thing for somebody to have. Poor Trinity! She seems to get it pretty hard, but her people come up well, and I think she will stand, though this blow is a hard one. Our new hall is crowded, and the services there are full of such spirit as we never could get in the old church.

Well, Thanksgiving Day is over, and there was a great deal to be thankful for, and it was a bright and brilliant day, and so I am glad it came, but there was a kind of sadness about it. That great blotch [the burnt district] in the middle of Boston looks more and more miserable as the smoke dies away, and there are so many people who you know are suffering that your sympathies are kept stretched all the time. (November 29, 1872.)

With the burning of Trinity Church, Mr. Dillon also disappears from the scene of his labors. He was a man of great dignity of manner, quite the equal in this respect of Bishop Eastburn, whom in their long association he may have unconsciously imitated. He was bewildered at the time of the great fire, but it also illustrates his habit of watchfulness over the property of the church, that when the fire brigade asked for the coal in its cellars to feed the exhausted engines, even though the conflagration was raging at its worst, he refused the request. After his retirement to his farm in Vermont, he would on occasions discourse, most edifyingly it was

said, to his friends and neighbors on important points in theology, exhibiting with fine discrimination "sound views," and warning against erroneous teaching. His neighbors listened with deference, for they knew that he had had great opportunities.

CHAPTER VII

1873–1874

ECCLESIASTICAL CONTROVERSIES. RELATION TO THE EVANGELICAL SCHOOL. EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE. THE SUMMER ABROAD. DEATH OF FREDERICK BROOKS

It does not appear that Mr. Brooks took any active part in the controversies within the Episcopal Church which culminated in the year 1873. He was an interested spectator, watching the proceedings of conventions and the trend which things were taking, but he did not feel called upon to enter the arena as a combatant. Although he was regarded as an Evangelical or Low Churchman, yet so early as 1870 he found himself out of sympathy with the management of the Evangelical Educational Society. What moved his indignation was the policy it had adopted of sending, to the young men who wished to become its beneficiaries, a circular letter containing a series of questions or tests which they were required to answer, in order to show that they were in sympathy with Evangelical tenets. This was made the condition on which they were allowed to receive the Society's aid in their preparation for the ministry. When Mr. Brooks became aware that this policy was approved by the Board of Managers, he wrote to the secretary of the society resigning his position upon the Board.

BOSTON, November 14, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. MATLACK, — I beg you to believe that I did not write my last letter, resigning my position as a Manager of the Evangelical Education Society, without careful consideration. I thank you most heartily for the kind urgency of your note which I have just received, and am very sorry that I cannot withdraw my note as you desire me to do. I do believe with you

Phillips Brooks

that these are times in which all men truly Evangelical ought to stand firmly together, but I am sure that the way to bring that to pass is not to narrow their standing ground. Do you seriously mean to count no man Evangelical who is not able and willing to answer satisfactorily to these questions of the Society? If so, it will cast out many not merely among our students, but among the clergy who have always counted themselves one with the great Evangelical section of our church.

It is impossible to discuss the "questions" in a letter, nor is it of any use to do so, but I cannot help calling your attention to the strange effect which is produced upon one's mind when in one question he is asked to give up all allegiance to human authority, and fasten his faith on and define his creed by revelation, and two questions later, finds himself called upon to rank himself under the banner of two modern teachers as represented in two of their books. Nor can I think that the qualifying phrase "in the main," to which you point me, helps the matter at all. The degree of conformity will be left to the judgment of the candidate; as always in such cases the most worthy will be the most scrupulous and wholly uncertain how near they must come; the less conscientious will content themselves with a very general sort of assent, while the more faithful will demand of themselves an entire agreement to the books,[1] to which, whatever be our respect and love for their authors, I am sure there is not one of us who is able to give his assent in every particular. Not one of us does not hesitate at some statements in any treatise of theology as long as these books. Their authors would be the last men to desire that we should blindly agree with them in every word. And yet we cast out students who cannot meet this test.

If this be no new policy, but only the old one declared, then I have grievously mistaken my duty in the past. I have recommended students to the Society often, and I have been on critical committees to examine applicants. I never examined students with questions such as these, nor have I heard others do it.

It is not so very long since we were students ourselves. I am sure that if these questions had been laid as tests upon the Alexandria seminary when you and I were there they would have excluded all the men who have been most useful in the ministry since. I cannot doubt it, and yet I cannot at this moment think of one man of our time who has turned out a High Churchman.

But I did not mean to argue the matter. I ought to have been at the meeting if I had anything to say. Only I cannot stand

[1] The books here referred to were *Evangelical Religion*, by Dr. May of Virginia, and the *Contrast*, by Dr. J. S. Stone.

apparently asking, as essential to acceptance of a candidate for education for the ministry, declarations which I do not hold to be essential, and which I do not think the best men among the applicants will be able or willing to make. There is no such condition, as these questions imply, to any money that comes from my parish. I could hardly surprise my people more than by reading them the questions next Sunday.

So I must resign, but I do it with great regret. I have had more interest in this than in any Church Society. I have rejoiced in the good work that it has done, and certainly I do not now cease to be interested in its prosperity, though I must beg you to present the resignation which I sent you.

Excuse this long letter, and believe me

Yours faithfully,

Phillips Brooks.

After long delay and with much reluctance the resignation was accepted. His attention having now been called to the whole subject of assisting students with pecuniary aid in the course of their preparation for the ministry, Mr. Brooks took a further step, refusing any longer to ask for contributions from his parish to the treasury of the Educational Society, or to allow its secretary to use his pulpit for the purpose of soliciting funds. The following letter to his brother, in Chicago, who felt the same difficulty, reveals his state of mind: —

Hotel Kempton, Berkeley Street, Boston, November 16, 1873.

Dear Arthur, — I wish you 'd ask me easier questions. Here is this Theological Education question which I have been puzzling over for years and see no light on yet, and your letter just rubs it in a little more. For myself I have nothing to say. Sometimes I have found a good student to whom I have made my appropriation, but at present I know of none such; and I have about $500 lying at interest which I do not know what to do with. I cannot deliberately send to the Increase of the Ministry Society, and the accounts which I have heard of the Evangelical Anniversaries make me less inclined than ever to send to Mr. ——. I am afraid that Washburn and Harwood have very little to do with the Society to which they give their names. But not to speak of myself I should think your case was easier. Your Parish has been wholly used to one way of giving. It is presumable that some of them know something about the Increase of the

Ministry Society and prefer it. Why not let them specify their contributions to either Society as they prefer, and then tell them that the unappropriated balance is to be appropriated to the general course of Theological Education at your discretion.

Mr. Brooks did not come forward as an advocate of any reform in the matter at issue. He continued to give occasional aid to young men according to his individual judgment, but in some cases experienced grievous disappointment with the result. When his name was again placed in 1892 on the list of Vice-Presidents of the Evangelical Educational Society he wrote this letter to its secretary, the late Rev. R. C. Matlack: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, February 17, 1892.

My dear Mr. Matlack, — I am very grateful to those who have done me the honor of electing an Honorary Vice-President of the Evangelical Educational Society. I do not think it best, however, to accept the position which is thus offered me, because I feel that it would lead to a misunderstanding of my position with reference to the Society.

A good many years ago I came to feel that educational aid societies were not desirable and therefore withdrew from your society of which I had been a member and a manager. I have not changed my feeling with regard to it, and while I am convinced that a great deal of good is done by your organization, under your effective management, I cannot, with my convictions, feel it right to take a position as even associated in an honorary way with its administration.

I am sure you will understand my position, and will know that I do not in the least undervalue the kindness of those who have invited me to give my name.

Yours most sincerely,

Phillips Brooks.

Despite this action of Mr. Brooks in separating himself from the managers of the Evangelical cause, there was no break in his cordial relations with individuals who represented the Evangelical principles as he understood them. Thus to Mr. Cooper he writes, with reference to the petition which had been often sent to the General Convention, asking that the word "regenerate" might be omitted from the Baptismal office, or its use made optional: —

Hotel Kempton, Berkeley Street, Boston, March 23, 1871.

Dear Cooper, — I got your note, and last night I read your article aloud to Vinton and we talked it over. It is very strongly put, and the motive that you allude to, their possible dread of being swamped by Ritualism, is the one thing that might make the High Churchmen tolerate and concede a little to the Low Churchmen. But they don't dread Ritualism enough to make them yield their dear principle of "no change in the Prayer Book." That has become a bigotry with them. So I do not believe this General Convention is going to yield on the Prayer Book in the least. Still I believe in asking them to. Let the responsibility be on them and not on us. Let them not say we did not ask. So I hope you will put your memorial in form very soon and frankly and fairly let us sign it, and tell the Swells what we poor creatures want.

I shall be on after the 12th of April, and then we 'll talk about it all. We 'll get it out in Antique Type. Many thanks for the Protest. I am to exchange with Jaggar on the 19th and preach there morning and afternoon.

Always yours, P. B.

When Bishop Eastburn died, in 1872, who for more than twenty-five years had been the rector of Trinity Church, Mr. Brooks paid a tribute to his memory from the pulpit, in which he took occasion to speak of the Evangelical movement which the Bishop had represented. These words may be taken as his deliberate and final judgment; they have the apparent tone of one speaking from the outside, but the tone also of one who was still within the circle from which he did not seek escape: —

The Evangelical movement had its zealous men here and there throughout the land. The peculiarities of that movement were an earnest insistence upon doctrine, and upon personal, spiritual experience, of neither of which had the previous generation made very much. Man's fallen state, his utter hopelessness, the vicarious atonement, the supernatural conversion, the work of the Holy Spirit, — these were the truths which the men of those days, who were what were called "Evangelical" men, urged with the force of vehement belief upon their hearers. They were great truths. There were crude, hard, and untrue statements of them very often, but they went deep; they laid hold upon the souls and consciences of men. They created most profound experiences.

They made many great ministers and noble Christians. It was indeed the work of God. To those of you who were his parishioners and friends, who heard him preach year after year, and knew what lay nearest to his heart, I need not say how entirely Bishop Eastburn was a man of this movement. His whole life was full of it. He had preached its Gospel in New York with wonderful success and power. He bore his testimony to it to the last in Boston. A faith that was very beautiful in its childlike reliance upon God; a sturdy courage which would have welcomed the martyrdom of more violent days; a complete, unquestioning, unchanging loyalty to the ideas which he had once accepted; a deep personal piety, which, knowing the happiness of divine communion, desired that blessedness for other souls; a wide sympathy for all of every name who were working for the ends which he loved and desired; these with his kindly heart and constancy in friendship made the power of the long ministry of Bishop Eastburn. The teaching of this parish through twenty-six years was most direct and simple. There was a dread, even, of other forms in which the same awakening of spiritual life was manifest. The High Churchman and the Broad Churchman found no tolerance. But the preacher was one whom all men honored, whose strong moral force impressed the young and old, whose sturdy independence was like a strong east wind, and who went to his reward crowned with the love of many and the respect of all. It seems but yesterday that his familiar figure passed away. His voice is still fresh in our ears. The old Church comes back, and he stands there in its pulpit, as he must always stand, among the most marked and vigorous figures in our parish history. It would not be right to renew our Church life without cordial remembrance of his strength and faithfulness.[1]

One other point there was of sharp divergence between the Low Church and the High Church parties. It was the custom of the former in administering the Lord's Supper to invite the members of other religious denominations to remain to the communion. With this custom Mr. Brooks was in sympathy. When his brother Arthur came into collision with the Bishop of Illinois, the Rt. Rev. Henry J. Whitehouse, who assumed the right to forbid such notice to be given and to enforce the principle of "close communion" in

[1] From a manuscript sermon, preached at Trinity Church, September 29, 1872, from the text, St. Matt. xxv. 21: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

the Episcopal Church, Mr. Brooks wrote these letters in which he touches upon the principle involved: —

Hotel Kempton, Berkeley Street, Boston, May 23, 1873.

Dear Arthur, — I suppose it was to be expected that you and Whitehouse would collide sooner or later, and the matter of which you wrote to me seems to be a pretty good point to meet on. I do not understand why Mr. —— has never objected before to your action in inviting others than Episcopalians to the Communion. You have been in St. James's almost a year. Have you given the invitation all that time, and has he heard it and only now since the Bishop's visit entered his remonstrance? That would seem to show that he was acting under the Bishop's suggestion, which would be a piece of parochial interference of which your Bishop perhaps may be capable, but certainly no other in the land. I certainly would not yield the matter to Mr. —— alone. I would go and see him and have a square, friendly talk about it. If he stands alone in his remonstrance I would not sacrifice what may be a very desirable practice to his narrow whim. If there are a considerable number in the parish who object I should discontinue it, but certainly take great pains to say in a sermon at the same time what my real ground was, to explain the perfectly clear position of our Church on the subject, and not to seem to fall low before the footstool of the Bishop at his first assumption of authority.

The position of our Church is perfectly clear. The Archbishop of Canterbury himself in the Vance Smith dispute distinctly said that the Collect which touches the question applied only to our own people. The more I think of it the more I hope you will continue it unless it is very clearly desirable to drop it. I would not give it up out of mere courtesy to any man. At the same time it is not so absolutely a thing of principle that it might not be omitted if its use would seriously wound many people and injure the parish. You surely have done right so far.

Of course you can judge better than I. Excuse my venturing all these remarks, but you asked for them. . . . What an unpleasant Christian Whitehouse must be. . . .

But with all my heart I sympathize with your dread of a controversy and of the cheap notoriety and the disgusting partisanship that comes with it.

June 2, 1873.

I have received the Papers. What a cheerful sheet the "Times" seems to be. It is so good and gentlemanly. Do you

have much of that sort of Journalism in your town. As to the whole effect, I think the Church at large will only say, "There 's Bishop Whitehouse at it again," and then let the matter drop. The "Boston Journal" has a paragraph made up from the "Chicago Tribune" article on Saturday, which Father discovered, and so they knew all about it at home. Then I told them all I knew about it. They are calm. There is only one suggestion I want to make. I do not think the notice is to be in any way considered or to be either attacked or defended as an addition or interpolation in the Service. It is an address by the Minister to the Congregation. It is of the nature of Sermon and not of Liturgy, and considerations of Liturgical Integrity have nothing to do with it. If a minister is to be found fault with for doing it, it must be as he would be blamed for any other statement that was considered faulty in his Sermon, — on the ground of false doctrine not of rubrical impropriety. But I dare say the breeze has blown itself out before this and all is forgotten. . . .

Always yours, PHILLIPS.

It was evident in these years, the early seventies, that things were rapidly tending toward a separatist movement in the Episcopal Church. The schism was finally consummated in 1873 when the Reformed Episcopal Church was organized under the leadership of Bishop Cummins of Kentucky. With this movement Mr. Brooks had no sympathy, nor did the idea of leaving the Church present itself to him as a practical issue or as really affording any relief from the grievances which he felt in common with the Evangelical party. Despite the restrictive legislation, whose object and end he regarded as separating the Episcopal Church from intercommunion with the other Protestant churches, he held it his duty to remain and, in whatever way was open, manifest his sympathy for the principle of open communion and other modes of Christian fellowship. No canon that had been enacted forbade his preaching in the churches of other denominations. He had the advantage of his brethren in this respect that such opportunities were constantly afforded him. He became conspicuous, almost the only Evangelical Churchman remaining, who was in a position where he could represent the natural affinity of the Protestant Episcopal Church with other Protestant bodies. More and more

this was to become a distinctive feature of his attitude. To these and other similar points he alludes in his correspondence with Miss Mitchell: —

I have been off for a day down to Ipswich where Dr. Cotton Smith had a clerical powwow for the Dean of Canterbury who has come over to attend the Evangelical Alliance. He is a solid, stolid-looking Englishman, an ecclesiastic from the rosette on his hat to the buckle on his shoes, but a man of learning, reading hard Sanscrit as you and I read easy English, and healthy and wholesome through and through. Several other interesting people are here, especially a few famous Germans, Dorner, the "Person of Christ" man, and many others. But I do not think the whole occasion promises much, and I shan't go on, though I give it my hearty blessing at this distance. (October 3, 1873.)

The sermon is just done which is a rare event for Friday. It is about the Evangelical Alliance, which seems to me as it has gone on to have assumed a much larger look than it had at first, and to be really a great and noble thing. It is really so great that it can carry off a great many small faults. speeches here and there in bad taste, and an occasional piece of bad temper. I cannot see how such a meeting can fail to make Christianity stronger and broader. (October 9, 1873.)

What do you think of the Bishop of Madagascar turning up in New York and writing a letter to Bishop Potter, complaining that the Dean of Canterbury had insulted the Archbishop of Canterbury? There is a roundabout confession and ingenious intricacy about it all which is nuts to the ecclesiastical mind. One may count upon no end of dreary controversy about whether Christ is willing that Dean Payne Smith should eat the Lord's Supper in an Episcopal Church, but not in Dr. Adams's Presbyterian Meeting House. As if all the great questions of faith and morals were settled, and that one minute squabble was the last thing left. Surely not till then will it begin to be of consequence. (October 15, 1873.)

And what do you think about Cummins? What a panic it must make among the bishops to know that a stray parson is round with a true bit of their genuine succession, perfectly and indisputably the thing, which he can give to anybody that he pleases! Nothing like it since the powwow among the gods when Prometheus stole the fire. Would n't it be queer if Cummins actually became a

critical event by the discontented from —— to —— going off and getting the consecration of a new church from him. (November 20, 1873.)

I don't know anything that makes one feel more genuinely old than to see that great recognizable changes and advances of the current of thought have been made in our time, so that while we see the new we can remember the old as something different. It used to seem as if such changes took a half century at least. Only fourteen years ago when I entered the ministry there were the two old-fashioned parties, the Lows and Highs, over against each other in a quiet, intelligent, comfortable way. Now you can hardly find a representative of either among the younger men except ——, and the Broad Churchmen and Ritualists divide the field. Let us be thankful that we belong to the party of the future. (December 11, 1873.)

I hear that —— is dead: another of that fading school of Evangelicals who are fast passing away. One of the best of them (the Evangelicals) died the other day, my old professor and friend at Alexandria, Dr. Sparrow, one of the ablest and best men I ever knew, learned and broad, and as simple as a child. I had a letter from the dear old man, dated only two days before he died, in which I was delighted to hear him say, "I am disposed to regard the prospects of our Church brighter now than they have ever been in my day." All the old men are croaking and helpless, and it was good to hear one of them sanguine. (January 22, 1874.)

In May, 1874, the first steps were taken toward the establishment of the American Church Congress. The aim of its founders was to bring men together who differed in their convictions, to ventilate questions which were subjects of controversy in free untrammelled speech in the hope that it would lead to a mutual confidence and understanding. Churchmen of all schools of opinion were present, and amid much earnestness and enthusiasm the new institution was organized. Mr. Brooks was placed upon its Central Committee whose task was to select topics for discussion and appoint the speakers.

Next week we go to New Haven, all of us Broad Churchmen, to see what can be done to keep or make the Church liberal and

free. There is a curious sort of sensitiveness and expectancy everywhere in the Church, a sort of fear and feeling that things cannot remain forever just as they are now, and a general looking to the General Convention of next Fall as the critical time. The last impression may be wrong because General Conventions are not apt to be critical, but the other feeling has its foundation, and one wonders what is coming out of it all. Certainly some sort of broad church. A meeting such as this I speak of could not have been possible ten years ago. Then the men could not have been found to go; now men are asking to be invited. (May 12, 1874.)

The Convention of the diocese of Massachusetts which met in May to elect a successor to Bishop Eastburn reflected the stormy times which were passing over the Episcopal Church. The High Church candidate was the Rev. James De Koven of Wisconsin. Mr. Brooks wanted Dr. Vinton to be the Low Church candidate, and when he declined, voted for his friend Rev. Henry C. Potter of Grace Church, New York. When it became evident that Dr. Potter could not be elected, a compromise was effected by which the choice of the Convention fell on the Rev. Benjamin H. Paddock of Brooklyn, N. Y. The Convention was a memorable one for the intensity of feeling which prevailed. Among the glowing speeches which were made, none equalled that of Dr. Vinton as he stood forth in all the majesty of his appearance delivering his impassioned appeal for evangelical truth. There was another moment, which will not be forgotten by those present, when the Rev. William R. Huntington of Worcester presented the name of Phillips Brooks, as a man surpassing all others who had been named for the vacant Episcopate. But the time for Phillips Brooks had not yet come. To the bishop-elect, he wrote this letter pledging him his support: —

Hotel Kempton, Berkeley Street, Boston, May 21, 1873.

Rev. and dear Sir, — I have doubted whether I have any right to add another to the multitude of letters which I know you must have received with reference to your election to our episcopate. But I feel so deeply anxious that you should consent to be our Bishop that I venture to add my assurance of cordial welcome and hearty coöperation to all the others which must have come to

you. I think I know Massachusetts pretty well, and I am deeply convinced that our Church has a great and good work to do here. She will not do it easily, nor by simply standing still in idle assertion of herself, but if she will work for the people, the people will understand her readily enough. I am sure that all the circumstances connected with your election promise a cordial and unpartisan support of all your plans and labors by both the Clergy and the Laity of our diocese, and knowing this I have ventured to express to you my own sincere and anxious hope that you may be able to come to us.

I beg you not to trouble yourself to answer this note, but believe me, with much regard,

Most sincerely yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS,
Rector of Trinity Church, Boston.

It would have been a significant event for Massachusetts, as for himself, had Mr. Brooks become its bishop in 1873; but he refused to allow his name to be used, nor would he have accepted the office if he had been elected. He had other work to do as the rector of Trinity Church, and to this work we now turn, and to the incidents which befell him from 1873 to 1877. These years constitute a distinct group in his life. It was the time when Trinity Church dwelt in tabernacles, awaiting the completion of its new temple. His preaching during this period was marked by increasing power as he exerted himself to meet the emergency of a church without a home. But before we come to the one leading event which gives unity and connected interest to these years, we may follow him in his familiar correspondence. These extracts are from his letters to Miss Mitchell: —

The worst thing that I see about getting old, or older, is that you get further away from the young people who are the best people in the world. I never see a lot of boys without wanting to be among them, and wishing they would let me into their company and being sure that they won't. I hate to think that boys of sixteen think of me as I used to think of men of thirty-seven when I was their age. Most of the wisdom of old age is humbug. I was struck dreadfully by what you said about the prevalent discontent with life that one hears so much of. It 's awful, and is the most unchristian thing one has to deal with. I fancied it was

more the fashion here, but I suppose I have forgotten how much of the same thing I used to hear in Philadelphia, or perhaps it did not impress me so much then. I pray God that I may die before I get so tired of living. (January 29, 1873.)

I have just been going again through Hessey's Bampton Lectures, which is satisfactory enough in all the theory of the matter; and I don't think there is nearly as much trouble about its practical aspects as there sometimes appears to be. At any rate a good conscience is the best guide about keeping Sunday or enforcing it in others. There is very little indeed in the way of positive law to be made out about it. It seems to me there is a strange lack of faith in the way that the strict Inspirationists and the stricter Sabbatarians are always in a panic lest the Book or the Day, which they above all others claim for God, should come to grief.

I am having an off week, that is, I have no sermon to write because I go to New Haven on Sunday to preach for the students. I shall stay with Harwood, and if all goes as it went last year I shall have a good time. It is the first Sunday that I have not preached at home since I returned from Europe, except one Sunday in November when my Church burned down; and except once, when Percy Browne preached for me, I have not had a single exchange or supply all that time. (February 7, 1873.)

"Keil on the Kings" is a very good commentary as commentaries go, a little overburdened with linguistics, but on the whole telling you (I mean *me*) rather less of what I know already and more of what I don't than most commentaries. But they are all a poor set. Lange has a good deal that is interesting and valuable, but, bless me, who could n't have a few pennies if he swept all the gutters in town and saved all the rubbish. (March 26, 1873.)

I am just come back from Andover where I went to lecture to the Congregational Divinity Students about Preaching. It was quite interesting to me if not to them. . . . They ask hard questions which you rather despair of answering, not because of the difficulty of the question, but because it shows such a queer state of mind in the questioner. I stayed with Professor Park, who is charming, bright, witty, and genial. . . . Have you read a book about Dissent by an English Bampton lecturer? (April 3, 1873.)

I am sorry to find on getting home there is some trouble, I can't tell how serious yet, about the new church. The land

proves not so good as the average of the made land, and the piles which we have driven in it will not probably hold a building of the weight of ours. We don't want to go down any lower than we are, and so some modification of the plan must probably be made. I hope the change will not need to be great, and will improve instead of injuring the building. (May 9, 1873.)

How interesting and beautiful Tom Hughes's little book is! [Memoirs of a Brother.] I wonder whether the brother was as good as he is described. What he (the brother) actually does in the way of letters, etc., did n't strike me much. He is the first man on record, I think, who ever dedicated his life to the health of his Mother-in-law. I am homesick still when I remember my pleasant visit. I shall live now on the hope of the Fall. (May 16, 1873.)

I am busy writing what is a sort of Biographical Oration for what is after a fashion my native town, Andover. It is to be delivered at the opening of their Memorial Hall next week. I don't like the work. Sermons I like to write, the more the better, as many as the deluded folk will sit and hear, but anything else except this weekly letter comes hard. I have a pretty obstinacy when I am asked to do anything right away, but when the task is three months off, I am apt to be feeble and assent, and by and by the day comes on like Fate. (May 22, 1873.)

I have been much interested in reading up about the old Puritan town. What a curious set they were. So estimable and so deadly dull, sober and serious to a degree that is frightful to think of, but strong and tough as granite. The modern religion looks so gentle beside them. I came across this sentence yesterday in that most unpleasant book, Galton's "Hereditary Genius," which has just a vexatious amount of truth in it, "A gently complaining and tired spirit is that in which Evangelical Divines are apt to pass their days." . . . X—— made a prayer at the new Hall to-day in which he thanked the Lord for the workmen who had been engaged upon the building, that "He had given his angels charge over them that none of them should strike his foot against a stone." What do you think of that for a reverent and beautiful use of Scripture? (May 30, 1873.)

After this month I am going to shut up the Hall, and use Emmanuel Church which is ordinarily closed during the summer. I shall be there every Sunday except when I occasionally get Mr.

Tiffany to take my place. One Sunday in July I mean to be in Philadelphia, to preach for the Advent people. . . . Then I am going to Newport for a few days and perhaps to Mount Desert, and so I hope to worry through the summer comfortably. Next year comes Europe again. . . . Mr. —— died the other day. . . . One would n't like to stay quite as long as he has, but with the world such as it is, there is great temptation to linger at the feast a good while yet. (June 5, 1873.)

I am very much interested in the progress of my new Church. The foundations are going up very fast, and the scene is a lively and hopeful one. We hope to get all our foundations in before winter stops our work. And what a splendid Autumn we are having. Such days as these that keep coming one after another are always a surprise. (October 15, 1873.)

I wonder what *sort* of knowledge we shall have of our friends when we get to the other side, and what we shall do to keep up our intimacy with one another. There will be one good thing about it. I suppose we shall see right through one another to begin with, and start off on quite a new basis of mutual understanding. It will be awful at first, but afterwards it must be quite pleasant to feel that your friends know the worst of you and not be continually in danger and in fear that they will find you out. But then with all Eternity ahead there must be a constantly oppressive fear that your friends will get tired of you. (October 23, 1873.)

I have been writing to-day an essay on "Heresy," and have got quite interested in the subject. I have been rather surprised to find how clearly in the New Testament and all the way down in the healthiest periods of Theology, as in Augustine and in the English Reformation at its best, Heresy has meant obstinacy, a fault of the Will, not a mistake of the Intellect. The worst persecutors seem to me to have had some dim feeling of this when they reconciled themselves to the burning of heretics. They must have had some feeling of the moral character of heresy however woefully their prejudices have blinded them in imputing it in special cases. (October 30, 1873.)

We Boston folk have been celebrating our Centennial Tea Party. We got together in Faneuil Hall and drank tea and listened to speeches yesterday afternoon. And we had old Mr. Frailey and young Mr. Brown of Philadelphia, among a lot of other people, to talk to us. . . .

Nobody can help feeling Agassiz's death. Apart from the scientific greatness, he was such a delightful man, so fresh and joyous and simple. It does surely seem as if he had gone at the right time, falling without decay and setting without twilight. 'T is strange to see how many people knew him here, and how many others feel as if they had known him and mourn his death as a personal loss. It was a good, cheerful, wholesome life.

Three weeks from to-night I hope to start for Philadelphia. Fix which night you will for me to dine with you, and I will come up to the trial without a flinch. Please let me know when it is settled. . . . Sunday I shall give to my old Advent folk whom I am proud to find caring for me after so many years. . . . I am glad that the Bible does n't say anything about the idle words which people *write*. (December 17, 1873.)

The clock has just struck, and I wish you a Happy New Year with all my heart. What a splendid night for the New Year to come in on. The snow and moonlight are gorgeous and promise glorious winter days. I wonder what will happen before the year grows old! Certainly lots of pleasant things and probably some that will be ugly enough. We have had a service this evening which reminded me of the old-time watch-meeting at St. Philip's. You and Cooper were not there, but —— sat on the front seat without the blow in her bonnet, but with quite enough of the old look to bring back the old days. And the first beauty of the New Year is that I am coming on to see you all, and a week from to-night shall be upon my way. You do not know how much I depend upon it. The Saturday evening dinner will be the great event, and I will stay and smoke as long as you please after it is over. Dear me, how many things there are to enjoy in the old year and the new. I think nobody ever had altogether a pleasanter life than I have. Thalaba was nothing to me. (January 1, 1874. 12.03 A. M.)

I have come home from a Wednesday evening lecture, which I always enjoy; the only indication that I have that the people enjoy it is that they come in large numbers. Though they may talk about it among themselves, I myself never get any idea whether I hit them or not. Still I jog on and am very cheerful. I don't care for applause, but I do like to have some idea whether people are interested or not. (January 25, 1874.)

All yesterday was a hard pull at a sermon which is to be preached this morning, and is n't good for much, I am afraid. It seemed pretty good and important before I began to write it;

but somehow it did n't get on to paper as I wanted it to. I am sure I have got better sermons in me somewhere than I have got out yet, but probably fifteen years would have brought them. (February 13, 1874.)

Charles Kingsley is here, and lectured to us on Monday evening. It was good to see the author of "Hypatia" in the flesh, but the Lecture was n't much, and he is the Englishest of Englishmen. Then his laudation of this country was overmuch, and we were unnecessarily reminded of how he hated us and hoped good things for the rebellion during our war.

Of course I don't read anything nowadays, but "The Princess of Thule" shall be my next novel. I did n't make much out of "Old Pendleton." The over-description worried me and I gave it up, and have not tried it again, but I dare say I shall by and by. I am reading Forster's "Life of Sir John Eliot," a book I have long meant to get at, with much delight. Eight weeks from to-day I 'll be in Philadelphia. (February 19, 1874.)

How sad this sudden news of Sumner's death, and how it makes us realize the lack of great men among us. And certainly Sumner was in many respects a great man. The time of his departure like Agassiz's seems to be just what one would wish for him. Neither of them was a man whom one would like to see crawling about in decrepitude. (March 11, 1874.)

Poor Sumner's funeral was a wonderful outburst of public feeling about a man who had won it by sheer force of character and principle. He was never popular . . . but true as steel and capable of ideas. We hope to have a good man in his place, probably Judge Hoar or Mr. Adams. The country is not as bad as you think it. Certainly no other land offers us anything to envy. Surely England settling down on Disraeli, just to get rid of the trouble and tumult of reform, is about as unpleasant a sight as one can see.

Have you read the book of a Mr. Pater on the Renaissance? It is wonderfully fresh and full of its subject. Then I got a book of Masson's the other day on Drummond of Hawthornden, of which I have read a few pages that promise something charming. (March 19, 1874.)

Certainly there is nothing to make us despair of our Government in the present state of things. The arrogance of able and corrupt men is something we could never have expected to escape,

and so far it has been less powerful among us than in the history of any other nation, and the present strongest sign of the times is a violent outbreak and protest against it. (March 26, 1874.)

I am in the thick of Lent, with the usual enjoyment of its spirit, and the usual misgiving about the way in which we try to make it useful to our people. It is trying to see how, just as soon as we attempt to give religion its fit expression, we are instantly in danger of formalism and the mere piety of outside habits. Yet still there is a great deal in changing habits which mean sad things, for habits which mean good things, for a little while, and some of the meaning does get into people's hearts. . . .

How hard it is to write an Easter sermon. The associations of the day are so dependent that it is really difficult to bring it close to people's lives. But it is remarkable how men like your friend ——, who give up so much about Jesus, still cling to the truth of the Resurrection. (March 31, 1874.)

We have had Principal Tulloch here. He was at our Church last Sunday, and I spent the evening with him at Mr. Winthrop's. I want you to see him when he comes to Philadelphia. He is a splendid Scotchman. (April 30, 1874.)

I 'd like to talk with you some time about that matter of the judging of people's characters before and after death. I don't think we 'd much disagree. (May 8, 1874.)

Last Sunday we tried here to have a Hospital Sunday like the English institution, and the result was very successful. The spirit was good and the collections large, and it brought all classes and denominations together. Trinity gave $3200. . . . Our new Chapel begins to look beautifully, and by the time you are here the walls will be almost done. . . . So don't fail to come. My love to Weir. (May 12, 1874.)[1]

There are two incidents mentioned in the above extracts which call for some slight expansion. The first is treated in a casual manner, but was full of significance, — the address afterwards published, which was delivered at the dedication of the Memorial Hall in Andover. Apart from his associa-

[1] Here closes the correspondence with Miss Mitchell. She died soon after the letter was written, from which this extract is taken.

tion with the civil war which the hall commemorated, or his fame as a pulpit orator, Phillip Brooks had been chosen as spokesman for the occasion because he was the descendant of those who were connected with the town from its earliest history, and who, in later years, had done much to make it famous. Thus he was recognized by Professor Park of Andover, in the impressive prayer which followed the address, "It is of Thy goodness, O Lord, that we have been permitted on this day of our solemnity to hear the voice of one whose godly ancestors our fathers delighted to honor." It is a suggestive coincidence that while he was looking into the history of Andover in making preparation for his address, he was also reading Galton on "Hereditary Genius," and the picture was before him of the generations of the Andover Phillipses. His address was beautiful, pervaded with a joyous tone, with the conviction that he had a right to speak, and that in speaking he represented what was uppermost in the minds of his hearers: —

> If I wanted to give a foreigner some clear idea of what that excellent institution, a New England town, really is, in its history and its character, in its enterprise and its sobriety, in its godliness and its manliness, I should be sure that I could do it if I could make him perfectly familiar with the past and present of Andover. Nor can one know the old town well and not feel, however, its scenery has the same typical sort of value which belongs to all its life. All that is most characteristic in our New England landscape finds its representation here. Its rugged granite breaks with hard lines through the stubborn soil, its sweep of hill and valley fills the eye with various beauty. Its lakes catch the sunlight on their generous bosoms. Its rivers are New England rivers ready for work and yet not destitute of beauty. If everywhere our New England scenery suggests to the imagination that is sensitive to such impressions some true resemblance to the nature of the people who grow up among its pictures, nowhere are such suggestions clearer than in this town which is so thoroughly part and parcel of New England.

Mr. Brooks went often to Andover at this time to visit his youngest brother who was taking his first year of theological study. The Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, who was also in the

seminary, has given his impressions of him, speaking of the interest that he showed in the discussion of theological questions, how he always wished to hear what Professor Park had been teaching on Original Sin and other topics, but was more anxious to get at the truth of the matter, than talk over opinions, or compare them with his own. Of his address on Preaching, before the Andover students, Bishop Lawrence says: —

> I have often wished that an exact report of that lecture had been taken, for as I remember it, it followed exactly the lines of his Yale Lectures, step by step. I mention it also to speak of the impression which his closing prayer made upon the students. He finished his address and then, quite naturally, and, as it seemed, unexpectedly to himself, he felt moved to say, "Let us pray," and at the same desk from which we had heard extemporary prayers from the professors he offered a prayer which, as compared with theirs, was so beautiful that, as one of the fellows said afterwards, he had to open his eyes to see how a man looked when he prayed like that.
>
> I wonder at the amount of time that he put into talks with us when we were at college and at the seminary, but I have no doubt that he welcomed us simply as representative of what a lot of other fellows were thinking. For after a talk with him on a week day, one could sometimes feel and even discover the results of the talk in the next Sunday morning's sermon.

The other incident to which allusion is made in the correspondence with Miss Mitchell deserves notice as a landmark in his theological growth. The essay on "Heresy," there mentioned, was read before the "Clericus Club" in October, 1873. Though not written for publication, it has been given a place in his "Essays and Addresses." Its significance lies in his discernment that religious thought was entering upon a new stage of development, whose motive was to gain a deeper insight into the meaning of doctrines, and to give them a fuller statement, intelligible to the modern world. In this process it would become necessary to redefine the word which in the history of the past had been affixed as a stigma to every departure from received theological expressions. He therefore inquired into the meaning of the word "heresy."

He found that in the New Testament it carried a moral significance, the presupposition of a vicious will. In its application in ecclesiastical history, where it stands for a divergence from received opinions, there could still be detected the earlier use, — the assumption that any one diverging from prevailing statements of doctrine must at heart be bad. The essay raises the question of intellectual responsibility, — the existence of such a sin as the self-will of the intellect.

Heretic is a word of personal guilt. It had that tone when Paul used it, and it has kept it ever since. But I am sure that we have all felt, and perhaps reproached ourselves for feeling, how impossible it was for us in any real way to attach the notion of personal guilt to those who were called heretics in the ordinary uses of the word. We have been unable to feel any vehement condemnation for the earnest and truth-seeking Errorist, or any strong approbation for the flippant and partisan Orthodox. There was no place for the first in the hell, nor for the second in the heaven, which alone our consciences tell us that the God whom we worship could establish. Speaking in the atmosphere of the New Testament, we cannot call the first a heretic, nor the second a saint, and our misgivings are perfectly right. The first is not a heretic, the second is not a saint. . . . The first may be a saint in his error, the second, to use Milton's fine phrase, may be a "heretic in the truth."

Unless we hold to the authority of the infallible Church, the ecclesiastical conception of the sin of heresy is impossible. Unless we hold that all truth has been so perfectly revealed that no honest mind can mistake it (and who can believe that?), the dogmatic conception of heresy fails. But if we can believe in the conscience, and God's willingness to enlighten it, and man's duty to obey its judgments, the moral conception of heresy sets definitely before us a goodness after which we may aspire, and a sin which we may struggle against and avoid.

In ordinary talk men will call him a heretic who departs from a certain average of Christian belief far enough to attract their attention. Men will speak of heresy as if it were synonymous with error. It may be that the word is so bound up with old notions of authority that it must be considered obsolete, and can be of little further use. And yet there is a sin which this word describes, which it describes to Paul and Augustine and Jeremy Taylor, — a sin as rampant in our day as in theirs. It is the self-

will of the intellect. It is the belief of creeds, whether they be true or false, because we choose them, and not because God declares them. It is the saying, "I want this to be true," of any doctrine, so vehemently that we forget to ask, "Is it true?" When we do this, we depart from the Christian church, which is the kingdom of God, and the discipleship of Christ. With the danger of that sin before our eyes, remembering how often we have committed it, feeling its temptation ever present with us, we may still pray with all our hearts, "From heresy, good Lord, deliver us."

Among the varied incidents whose only bond of connection is Phillips Brooks, there is one which caused at the moment a flutter in Episcopal circles in Boston, — the occupation of King's Chapel on Ash Wednesday, 1874, by an Episcopal congregation. For the first time in its history an Episcopal bishop officiated within its walls. To those unfamiliar with the circumstances it seemed portentous with some hidden significance. The famous building was crowded with an eager, curious audience, studying the ancient structure, its chancel and communion table, its reading desk and pulpit, preserved unchanged, unimpaired by modern improvements, since the day when Episcopal rectors presided there, in this first home of Episcopacy in Boston. But if the event did not have the significance which some attributed to it, — the possible regaining for the Episcopal Church of this honored shrine in its early history, — it did yet possess a deeper and larger significance, as the manifestation of Christian charity. It had been offered to Phillips Brooks, as the rector of Trinity Church, for the delivery of the Price Lectures, the condition of whose endowment required that the Lectures be given either in Christ Church, King's Chapel, or Trinity Church. The kind offer came from the late Rev. Henry W. Foote, then the minister of King's Chapel, a man of beautiful and saintly character, beloved by all who knew him, whose death in the prime of his manhood brought the deepest sense of loss and sorrow. Bishop Paddock had already been invited to deliver the Price Lecture before Mr. Foote had offered the use of his church, and so it came about that a

bishop of the Episcopal Church officiated for the first time in King's Chapel.

The summer of 1874 was spent in Europe. He was accompanied on this visit by Rev. Arthur Brooks, who was seeing the Old World for the first time, and for a great part of the summer they were together. The trip differed from previous ones, in that he saw more of people. The traditional American prejudice against the English, which he had hitherto shared, to some extent, was disappearing. He received more hospitality than on former visits, and found everybody quite cordial and civil. It was mostly the clergy with whom he became acquainted, but he remarks that clergymen and laymen have more common interests than in America. They were talking much at this time about the Public Worship Bill at dinner tables and in the newspapers, which surprises him, as things of this kind at home are ordinarily confined to General Conventions. Of London, where he spent a few weeks, he writes that he saw it all over again with his brother, finding in it much of which he never tires. It was a special pleasure to have been shown over Westminster Abbey by the Dean. His acquaintance with Dean Stanley was now ripening into friendship; he received from him and from Lady Augusta Stanley the most cordial hospitality, and as a final mark of complete confidence was invited to preach in the Abbey, a courtesy extended in England only to leading pulpit orators or high dignitaries. Dean Stanley gave the invitation after having assured himself that he could not be mistaken in thinking that Phillips Brooks would serve the purpose for which the services on Sunday evenings in the Abbey had been instituted. The fame of the preacher had in some way already reached England. Many were desirous to hear him, and the nave of the Abbey was filled. The subject of the sermon was the Positiveness of the Divine Life, the text taken from Galatians v. 16: "This I say then, Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh." [1] The friends of Mr. Brooks at home were pained by the report that his sermon was a failure in consequence of his not making himself heard.

[1] This sermon is printed in the first volume of his *Sermons*, p. 373.

In the words of an American newspaper correspondent, "After the first ten minutes the speaker was inaudible at a few yards distance, having pitched his voice too high for the old Abbey." That there was some passing embarrassment is evident, but how differently Mr. Brooks regarded it from the newspaper correspondent is seen by his allusion to his experience in a letter to Rev. Charles D. Cooper, "The preaching went very well when I got used to the size of the Abbey." Another comment on the occurrence is interesting, because the writer of it, who was present, says that the preacher was distinctly heard: —

> About six o'clock P. M. we all started for church service at old Westminster Abbey where Phillips Brooks of Boston was advertised to preach at seven o'clock. We went quite early anticipating a crowd and secured a tolerably good position. The nave of the church where the services are held on Sunday evenings was very soon crowded. There was a choral service by men and boys. Dean Stanley read the Lessons and Mr. Brooks preached. . . . It is a very hard place to preach in . . . but he was distinctly heard, and the sermon was worthy of his reputation. It was a plain, practical enforcement of the great truths of his text, enunciated in simple yet elegant language, and altogether such a style of preaching as those old walls are not accustomed to. There may be better preachers here than the Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, but if so we have yet to hear them. We reached home soon after nine, grateful that we had had the privilege of hearing Mr. Brooks in Westminster Abbey, and still more grateful that God had given to Boston such a man and such a preacher.

Other acquaintances among the English clergy whom he mentions are Canon Fremantle and Professor Stanley Leathes, in whose church, St. Philip's, Regent Street, he preached. From London he passed to the Continent to spend several weeks, wandering through Normandy and Brittany, thence to Venice, and back through the Tyrol over the great Ampezzo Pass that he had long wanted to see, stopping at Innsbruck, Munich, Ratisbon, Nuremberg, Heidelberg; and at Worms, to which he was attracted by the memory of Luther. He liked to revisit spots like these with which he was already familiar, but the trip had been mainly planned

for the convenience of his brother. The sense of vacation, he writes, was complete and made Boston seem far away. The main interest was in looking at churches in Normandy and Brittany, the richness and beauty of whose architecture impressed him. He was gathering suggestions which would afterwards be of service.

We went up to Rouen and spent a lovely day among its old Gothic architecture. There is nothing more beautiful in Europe. Then we struck off into the country and for a week we have been wandering among old Norman towns . . . each with its churches six or eight hundred years old, some with magnificent cathedrals. . . . For a week we have wandered on through Brittany, looked at old castles and cathedrals. . . . I have been amazed at the richness of the old architecture of the country. In little out-of-the-way villages, reached only by rickety country wagons, we have found glorious and immense churches of rarest beauty, — churches that took centuries to build, and stand to-day perfect in their splendor, with wonderful glass in their windows, and columns and capitals that take your breath away for beauty.[1]

As he wandered he was thinking of the new Trinity Church in Boston that was growing in his absence. To Mr. Robert Treat Paine he sends these letters: —

Tours, France, August 4, 1874.

Dear Bob,— . . . And how 's the new Church? I dreamed of it when I wrote to you from London, and now I dream of it again, slowly rising, course on course. I should n't wonder if the robing room were done up to the eaves, but I would give much to step out of the hotel and look in the gorgeous moonlight at that blessed lot on the Back Bay. Sometimes I am very impatient at being away while it is all going on, but I comfort myself with promises of coming home to harder work with the first Sunday in October. I think of many things at this distance which if I can really do them when I get to Boston will make the Parish more entirely what it should be than, by my fault, it has been yet.

Normandy and Brittany have both been very great. O my dear Bob, such old glass as one sees in these Churches little and big. Some dreary little village off as far as Holaker or Aak will have windows, a whole nave and choir and transepts full of them, that would make our new Trinity the glory of America forever.

[1] *Letters of Travel*, pp. 173–176.

But we cannot have it, and the modern French glass seems to me poor, not at all equal to the best English.

I should like to be with you at Waltham now. My kindest love to Mrs. Paine and the children, and do write me often.

Always sincerely yours, P. B.

MUNICH, August 30, 1874.

DEAR BOB, — I thank you again for your kindness in writing to me. Yours of the 4th, a right good letter, reached me a few days ago in Venice. First let me say how I rejoice with you and Mrs. Paine in the birth of your little boy. Nothing can be indifferent to me that comes to your household where I have been so kindly made one of yourselves, and this new joy of yours is a joy to me too. May God bless the boy and make him all your heart can wish. I hope to know him better as the years go on.

I must not say much about the Church because these twenty-six days since your letter must have changed many things. Only do keep down the expense. Let 's decorate and beautify at our leisure, but start as clear as possible. I hear all sorts of good things about the new Chapel. "If the Church can equal the Chapel," says one, "it will be a great success." I look forward most impatiently to seeing it and going to work in it. The corner stone ought to be laid about the middle or last of October. We will go right about our preparations when I get home, but it will take two or three weeks to make the preparations and give the necessary notice. The notion of setting the old rosettes is first-rate.

So much for the Church. My summer goes swimmingly. I came down through Switzerland from France to Italy, but did no climbing. My climbing days are over. They never amounted to much. I only looked at Chamouni and Zermatt. Five royal days I spent in Venice. It was exquisite weather, and the gondola suited my lazy mood completely. Now my face is set towards England which I shall slowly reach, and then after two or three more days in London I sail in the Siberia for Boston on the 17th. How many things I have coveted for the new Church. There was a big mosaic at Salviati's that would glorify our Chancel. But let all that wait. Shall we not all be ready to continue our subscriptions for the new Church till it is done?

On the first Sunday in October, then, we are together again and, bright as this all is, I shall be truly glad.

My love to all your household, not forgetting the last born, and I am

Always yours, P. B.

No traveller returns to his own country, when the long ocean passage intervenes, without some measure of suspense or misgiving, lest bad news should await him on his arrival. For Mr. Brooks there was in reserve a great sorrow, in the sudden death of his brother Frederick. The story is told in his father's words, entered in a family record, where he chronicled briefly the events in the lives of his sons. The story of Frederick Brooks's short life summarily interrupted at the threshold of what promised to be a career of unusual success ends thus: —

In September, 1874, he came to the city to see a young friend who was sick, and who was to take charge of a school at Cleveland. Finding him unable, he went to Lowell for a teacher, September 15. On returning from there in the Boston & Lowell train he left the train at East Cambridge, intending to walk home on the railroad bridge. The night being dark he fell through the draw and was drowned. This was about 8.30 P. M. He was thirty-two years of age. The body was not found until the 20th in the Charles River. Funeral services were held September 24, at Emmanuel Church, and he was laid in Mount Auburn.

The friendship between these two brothers was close and beautiful. The older brother had followed with sympathetic interest and aid every step of the younger brother's progress, from his days in the Latin School, and then through Harvard College. Two years they had lived together while Frederick Brooks was at the Divinity School in Philadelphia. For the aid, the sympathy, the brotherly love he received, the younger brother showed his appreciation, as when he wrote to Phillips: "I wish you would let me say what a jump I give to get one of your letters. They are one of the things that help along my year mightily." From the time of his ordination, Frederick Brooks was recognized as a preacher of singular attractiveness. Calls to various parishes had been the evidence that he was recognized as having some important work to do. For a time he had been at Des Moines, Iowa, to get a touch of Western life; then he became rector of a prominent church, St. Paul's, in Cleveland, Ohio. To the interests

of this church he gave, says his brother, "devoted care, proving himself a rare pastor and preacher, helping and teaching many souls, and building his parish work with singular solidity and power." He became editor of the "Standard of the Cross," and gave the paper "a marked and noble character." His inherited interest in education led him to establish a school in Cleveland, which should give the best classical preparation. In this cause he came to his lamented death.

The first of the two letters that follow was written to Dr. Weir Mitchell, the second to the Rev. George Augustus Strong: —

Boston, Tuesday, September 29, 1874.

Dear Weir, — I cannot say how much I thank you for your letter. It has helped me through to-day, but I seem all lost and bewildered with such an utterly unlooked-for sorrow. It will all come right by and by, but just now there is nothing to do except to sit down and think it all over in a dull and weary sort of way. Fred was very near to me, and few people knew, what crowds would have known a few years hence, the ability and character that was in him. That is not gone out, and must have some richer field to work in than this world. But it is the terribleness of it all, and the way we shall miss him and need him all our lives, and the wretchedness at home where Father and Mother are as brave and forlorn as possible.

Boston, October 18, 1874.

My dear George, — I never knew how good a friend you were till I got your letter last week about dear Fred. Since I came home I have thought of writing to you because I wanted to talk with you, and because I knew you had seen something of him who was not out of my thoughts for a moment, though I had no idea how well you knew him and how much you cared for him, and because I wanted to thank you for the good kind words you sent to Father and Mother, which helped their poor hearts very much. But I did n't write, and by and by your letter came. I should be quite ashamed to say fully with what feeling I read it. It has been good to hear a great many people say kind and honorable and appreciative things about Fred, but there were so few who knew him well enough to really love him and feel as I feel about the beauty of his simple working and thinking life.

I cannot write about him, but I should like so much to be with you in your home and hear you talk of him. I do want so to see

you, my dear George. These three weeks since I came home have been, just between ourselves, pretty wretched. I have tried and tried to get out of my mind the dreadful circumstances of it all. When I can shut them out for a moment and think only of his life here and the life he has begun beyond I am more than happy. I am thankful and full of rejoicing. But almost all the time the terrible scene is before me, and I think I have come nearer to being gloomy and out of heart with life than I ever did before. But I have n't been and I shan't be.

I am talking all about myself. To my Father and Mother, who are getting old now, and whose house is empty of their children, it has been sad enough. It makes my heart ache to go up there and see them. Thank you again for your kind thoughtfulness. I am coming out to Cleveland this week.

On Sunday the 25th of October Mr. Brooks stood in his brother's pulpit in Cleveland, Ohio, preaching in the morning from the text, "Are the consolations of God small with thee?" (Job xv. 11),[1] and in the afternoon another well-known sermon, with the title, "The good will of Him that dwelt in the Bush" (Deut. xxxiii. 16).[2] Again in the evening he preached, and his text was, "It became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, . . . to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings" (Heb. ii. 10). This was the record of a day to be remembered by the preacher and his hearers. Another duty devolved upon him, to visit the deserted room where the traces of activity suddenly interrupted were all about him. Into his musings, as he sat there alone with memory, we do not enter. He looked over the sermons of his brother, and from them selected a volume for publication. In the preface, he alluded briefly to the beauty and power of his life. At a later time, when writing his Lectures on Preaching, he made this terse reference without further explanation, "To-day I have been thinking of one whom I knew, — nay, one whom I know, — who finished his work and went to God."

[1] *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 98.

[2] *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 39.

CHAPTER VIII

1873–1877

SERVICES IN HUNTINGTON HALL. EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOKS. METHOD OF PREPARING SERMONS. ESSAY ON COURAGE. CONTEMPORANEOUS ACCOUNTS OF PHILLIPS BROOKS AS A PREACHER. TESTIMONY OF PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

During more than four years the congregation of Trinity Church worshipped in Huntington Hall on Boylston Street. If it were a disadvantage to be deprived of the accessories and associations which make religion impressive, yet there were compensations. The location was more convenient, the accommodations more ample, and to many it constituted an inducement rather than a hindrance that the reminders of conventional worship were wanting. But it required a greater effort on the part of the preacher to hold his congregation together during this unexpectedly long period of waiting. That Mr. Brooks felt the harder necessity which had been placed upon him, and summoned his strength to meet it, is apparent in many ways, but chiefly in the greater results which he accomplished. The extracts which were cited in a previous chapter might seem to indicate that he had already taken the place in Boston which he had occupied in Philadelphia. But there is some evidence going to show that the three years in the old church on Summer Street had not exhibited the fruit anticipated. Thus the afternoon service on Sundays continued to be thinly attended, however large might be the congregation in the morning. This problem of the Sunday afternoons and the second service was an unwelcome inheritance, not easily overcome. To a clerical friend who once preached for him to one of these small congregations, he

remarked that it was not like the old days in Philadelphia. Then the church had been filled to its utmost capacity, in the afternoon as well as in the morning.

From the time that he began to officiate in Huntington Hall, there came a change so marked in the direction and the manifestation of his power that these years were not remembered or lamented as a period of deprivation of ecclesiastical privileges, but rather cherished for the richer spiritual influence which they brought. The secular hall took on a sacred character. The preacher rose high above disadvantage or limitation. The afternoon service soon began to be as well attended as the morning, nor were the accommodations sufficient to meet the demands of the thronging congregation. It was a reminder of the early days of the Christian church, when as yet it lacked temples and altars and the symbolic pageantry of the later centuries, when the spoken word was alone in itself adequate to reach the intellect and to melt the heart. To the preacher it must have meant a setting free from the traditions and embarrassments of a former régime, as if like St. Paul he was at liberty to build for himself and not upon other men's foundations. This sense of rejoicing in a larger freedom runs through these years, giving them a character of their own; there was a joy and happiness in the preacher which was diffused throughout the congregation. But it should be mentioned as a touching instance of his dependence upon associations, or of his desire to maintain the continuousness of his life, that he sent a request, which at once was granted, to the Church of the Holy Trinity for the lecturn or preaching desk at which he had stood when delivering his Wednesday evening lectures.

The main event, of course, during these years was the building of the new Trinity Church in Copley Square. Before, however, we turn to describe it, we may dwell for a moment upon some features in the preaching of Phillips Brooks which are as interesting as they are important. He had not written many sermons since he came to Boston, for he had been occupied and somewhat distracted by the great

transition in his life. He had fallen back upon his old Philadelphia sermons, using as many of them as he was still willing to preach, taking, as it were, his final leave of his old self before launching out anew and letting down his nets for a fresh draught. His sermon record book shows but forty new sermons to have been written in the years from 1870 to 1873. There was here no idleness or waste of time. It was the opportunity for large and varied reading, — a period of refilling and of quiet waiting, wherein convictions took root and matured, till he should be ready for some larger utterance. Another forward movement in his career of triumph was slowly coming in the years of his ministry in Huntington Hall. The signs of intellectual and spiritual growth may be traced in the multiplication of the note-books. He carried them in his pocket, and at any time might be seen recording thoughts as they were flashing through his mind. Some kind of note-book was his inseparable companion.

What his earlier method was of writing a sermon or of preparation for writing we do not know. That the sermon was often left till the end of the week, finished only in time for its delivery, is apparent from allusions in his diaries. When he first began to preach he wrote two sermons every week. After he went to Holy Trinity he wrote but one, to be preached in the morning; while his gift for extemporaneous preaching was brought into exercise on Sunday afternoons and in his Wednesday evening lectures. Many of the plans for these earlier extemporaneous sermons remain, showing that they had been carefully elaborated. It was one of his peculiarities that he remembered his work and seemed to hold it in account, so that often he turned back to these plans, as if they held an equal place in his estimation with the written sermons. He had another and a fortunate characteristic, that his mind kindled quickly with his own thoughts, even after many years had gone by, with the result that old sermons were as fresh to him as those that were newly written.

There was always a curious interest among the clergy and theological students who cultivated the art of preaching to know the methods by which Mr. Brooks did his work. The

sense of form, the literary charm, the almost prodigal abundance of thought and illustration, the spontaneity which made a written sermon possess the full effect of an extemporaneous utterance inspired by the moment, — this called for explanation, if so be that he could communicate to others the valued secret. Now that we know the entire process, the secret appears a simple one. Preaching was the one exclusive object that occupied his mind. The message to be delivered and the form it should take in order to be most effective, — to that simple end he devoted himself. From morning till night, in every hour of leisure or apparent relaxation, on his journeys, in vacations, in social assemblies, he was thinking of subjects for sermons, turning over new aspects of old truths, thrilled inwardly with the possibility of giving better form than had yet been given to old, familiar doctrine. In a word, he concentrated his thought upon one thing, — it was preaching; that was what he lived for, and for that cause he might almost be said to have come into the world. Beneath the nonchalant, trifling manner which seemed at times to refuse to take anything seriously, the humor that played about solemn and sacred themes, the deep undertone of his spirit was sounding without cessation or interruption.

The first shape which the sermon took was the brief hint in the note-book. It was an apparent necessity to put it into writing, or it would not have been that every sermon may thus be traced in its genesis, even every casual speech on slight occasions. One might have thought that after so many years of preparation it would have been possible for him to make a few minutes' talk after dinner, or to boys in school or college, without first writing down the idea on which he was to touch, and then expanding it into a complete plan. In the reminiscences by Dr. Weir Mitchell [1] an account of one of these extemporaneous addresses is given, as it seemed to have been born at the moment, without premeditation. But in truth it had long been in his mind what he should say, and the analysis had been written out. He never trusted to the moment to bring him inspiration. To give other

[1] Cf. *ante*, vol. i. p. 634.

illustrations, he often went to Cambridge to address the students of the St. Paul's Society at Harvard, but in every case the analysis of his remarks may be found in his notebooks or on detached sheets of paper. On some occasions he availed himself of ideas which he was working up in other connections, but it still remained true that he took thought beforehand and never allowed himself to feel it would be given to him, when called upon, what he should speak. That was a privilege of the apostolic age, and it had not been reserved for him.

It is not known that he ever found himself in a position where he was forced to speak when he had made no special preparation, although there were occasions having a resemblance to emergencies when he was saved by what seems like mysterious interposition, or the working of some reserve force within him. Such an incident is described by the Rev. Percy Browne, to whom Mr. Brooks communicated it: —

In one of the later years when Christmas fell in the middle of the week, Mr. Brooks had prepared two sermons, — one for Christmas Day, and the other for the morning of the Sunday after Christmas. He preached the first sermon as it was intended. On the Sunday morning after Christmas he went up into the pulpit, and as the choir were singing the last stanza of the hymn he looked down at the sermon before him, when to his horror he discovered that he had made a mistake and had brought with him to church the sermon preached some two or three days before. He then reminded himself that he had prepared another sermon to be preached extemporaneously in the afternoon, — but both the text and the plan had vanished from his memory. In his despair he hastened down from the pulpit and went to the lecturn where he began in almost reckless fashion to turn over the leaves of the Bible in the hope that the lost text might recur to him. And then suddenly, at the critical moment when the large congregation were waiting for him to begin, the text flashed upon his mind, with a vivid picture of the plan of the sermon. Some one in the congregation, who was asked if he noticed anything peculiar, said he only remarked that Mr. Brooks seemed to have changed his mind after reaching the pulpit, and concluded that he would prefer to preach from the lecturn. The reason for the change he did not know, but he recalled that sermon as one of the most powerful and impressive he had ever heard.

A few specimens are here given from his pocket note-books in order to show the ideas germinating in his mind which were afterwards to be developed into sermons; they also serve to illustrate the character of his preaching and the tone of thought at the moment when they were written. One year is as good as another for this purpose, and we fix upon 1874, when he was preaching in Huntington Hall: —

What do we mean by hope and cheerfulness about the future? We know that despair and weariness all come, we don't ignore them. But from the distance we see the greater power enveloping all and working and making peace.

The difference of the sense of mystery in life in different persons. About alike in those who think nothing about it and in those who have a settled scheme.

There are days which seem to be made up of spring and autumn, which have the hope of one and the despair of the other. Our time is like such a day.

The relation of the Church to social life, throughout its history. The Church and the religion are not always the same, but (and it is a weighty truth) the Church cannot long lag behind the religion. Christianity the religion at once of individuality and society, and so of social life which must have both of these in it.

The way the Bible strikes at the average respectability, as in the Elder Brother and Pharisees, yet never would overturn. No socialism; always full of virtue and order, always bringing up the better from below, always making growth the changing force, always developing. That the whole secret of reform. Other systems purely destructive; have tried to appropriate Christianity, but have failed.

When an end has been made of the people's old religion, of their faith, and of the God-made man of the Gospel, do you know what was substituted? The faith in the God-made man of socialism. For what is socialism at bottom? It is man believing himself God, in the sense that he believes himself capable of destroying evil and suffering. (Life of Montalembert, vol. ii. p. 112.)

For thus saith the Lord unto the house of Israel, Seek ye me,

and ye shall live. Amos v. 4. One must be in harmony with the principles of life in order to live; for example, the forces of nature, the laws of the land, the men about us, of all good things. This must be what is meant by seeking God; not His favor, but His nature. This is what is meant by Christ reconciling us to God. The full life of Jesus. . . . There is a rich vitality in the man who has sought God.

We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. Acts xix. 2. What is perfectly real to us so often entirely strange to other men. What we cannot live without they never miss. . . . But in every such case the soul is all the time getting help unconsciously; the Spirit not confined to those times and places where He consciously is. . . . What they lose by their unconsciousness.

And there was great joy in that city. Acts viii. 8. Religion primarily personal, secondarily social. Evil of reversing this. But after the personal, the social to be considered. What would a city be with Christianity accepted universally? 1. Belief. 2. Behavior. 3. Charity. City joy is made up, independently of personal happiness, of social life, business prosperity, and public spirit. The love of company. A revival in a city. The beauty and healthiness of it. . . . The qualities wanted in civic life are just the Christian qualities.

Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee. Acts iii. 3. There is something better for us to *have* than money. So there must be something better to *give*. The greatest benefactors have not given money. Christ. So of those who have helped you most. Not make anything I say an excuse for not giving money. What we can give, — Ideas, Inspiration, Comfort, and above all access to God for what He can give alone, — Forgiveness and Grace. . . . A man must really possess himself before he can really give himself to another.

Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are. James v. 17. General tendency to think the great men so much greater than we are. What is and what is not common to men (Declaration of Independence). Settle it that privilege must belong with character, and then there can be no arbitrary inequality. "*And I will not be judged by any that never felt the like,*" said Richard Baxter on his wife's death.

The first fruits of them that slept. 1 Cor. xv. 20. . . . Christ made death seem and be a sleep. He established, that is,

that sleep was its true figure. This includes these ideas, (1) Its naturalness. To sleep and to awaken again is altogether natural. The sonnet of Blanco White. The relation of this revelation to the wishes and hopes of the race. (2) The refreshing, renewing power. Sleep brings back the energy of the last morning, only with the added wisdom and experience of the past day. So of the resurrection life of Christ. The restoral of the first life, only with the complete and redemptive work added, all the fatigue and pain over. So your resurrection life. Restored to the Image of God, only with the experience of life put in.

And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? Matt. xxi. 10. A great city in excitement always a thrilling and touching thing. For there life is at its fullest. . . . 1. The impressibility of men. 2. The ignorance: hooting boys, nay, even men, who don't know what it is all about. 3. The vast uncultured power that is there; what they might do. 'T is very like a beast. 'T is insignificant in detail, but mighty in combination.

Country good after town, as night after day, as sleep after work, but that is all.

The moved city is the emphasis of ideas by humanity, adding nothing to their inherent reasonableness, but very much to their convincing force.

Who is this? a wonder worker, a truth teacher, a soul changer? There must be a Theology, a Christology. Refuge in mere moralism will not do. It is too shallow. If there be a Christ we *must* know Him, think *something* of Him.

Christ's view of human nature. A general view necessary. Views lightly formed. Views of easy humanitarians: present views of universal corruption. — Constant variation from wretched misanthropy to wretched optimism. — The necessity of some general conception. How it will influence single judgments. Two sources — consciousness and experience.

Christ's view in parable of Prodigal Son, Woman of Samaria, and Simon Peter; in the Temptation, Transfiguration, Crucifixion.

Practical results of this view, — deep indignation with sin, sober hope and work, enthusiasm for man without folly.

The Gadarenes beseeching Jesus to depart from their coast. Matt. viii. 34. The shrinking from any great experience.

This one reason why with all their complaint of the world and themselves men do not strive for improvement.

The magnitude of Christianity appalls men. How they get rid

of it: by formalism; by indifference; by breaking down the truth.

The way in which Jesus lifts us to our work. He will not go; is better than our prayers.

That awful prayer! . . . Depart from us, O Christ! half unconsciously; by business absorption.

Imagine the whole world eager for its highest. How it would take Christ.

One element of our shrinking from death, — the natural fear of the unknown.

But Christ goes into it with us, surrounding and tempting us with His love. The fear of great emotion is lost as He is with us. He is with us in a lower and so leads us to a higher state. . . .

Start with the truth that Christianity is Christ.

And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. Job i. 12. The limited power of evil, — the self that it cannot touch. Apply to Christian trials, to disturbed faith, to bereavements, to loss of property.

The need of a central definite self. The need of valuing it above all things.

The power of trouble to disentangle the self. Compare the limits of Satan's power over Jesus. Christ the assertor of a man's self. . . .

To know the depths to which each sort of suffering and temptation may go, how deep loss of money, loss of health, loss of friends, loss of reputation. . . . God's willingness to let everything else go, to save the man's own self. That explains so much.

The Religious Fear. Nervousness, or with some the Religious scare of the present moment. The need of religion being driven (1) to more reality, (2) to more applicability, (3) to more depth. Are not the present tendencies doing it?

What to do! Not modify religion to every demand; the great liberty now to seek the absolute truth and match our ideas to it.

Threefold danger, — cultivated skepticism, low life, Romanism. Faith in God. Show what it means. Not that He will support our dogma, but that He will bring His truth, and if our dogma and Church is not that, we do not wish it. So I always stand before you.

Who against Hope believed in Hope. Rom. iv. 18. Spoken of Abraham the father of us all.

The lower hope and the higher. Hope in the probabilities of

nature; and hope in the promises of God. The two levels of life. So our hope of comfort, of renewal.

These two regions everywhere, — the natural and the transcendental.

Apply to standards of life; what we may expect of man. Apply to evidences of God and Jesus and eternity.

Modern unbelief from admitting only lower evidences. Higher evidence is by consciousness and revelation.

Giving none offence in any thing, that the ministry be not blamed. 2 Cor. vi. 3. What the classes are, — Dogmatic bigots; the utterly indifferent; earnest believers. . . .

What ought to be our feeling towards each?

1. Toward the bigot. Describe the evils of bigotry, always on the verge of Phariseeism. The great variety of it, may be Roman or Puritan. How can I feel about it? One man says, "Trample it under foot;" another man says, "Accept it for its spirit, no matter about its ideas." Neither is good. Get hold of its good and develop that. Look on the bigot as mistaken in the search for truth.

2. Look on the indifferent as capable of truth. . . . This illustrated by Paul's treatment of Athenians, — the very pattern of our treatment of the indifferent by our side. The universal God is the basis of everything.

3. The need of having settled principles on which to regulate our life with one another. What are the principles which Christianity brings to bear: 1. God's love for all and guidance of all. 2. The common teachableness. 3. The resurrection and eternal life. 4. The personal conscience. 5. The worth of the soul above the body. All these made manifest by the Incarnation.

Some time a strong sermon on the Incarnation.

You cannot carry Christianity everywhere, but you can carry Christ.

The character of the arguments to which men's minds are open one of the best indications of their calibre.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Matt. xi. 28. Rest only in Character. Talk about the restlessness of America which is connected with the lack of national character. The causes of that lack in absence of traditions and in the access of foreigners.

Rest has true self-respect, the ideal before it.

The miserable seeking for equilibrium in circumstances.

Restlessness is discontent which has no ideal before it. Discontent which has an ideal is progress.

Trouble not the Master. Two cases where the disciples interfered, to prevent Christ being disturbed: Bartimæus and the Children. Their anticipation of the tendency of Churchmen to shut up Christ to certain activities, and to lose his spontaneousness and freeness. The causes of such a tendency. Analyze into a care for Him and a lurking, half-unconscious fear of exhaustion; for example, Salvability of the heathen; Forgiveness of very great sins; Salvation of errorists; Few that be saved. (1872.)

Sermon on *Forgiveness*, as the purpose of the Gospel. . . . The prerequisites of forgiveness are repentance and faith, . . . not remorse and belief. A reconciled God, the grandeur of that idea. . . . Has it not been done by Christ in the world and in the heart? If men come into the councils of God and dwell there as they could not of old, has not He done it? And by the death of Christ, is not that true also? Sin has been made hideous, obedience lovely, love evident. Then how evident that not by any mere outward works the forgiveness is obtained. (1872.)

Come and see. The proper appeal that may be made to a skeptic, to come and test Christianity: 1. The truth of the Bible. 2. The phenomenon of Christ. 3. The Christian History. 4. The religious experience by putting himself into the power of what he did hold.

But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Atheism, Pantheism, Deism, Incarnation. Then the spiritual conception of an indwelling God, a God who is *in*, not *is*, the human soul.

Say the Lord hath need of him. God's need of men; the solution of Calvinism. The opposite statements of Spiritual things which may both be true.

Humility. To be gained both by sense of our own weakness and by the bigness of others. . . . Humility and self-respect entirely consistent.

That they should seek after God, if haply they might feel after and find Him, though He is not far from every one of us. God nearer than we think. We are blind to what is nearest to us always. Christ the exhibition of a nearness of God which is already a fact. The difference if we understood it all. God the atmosphere of life.

Some said that it thundered; others that an angel spake unto Him. The profound and superficial explanations of things.

Everything is capable of both. . . . Common occurrences of life, discernment or non-discernment of spiritual causes. Religious experiences; nervous or spiritual? Existence or non-existence of angels? Which is the more logical or true to fact?

The relation of Christ to modern social life. The disposition in earliest times to divide Christian Society from Pagan. The necessity of it then, the undesirableness of it now. Does this make the task of Christianity easier or harder? Does it not make it much harder, requiring watchfulness more?

Whether they will hear or forbear. The absoluteness of duty as distinct from its relativeness. The whole subject of considering consequences and results.

Ah, Lord God, they say of me, doth he not speak parables? Sermon to people who think themselves not understood. Of course they are not, in one sense nobody is. . . . God understands you. Is that really a help? The power of the Incarnation here, Christ's life misunderstood. Perhaps you are not so misunderstood. Others know us in some ways better than ourselves. The tendency of our time to self-consciousness. Our houses full of it. Specify various special instances. . . . The misunderstood religions. The would-be Benefactor, Teacher, Idealist, Leader.

Men's hearts failing them for fear. Descriptive of our time. The tendency of such times.

Even so come, Lord Jesus. On the willingness to meet and welcome great experiences.

The beauty and strength of reserve. The fact of God's reserve and then some of the laws of it. The fact, in science, in religious truth, in personal treatment, in prophecy; the limits of revelation; the Incarnation a hiding as well as an exhibition. The *laws* of reserve; reserve is for stimulus, not for vexation. Reserve is of what is curious, not what is useful. The necessity of reserve; Jewish and Christian ways of looking at; essential and arbitrary. Man's feeling to a reserved God and a garrulous God.

Is devotion in proportion to advance in civilization? Is then religion to be tested by our civilization? Answer, No! but by its ability to carry on its own work. It has made civilization and carried it so far.

The relation of Christianity and society all along. It has worked so differently; has made the monastery and made the home.

Chivalry, the desire to be with the weak; a repugnance from strong causes; strong in many natures instinctively, for example, Montalembert.

From the ideas as they first took shape in his mind we turn to the process by which the finished product was reached. He ceased repeating, as he had done, the Philadelphia sermons. His mind was teeming with thoughts which came faster than he could utilize them. The trouble, he said, was not to find subjects to preach about, there was no danger of failure of topics, but of inability to exhaust the topics. For many years he now wrote regularly one sermon each week. Also he devoted the week to this one sermon, for he could still command his time, at least the best part of every morning. Before Monday came he had the text in his mind on which he was to write. If he had failed to secure his text or subject before the week began, he knew there was danger of failing to produce a sermon. It was his custom on Monday morning to have his friends about him, for that was his day of rest. But as they sat in his study and the light humorous conversation ran on, in which he delighted, his mind never lost sight of the idea which inspired him. On the mornings of Monday and Tuesday he was bringing together in his note-book or on scraps of paper the thoughts which were cognate to his leading thought or necessary for its illustration and expansion, collecting, as he called it, the material for the sermon. Wednesday morning he devoted entire to writing out the plan which he would follow. In these plans there was something unusual, even remarkable. Hundreds of them remain, for from the time he adopted this method he continued to follow it scrupulously down to the last sermon he wrote. To these plans he must have attached importance, preserving them with care, and often making use of them in various ways. They deserve therefore some description.

What is noticeable, then, in the first place is the unvarying uniformity of their size and appearance, as though the working of his mind were somewhat dependent on the outward form of the paper on which he wrote. They are written

in a handwriting so small that they resemble nothing so much as some specimens of ancient Puritan sermons, where it was a matter of economy of paper, and a sermon was condensed into the smallest possible space. There is a suggestion here of some inherited touch from his clerical ancestors, in remote generations, which may have been unconsciously impelling him. He took a half sheet of sermon paper, folding it once, thus making four small pages, some seven inches by less than five in their dimensions, which he was to fill. It is also worthy of remark that he invariably filled them out to the last remaining space on the last page, as though only in this way he could be sure that he had sufficient material for his sermon. So condensed is the handwriting that each one of these plans will average about one thousand words, — in itself a short sermon. Each plan contained when it was finished a dozen or more detached paragraphs. His next task — and this is the most curious feature of all — was to go over the paragraphs, each of which contained a distinct idea, and was to become, when expanded, a paragraph in the finished sermon, placing over against each the number of pages it would occupy when it had been amplified. Then he added the numbers together. Thirty pages was the limit of the written sermon. If these numbers of assigned pages fell short of thirty he reviewed his plan to see where he might best expand, or where to reduce if he had too many. It was extraordinary that one who gave the impression of such utter spontaneity, whose sermons seemed to come by a flash of inspiration, costing no effort, should have thus limited himself in fixed and apparently mechanical ways.

The hardest part of his work was accomplished when he had completed his plan. Thursday and Friday mornings were devoted to writing the sermon; and as each sermon contained some five thousand words a considerable amount of labor was still required. But he wrote with rapidity and ease, rarely making a correction, and in a large, legible, and graceful handwriting, which looks like a study in penmanship. Evidently it was a pleasure to him to write a sermon under these conditions. He came to each paragraph as to a work of art,

Prov. 20:27

"The Spirit of man is the Candle of the Lord"—

The Essential connection of mans life & God is the great truth of the word. And it is this truth which David sets forth. The picture. There is fire which is vague & lost. The Lamp gives it a manifestation point from all the Lights and in which it stands. Without it the light would go out & be diffused. Here it gets its true radiation. And the two imply a certain belonging to each other such as fire & wax. The capacity of obedience we may call it in general. The rock cannot & obey. It can split but cannot yield. The wax or oil obeys.

Now David transfers that to human life. One being is another's candle. Of two men one influencing another. The reader of a Book. the Hearer of a Speech. The Child & the Father. The great writer of a time. Paul's talk about "Our Epistles". This the great truth about God which David speaks. The two truths which we have seen enclosed are 1. The relation of nature. and 2d. The need of obedience. Here too Here is an unhuman humanity. That Spirit & does not live in contact with God—

This fixes the central condition of human. Describes the old & new philosophy. The only real ground of man is that he utters God. Man & nature. The great new light he brings. And that light is God's light. The disturbance of light & the progress of light. The power of such illumination to declare the Glory of God—

What is it of God that man may declare—three things which make the quality of Deity. Power & Righteousness. The first includes intelligence & Love. The second involves moral

life. Now as a man becomes obedient to God He gives with these things which He is made to Express. Hope Intelligence & the pure happiness of righteousness. Describe this in the great geniuses. the noble leaders of the race. Then describe it in the poor child or humble saint. There are great & little lamps all burning with the same fire.

Abb this suppose But on the other hand there may be lamps all complete but unlighted. dark because they never open themselves to his illumination. This is the case with low minded people & with selfish people. They are unlighted lights. They are proud of their chasing & painting. They have no real light. The people who impress us as having qualities which do not shine. The hidden shine which sometimes comes into a life. the Conversion Glory. It is not the alteration of a nature it is the illumination of a nature.

Along with this comes also the power of transferring light. Lamp lighted from Lamp. The power of soul to communicate God to another soul. The double obligation of this soul which has received it. The indebtedness to the bottom by whom the light came & to God. The way the two do not interfere when it is really the light of God. The ways it does when it is not.

One other thing is the illumination of the Candle of the Lord with its unholy fire. It flashes but still it has a lurid light. This is the picture of genius that is on fire with lust. of Byronism. of. the

power to shine of ungodly acts. The awfulness of it - of seeing how light a man can be with out goodness. The way it fascinates men -

Yet another thing comes when the candle mixes its own nature with the object that it reflects. The white pure light turns red. The way the mirror may do the same for the object that it shows. This makes all sorts of likely bigotry & prejudices. The true divinity that there is there, but along with it the human passion or pride. This does not interfere with the true presence of individuality, but it does keep out the falseness of the pervaded life.

There is one thing more. The Expansiveness motion of candle. Jesus's talk to his disciples - Ye are the light of the world. Danger of Bushel. The need of knowing that we must attest God to all men. Yet this lost in the mere consciousness of shining. only not hinder it.

Yet all these things righted in Jesus. His skin was life & the life was the light of men. Then how all this that we have said is true of him. The meaning of his mediatorship. The pure humanity at one with God. The essence of it was obedience. The way in which the nature entirely submitted itself to God's nature. It had no self of its own to mix with him. It was only the utterance of his life. And entirely

fires could not touch it, could not make it burn.

Now here is a truly new conception of life. Man is something to be lighted & to be obedient to the flame that illuminates him. How different from the ideas of self-shining which we have always had. But how evidently it is the only idea of which you can make a true, generous, & truthfully aired. This is the quality of faith. Oh to be nothing & O to be something. Show the essential unity between them, their harmony. How the impulse to be fit for God is the noblest standard of culture.

The candles that take so much care. The care that shall make a man a candle of God. The way for you to come to it. You have sinned. You have failed in your attempt to do right. But if you will only take forgiveness & new life will begin. By Grace through faith.

The various ways in which we may be what the intention of the highest life. Is any higher than this. To fulfil my manhood in attending God. The glory of that. The unselfish culture. For what Christ sets up by example & precept as the law of life.

knowing just the limits it should have, with no anxiety about proportions, no fear lest his material should fail him.

I have been reading these plans carefully [writes a friend of Mr. Brooks to whom they have been submitted], comparing them bit by bit with the printed sermons, and was interested to find how closely he kept to his plan as a whole, both the order of the passages and the number of pages allotted to each. How the dry bones live! The earlier synopses seemed to me less finished than the ones written only later by a few years. For instance the "Curse of Meroz" in 1877 has an occasional outburst apparently for himself alone, "It makes one mad;" "the muddy humility of Uriah Heep." Indeed, I noticed a number of personal applications which do not appear in the sermons themselves. In the "Greatness of Faith" opposite the words "blatant infidel" is written "Ingersoll." I have also found passages marked for three pages reduced to half a page, the example of a man building a house changed to one facing a great grief, and in "Christian Charity" whole passages and even ideas left entirely out. He must have feared his own facility and the glowing images that came crowding into his mind to tie himself down so, almost as a poet would, into sonnet form.[1]

What has been said of his method of preparing a written sermon applies equally to his extemporaneous sermons. Always there was the plan elaborated and written out and afterwards filed for future reference. There are many hundreds of these plans, but this difference is to be noted, that in making them he used a full sheet of sermon paper, with the handwriting large and bold, clearly with the purpose in view of taking them into the pulpit. He could not thus have utilized the plans of the written sermon, for the handwriting was so small as to have required a magnifying glass to read it. In this way he cultivated himself in the art of extempore preaching. The practice which he had in

[1] How early Mr. Brooks adopted this method of making plans for his sermons is uncertain. Cf. *Remembrances of Phillips Brooks*, where the Rev. George A. Strong writes: "A stay of a week with him in Philadelphia once, while he was still in charge of 'Holy Trinity,' showed me how he wrote his sermons. 'Take a book and pipe,' he said one morning, 'and let me map out work for to-morrow.' The pen ran on as if the note-paper 'plan' were an offhand letter, and after an hour or so of absolute stillness the close-written sheet went into the desk."

amplifying his ideas in the written sermon helped him when preaching without notes, for he rarely took them into the pulpit, to keep within limits, and to build up a sermon with as much skill and success as when he wrote it out word for word in his study. But all this preparation served a greater end, to give him freedom in the pulpit. Often when he was most powerful he had departed from the manuscript before him, or ceased to follow the plan laid out. He was never more effective than when he delivered some written sermon extemporaneously. In such cases he did not use the manuscript for preparation, but went to the plan on which it had been written, coming again under the influence of the original idea which had first inspired him, and then giving to it such fresh treatment as made it seem as if he were delivering a new sermon.

It is another characteristic of Phillips Brooks as a preacher that he made no effort to follow the rule enjoined in rhetorical treatises calling for a culmination at the end of the discourse, for which the most effective points or arguments should be reserved. On the contrary he often, perhaps generally, came to his climax as he began. He followed the artist's method, rather than the rhetorician's, throwing his leading idea upon the canvas in bold outline, and then holding his audience with a gaze, growing deeper in its intensity as with an artist's power he filled up the outline and made a living, speaking portrait. What he was doing in every sermon was to reproduce the personal process through which he himself had passed from the moment when he grasped a truth till he had traced out in his own experience its relation to life and to all other truth. He first opened his soul to the influence of the truth which was to constitute his message, devising the most forcible method in order to make it appeal to his own heart, and then under the influence of this conviction he wrote his sermon. He studied its effect upon himself before studying how to reach a congregation. This process kept him natural, sincere, and unaffected, preserving his personality in all that he said, and free from the dangers of conventionalism or artificiality. No one ever charged him

with employing the artifices of rhetoric to accomplish his end, nor did his hearers harden themselves against his teaching under the suspicion that he moved them by sensational methods. Although the rules of rhetoric require that the strongest argument should be placed last if an audience is to be stirred by the orator to accept the truth which he advocates, yet in real life the strongest argument comes first, and is confirmed by the lesser reasons which may be alleged. This was Phillips Brooks's method. There was a letting down of the audience as he closed from the exaltation with which he began to the sober application of his truth in the realities of life.

During these years, while Trinity Church was worshipping in Huntington Hall, Phillips Brooks, as has been said, gave himself up almost exclusively to the work of preaching. There is the record of only two important addresses which he gave, both of them significant not only for their inherent value, but as illustrations of his methods of work, and for the latter reason they may here be mentioned. He went to Worcester in December, 1874, to deliver an address before the Massachusetts Teachers' Association. His subject was "Milton as an Educator," and it was treated with apparent learning, with the marks of familiarity with his theme, as well as with its remoter scientific bearings. But why, one is tempted to ask, should an association of teachers, knowing so well the needs of their profession, call upon one who was not a professed educator for this service? And how should the busy parish minister find time for the investigation of his subject, so that he could speak the word which would give to teachers the stimulus and encouragement for which they craved? Or did Mr. Brooks have the art of cramming in a short time so as to give the appearance of erudition, and for the rest dress up the old platitudes under some temporary mood of enthusiasm? The truth is that six months before, while he was abroad for his summer's vacation, he was making his preparation. For years he had been studying the life and times of Milton. He took with him as he went away the important books on the subject of education by Milton,

Locke, Bacon, and Herbert Spencer. He studied Quick's "Essays on Educational Reformers," then went for himself to the writings of Quintilian, Montaigne, Comenius, Pestalozzi, and Basedow. When we add to this special preparation his interest in the subject of teaching, his efforts for many years to detect the methods of success, his experience in visiting schools, his gifts of insight and of observation, his philosophical capacity for tracing relationships of thought, unobvious to many, we have the evidence that he was not seeking to pose as a scholar outside of his own department, but was doing conscientious and faithful work.

Another address was delivered at the anniversary of the Massachusetts State Normal School, in July, 1875, when his subject was "Courage." [1] The preparation for it was made a long time in advance, and among the writings of Phillips Brooks it occupies a most important place. We are haunted as we read with the conviction that we have before us a chapter from his experience, had he chosen to give it a personal form. He tells us his method of reading: —

> The habit of review reading is hostile to literary courage. To read merely what some one has said about a book is probably as unstimulating, as unfertilizing a process as the human mind can submit to. . . . Read books themselves. To read a book is to make a friend; if it is worth your reading you meet a man; you go away full of his spirit; if there is anything in you, he will quicken it. . . . To make young people know the souls of books and find their own souls in knowing them, that is the only way to cultivate their literary courage.

But it is the subject itself which is most suggestive. If we might fix upon one word to describe the character of Phillips Brooks, it would be courage. It was written in his appearance and manner, showing itself in his sermons and his conversation, the one quality in him which could not be suppressed or disguised. It had been manifested in Philadelphia when he espoused causes which were unpopular. Had he chosen to become a professional reformer, however obnoxious his

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses* for both these papers, "Milton as an Educator," p. 300, and "Courage," p. 319.

cause or strenuous the opposition to it, he would not have flinched from its advocacy. Those who heard him preach were inspired by his courage, as an army by the command of a fearless leader. And this quality was a positive one, which had been developed in spite of timidity and shyness and self-consciousness. He would not have failed a second time in the Boston Latin School. The difficulty he surmounted in overcoming his natural reserve contributed to the development of courage. In the earlier years a certain air of nonchalance has been noticed, as marking his manner while preaching, — the mask it may have been of his still too sensitive spirit. But in later years, those who have watched him on occasions when he was to address a congregation, waiting for his word to lift up their hearts, have noticed how his face grew pale and his whole countenance straitened with a look of agony in the moment before he turned to mount the pulpit. To preach was an act requiring courage, because he must needs, in order to be successful, unfold his inner self, and speak of the intimate phases of the soul's life in God, when no pressure could have extracted these things from him in ordinary circumstances. When, therefore, he speaks to us of courage, and gives us the definition of courage, he is imparting the secret of his own experience: "Courage is the power of being mastered by and possessed with an idea. How rare it is! I do not say how few men are so mastered and possessed; I say how few men have the *power* so to be."

The Sundays at Huntington Hall succeeded each other with their unvarying testimony to the preacher's power. No courses of lectures on literature, art, or science with which the hall was associated ever witnessed a greater audience. It would not have been so surprising if on anniversary occasions the crowd had gone forth to meet him; but this was the case Sunday after Sunday, like the sun each day as it rises in its strength, till people became accustomed to it as to the gifts of God, and hardly wondered at the munificence of the feast. Here is a description of one of these Sundays, which will answer for them all; it is taken from a Boston religious paper, "Zion's Herald," in 1874: —

Religious papers in the Middle and Southern States speak of Boston as if given over to religious doubts, to the gospel of modern science, and to heterodoxy generally. If their editors could see the crowd, and know the character of it, that waits upon the ministry of Phillips Brooks, their views might be somewhat modified. Last Sabbath morning the immense hall was far from being equal to the demands of the audience that crowded it. Many stood throughout the whole service, and many went away not finding even a place for the sole of the foot. Here ex-governors and senators, judges and college professors, intermingled with the humblest populace of the city. The services were most devoutly rendered. The sermon was a fervid, simple utterance of the gospel of the Lord Jesus, in the love and personal enjoyment of it. A few words of address to young men and boys, at the close, in reference to the great privilege of preaching the gospel were very impressive. A tender silence was the appropriate response from the beginning to the end of the excellent and eminently spiritual discourse. The service in the interest of "Free Religion" in Boston never draws such an audience as this. "And if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

Another writer has described the preacher at this time in terms felicitous and true: —

We sometimes read of Schleiermacher and Whitefield and Robertson and McCheyne and Chalmers and Mason, and think it must have been good to live in the times when men preached with their fire and their mighty hold on the heart; but lo! we have the same phenomena in Boston to-day, a man in some respects even more than the equal of some I have named.

He seizes a great and living theme; he throws it out with a sentence into shape; he then follows it in all its relations to life, never entering into quibbles, nor minute matters which pertain to some but not to all, and shows the bearing of the great central truth on the daily needs of men. He never overflows with nor lacks illustration, but uses it as the conditions of his subject require, keeping it as illustrative and not as metaphorical show. He betrays a thorough acquaintance with the thought of our time, passing into no antiquated domain, but meeting an audience fresh from the magazine and newspaper with a style which is natural and earnest and in sympathy with what is best in our day. His breadth of thought is, perhaps, that which strikes and draws one most, and in this not even Beecher is his master. Philosophic candor, and a large grasp, this separates him world wide from the common pulpit; and those who find themselves

always on the guard about the statements of others give Phillips Brooks a ready ear. But with all this, there is in his preaching what one must call the everlasting Gospel; that faithfulness to the conscience, that tender pleading, that dignity of condescension, and yet that brotherliness and sympathy, that fidelity to dogmas, yet that absence of dogmatic expression, that lack of the sensational, ludicrous, and egotistic, and that spiritual quickening, which men sum up in one brief phrase when they say, "That is what I call preaching." For myself, I should deem no vacation complete without hearing Phillips Brooks. After hearing Candlish, Dykes, Hamilton, Jones, Binney, Spurgeon, Pressensé, Monod, Krummacher, and Tholuck, not to mention other distinguished divines of Europe, there is no one who so exactly suits me as Phillips Brooks. There is a warmth and life and inspiration and truth from his lips that I have not found elsewhere. And from what I hear mine is not an isolated case.[1]

The late Dr. Tulloch, Principal of St. Mary's College, in the University of Aberdeen, was visiting Boston in the spring of 1874. This was his tribute to Phillips Brooks, in a letter to his wife: —

April 26, 1874.

I have just heard the most remarkable sermon I ever heard in my life (I use the word in no American sense) from Mr. Phillips Brooks, an Episcopal clergyman here: equal to the best of Frederick Robertson's sermons, with a vigor and force of thought which he has not always. I never heard preaching like it, and you know how slow I am to praise preachers. So much thought and so much life combined; such a reach of mind, and such a depth and insight of soul. I was electrified. I could have got up and shouted.

And again in a letter to a friend the comment is repeated, and the comparison with Robertson made more explicit: —

I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed myself here, how kind everybody has been, and with what flattering kindness they have received me, — Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Dana, and a man in some respects as remarkable as any of them, Phillips Brooks, the great preacher here now. I never heard anything equal to his sermon to-day, and you know I don't readily praise sermons. It had all the originality and life and thought of

[1] Rev. W. L. Gage, in the *Congregationalist*, 1874.

Robertson of Brighton, with less tenderness and delicacy of insight, but more robustness and incision.[1]

That a man like Principal Tulloch could bear this testimony to a sermon by Phillips Brooks shows that something had happened in the history of preaching and in the history of religious thought. There was certainly no living critic who surpassed him, very few if any who could be said to equal him, in those qualities which go to making up the capacity for final arbitration. He was distinguished as a preacher, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, a man of rigid standards and exacting in his judgments, acquainted with the preachers of his time, whose profession called him to study the history of preaching and the history of theology. Those who have read his "Leaders of the Reformation," his "English Puritanism and its Leaders," or his important work on "The Rational Theologians of the Church of England in the Seventeenth Century," will know that Phillips Brooks was preaching in the presence of one whose judgment was of value. The man who could move Principal Tulloch to such an outburst had gained some vantage ground in the struggle of the Christian church to overcome the world, which it is essential that we should discover. When we turn with an interest to the sermon, it is to find that it was no exceptional utterance compared with a hundred others that might be mentioned. And yet it contained in a marked degree that quality which now made all the sermons great. This was the text: *Jesus said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee.*[2] The climax of the sermon was delayed till the meaning of the last answer of Jesus had been unfolded. As the successive points in the conversation were opened up to the hearer in the wealth of their direct and unsuspected spiritual import, the interest grew deeper, for the portrait of Christ

[1] Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Principal Tulloch*, pp. 292, 303.

[2] Cf. *Sermons*, "The Opening of the Eyes," vol. v. p. 194.

was growing clearer and the nature of every man. Christ is drawn as the most real, most present power in the Christian world. Men see Him, talk with Him continually, but they do not know what lofty converse they are holding. The subtlety of the spiritual imagination that enabled the preacher to enter into the mind of Christ had the effect of reproducing the scene, as though Christ were standing in bodily presence before the congregation. What had taken place those centuries ago was repeating itself in the consciousness of many on that Sunday afternoon.

CHAPTER IX

1873–1877

THE BUILDING OF THE NEW TRINITY CHURCH. THE MOTIVES IN ITS CONSTRUCTION. THE CONSECRATION SERVICES

THE story of the building of Trinity Church reads like a romance from its first inception, through the difficulties surmounted, till it culminated in the service of consecration. In the accomplishment of the work, the building committee, the architect, the rector, labored together in a spirit of harmony, with an aim which cannot be better expressed than in the words of the report of the building committee: "the conviction that our duty to the parish, to posterity, and to God has been clear, to make the new church fully worthy of the piety, the culture, and the wealth of our people." It was fortunate for the architect and the rector that they had such a building committee and such a parish to support them, for as the original design of the church expanded, there came the demand for increased expenditure until the completed work had cost more than double the amount originally contemplated. From beginning to end a deep enthusiasm pervaded the whole undertaking. It was impossible to bring together two such personalities as Richardson and Phillips Brooks without something great and unique as the product of their joint discourse. Mr. Richardson was not a man with ecclesiastical convictions, who endeavored to turn his religious musings into architectural expression, but endowed with a rich and generous nature, who appreciated the large-hearted rector of Trinity and responded to his suggestions. Mr. Brooks was not an architect, but he came near being one. In his journeys through Europe he had made himself familiar with historic churches in the countries he visited, and by his

intelligent interest in the subject had prepared himself for the tuition which Richardson could give. He had also certain first principles of his own, which appear embodied in Trinity Church.

From one point of view the credit for the accomplishment of so large an undertaking belonged to the building committee, whose culture, judgment, and zeal, as well as business capacity, made the work possible, preventing misunderstandings which would have marred the plan or limited its realization. From another point the glory belongs to an architect who stood foremost in his profession for originality and boldness and power. But with Phillips Brooks originated the motives which dominate the edifice. His ideas are written in the structure; he supported and stimulated the genius of the architect, turning it to his own purpose; he possessed the confidence of the building committee and of the members of the parish, manifested by unstinted generosity in giving, in response to increasing appeals. While the share which he took in the work cannot be exactly measured, or the influence he exerted be sharply discriminated from that of the architect or building committee, yet the story may be told from his point of view. Trinity Church in his lifetime was popularly known as Phillips Brooks's Church; there is a sense in which it may be regarded as his monument.

In the first place he appreciated the greatness of the opportunity. The time was ripe to make an attempt in ecclesiastical architecture which, while it respected and followed whatever was true or desirable in traditional methods, should yet be subservient to the expression of those higher aspects of religion which it had been the glory of the Protestant Reformation to unveil. Upon that point he was clear, that the first condition was to break away from the so-called Gothic style, to whose introduction into England and America, following in the wake of the Oxford Movement, was owing in a measure the attempted return to mediæval religion which had characterized the Anglican Church for the last generation. That type of religion, with its priesthood and confessional, and its undue emphasis on the sacrament of the

altar, had clothed itself in a style of architecture whose chief requisite was to see, or to supplement sight by the ringing of a bell, but where the hearing of the word of God by the ear was not taken into consideration as affecting the structural necessities of the building art. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God was the conviction of Phillips Brooks. Preaching might seem weak in comparison with gorgeous rites calculated to impress the imagination, but God had appointed the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. This was the principle kept in the foreground, as controlling the details of the construction. Even the piers of the central tower, where they are visible in the church, were made smaller than the fitting proportions seemed to demand, failing to represent the massive foundations on which they rest, and even concealing in some measure their structural purpose, in order that the symbolism of the church as a place for the proclamation of the gospel might be more effectually secured.

But preaching was not the only motive to be embodied in a church aiming to represent the symmetry and fulness of the Christian faith. For the "visible church of God is a congregation of faithful men, where not only the pure word of God is preached, but the sacraments be duly ministered according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same." In order that the dignity of the sacraments might not only be secured, but their true significance made prominent, there was added to the chancel end of the church, which was in the form of the Latin cross, a large semicircular apse, to be devoted to the one purpose of the administration of the Lord's Supper. This was a departure from ecclesiastical traditions, marked and even glaring, and gives to Trinity Church a distinctive character. Its motive was to represent the idea of Christian communion and fellowship as one great end which the Lord's Supper was designed to promote. In the centre of the apse stood the Lord's table, — a table according to the original institution of the feast, not an altar or a sideboard, but a table, whose importance to the Christian imagination was not

obscured or dwarfed by other ornament, not even by the chancel windows. Whether it would be a success or not from an æsthetic or architectural point of view, whether something more impressive to the outward eye might have been devised or not, was not the question. The spirit of ecclesiastical mysticism, dreaming of an elaborate altar, with its imposing accessories, as in Latin churches, might be disappointed at the result in a building that promised and fulfilled so much to the visual imagination. But if it were a failure in devising a form of architecture where the central truths of Anglicanism, as distinct from Romanism, should be bodied forth in unmistakable manner, yet it was an attempt at this end under circumstances most favorable and rare. If it were a failure, then the inference would seem close at hand that Protestantism, which has been powerful enough to build up the modern world, and now carries the hopes and the possibilities of the world's future, is driven, in seeking a fitting shrine for worship, to resort to types of architecture that originated in and expressed the spirit of an inferior age, to which the higher forms of Christ's religion were unknown. But those who have witnessed the feast of the Lord's Supper in Trinity Church, when the full significance of the divine symbolism is apparent, must feel that there has been no failure. The Protestant principle controls the edifice, securing the prominence to the pure word of God, and with it the due ministration of the monumental rite of the Lord's Supper. The baptismal font, from this point of view, is placed next the chancel, as it should be, connecting closely the two sacraments, setting forth the truth that an inward purification is the condition for participating in the heavenly banquet.

There was still another motive in the mind of Mr. Brooks: to combine with these features of a Protestant church whatever was of human and enduring significance in the earlier methods of Christian architecture. It was no part of his purpose to break with the spirit of the ages before the Reformation. To his mind they were the "ages of faith," and to them he made the appeal, when searching for the evidence upon which the Christian religion must repose. Therefore,

he would take from the old order the ideas of solidity and of imposing grandeur, of beauty, of adornment in form and color, which should surpass, if possible, all other beauty, as when the church seemed greater than the world, the spiritual stronger and richer than the temporal, and in its costly decoration symbolizing that wealth was most worthily employed when it ministered to spiritual ends. Let the complex involutions of the result stand for the rich variety of religious interests. Retain from the old, also, the sense of awe and mystery, the deep mystery of human life, that combination of effects in roof and windows, in which Milton, though a Puritan, rejoiced, whose result was to dissolve the spirit in religious ecstasy and bring heaven before the eye.

The main feature in the architecture of Trinity Church both within and without is the central tower. In this respect, as well as in the rejection of the pointed arch, the departure from the so-called Gothic reproductions is apparent and striking. To quote the architect's words on this point: —

> In studying the problem presented by a building fronting on three streets, it appeared equally desirable that the tower should be central, thus belonging equally to each front, rather than putting it on any corner, where, from at least one side, it would be nearly out of sight; and in carrying out this motive, it was plain that with the ordinary proportion of church and tower, either the tower must be comparatively small, which would bring its supporting piers inconveniently into the midst of the congregation, or the tower being large, the rest of the church must be magnified to inordinate proportions. For this dilemma the Auvergnat solution seemed perfectly adapted. Instead of the tower being an inconvenient and unnecessary addition to the church, it was itself made the main feature. The struggle for precedence, which often takes place between a church and its spire, was disposed of, by at once and completely subordinating nave, transepts, and apse, and grouping them about the tower as the central mass.

In the discussions over the plan of the church by which this result was finally determined, Mr. Brooks took an important part. Both architect and rector were agreed in the matter of the tower as a central feature, rather than a tower at one corner, as was at first intended. As to the

"Auvergnat solution," — Mr. Brooks spent the summer of 1874 travelling through the towns of middle France, where, as at Auvergne and the Angoumois, there existed from the twelfth century churches of the peculiar construction whence Mr. Richardson drew, in some measure, his suggestion. He was thus prepared to form an intelligent opinion. But apart from this special preparation, he had an earlier predilection for the tower, as has been already shown in his experience at Philadelphia, where the Church of the Holy Trinity had been completed in accordance with his desire. This preference for the tower was accompanied by another equally strong for the rounded arch, or for what is called the Romanesque style. These things may seem to be a matter of indifference from a religious point of view, but he did not so regard them. If it is admissible to suppose that religious, or intellectual, or other motives consciously or unconsciously inspire those who plan and build, then we may recall that the Romanesque style was developed in the earlier Middle Ages before the Latin Church had conquered the state, or begun the movement for suppressing freedom of inquiry, before the promulgation of the dogma of transubstantiation had carried the power of the priesthood to absolute supremacy over the Christian imagination. The Gothic, or as it is called the pointed style, came later, when these things had been accomplished. To the professed ecclesiologist, a church like Trinity, without a spire, without the pointed arch, is an eyesore and hardly worthy to be called an ecclesiastical construction, for their rejection seems to imply the sacrifice of the ideas of solemnity and devotion, — spire and arches mounting upwards to express the soul of religious aspiration pointing forever away from earth to heaven. But there is another conception of religion than this, — the consecration of the world that now is, the recognition of the sacredness of earth and of the secular life. To this conception Mr. Brooks had given expression in an essay[1] read before the Church Congress in 1875 on the "Best Method of Promoting Spir-

[1] *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 20 ff. Also published separately by T. Whittaker, N. Y.

itual Life," where he had maintained that religion is not something to be added to a man's nature over and above what he already possesses, but it is rather the consecration of all his gifts and powers to the service of God.

> The spiritual life of man in its fullest sense is the activity of man's whole nature under the highest spiritual impulse, which is the love of God. It is not the activity of one set of powers, one part of the nature. It is the movement of all the powers, of the whole of his nature under a certain force and so with a certain completeness and effect.

With this idea the architecture of Trinity Church is in harmony. Nor is it lacking in seriousness, solemnity, and devotion, but ministers to them, as also to a certain spiritual serenity, in a manner and degree unsurpassed by what is called the ecclesiological style.

It had formed a part of Richardson's design that the interior of the church should be decorated in accordance with a large plan embracing the whole and every separate part in its unity of treatment; that this should be done by some creative mind, capable of a task which in this country hitherto had no precedent; that the church within should be rich with the luxuriance of color, as well as with paintings representing angelic intelligences and the great personages of religious history. Into this scheme Phillips Brooks entered with enthusiasm. For its criticism and appreciation he had prepared himself by lingering in the art galleries, the museums, the churches of the Old World, with an almost passionate devotion. He studied and penetrated the artistic purpose; he knew how to enjoy; he was the natural friend of every artist. In close connection with this artistic sense, there was one peculiarity about him, so marked as to be almost extraordinary, — his love of color, in itself and for its own sake. There is some mystery here which we do not fathom. If it be true, as has been suggested, that color is only a subtler, higher form of music, his whole being was responding to its innumerable manifestations, and it ministered to him a perpetual inward delight. His susceptibility to color was almost feminine, so quick was he to feel and appreciate. But he

seems to have loved pure color, apart from any attempt at adjustment or harmony. This was shown in little things, as when, in one of his later journeys in Europe, he bought a piece of richly colored glass, carrying it in his pocket, simply for the pleasure it gave him to look at it. In the highest sense of the word he was not musical. But if color be only another form of the musical appeal, a higher and in some ways more intellectual and more spiritual form, then we can understand how he had more than a substitute for the melody of sound. He became also an adept and a devotee in the matter of stained glass, studying at factories abroad the method of its production. It was no indifferent subject, then, to Phillips Brooks, when the architect proposed that the church should be made glorious by the richest effects of color which the best artists could devise.

But to execute these things called for a large expenditure of money as well as the artistic, creative imagination to devise them. Upon this point there was the inevitable sensitiveness partly grounded in human nature, and partly in the movements of the age. Puritanism had not hitherto been favorable to the cultivation of beauty or splendor in its churches. The reaction at the Reformation when iconoclasm marred or wrecked so many mediæval monuments was an influence which had not wholly lost its force. To this lurking mood which would have made practical necessity the ruling idea and not beauty or splendor — the mood of the disciple who exclaimed at the waste of the costly ointment, "This might have been sold and given to the poor" — there came a reinforcement in the socialistic temper of the hour, which was making good men sensitive to the uses of wealth. Upon this point there is evidence that Phillips Brooks had thought seriously and come to a conclusion. There was a danger lest men in their desire to be of service to others should lessen and reduce themselves by the neglect of the gifts of God, and so hinder and even frustrate their mission. To set forth the richness and the beauty of God's creation in a temple where these things were read as in a symbol was in itself a motive and a stimulus for which the world, the poor also whom we

have always with us, would be the better. Hence Mr. Brooks not only justified the lavish use of wealth for the beautifying and ennobling of the house of God, but his voice was inspiring as he made the appeal to his congregation. In 1897, at the twentieth anniversary of the consecration of Trinity Church, his successor, Rev. E. W. Donald, referred in his sermon to this point, when the results of the experiment were manifest:

> These twenty years have demonstrated a fact which I fancy will always need demonstration in the eyes of those people who immemorially have "begrudged the house of God the touch of beauty," and deplored great cost in its erection and adornment. You built a splendid temple; you meant to build a splendid temple. You spared no cost; you nobly met every demand which enlarged plans and richer beauty year by year made upon your generosity. You had to meet the plain-spoken criticism of those who insisted that the difference between slightness and solidity, between barrenness and beauty, should have been given to works of mercy, religion, and education. If the cost of this building had been funded and the interest of the fund devoted to causes universally acknowledged to be worthy, the aggregate income of twenty years would not equal the munificent sum which, with the blessing of God upon it, has been offered and distributed by Trinity Church.

The interest in watching the progress of the work grew stronger as the many anxious problems in the matter of construction were met and overcome. The completed edifice did not quite represent the original intention of the architect. The walls were to have been several feet higher, and "the original design of the tower showed a square lantern with turrets at each corner, much like the present tower, but surmounted by an octagonal portion rising some fifty feet higher." But to carry out this plan of the tower called for walls of such thickness in the tower that, in the minds of experts who were consulted, the foundations, however strong, would not be strong enough to support the weight. To this criticism Mr. Richardson demurred, but the change was made. The lowering of the walls was partly in obedience to acoustic demands, which were an important consideration, as was also the construction of the ceiling, — a wisdom justified by the result.

The first difficulty to be overcome lay in the nature of the ground, which was of gravel filled in, what is called "made land," incapable of sustaining the weight of a building. In the spring of 1873 the work began of preparing the foundations. The number of piles which were driven was some forty-eight hundred. A careful record was kept of each pile driven, "the number of blows required to drive it to a resisting medium, the depth to which it was driven, the height from which the hammer fell, the weight of the hammer, and the number of inches which the head of the pile sank at each of the last three blows." The final determination of the plan of the church was delayed until this preliminary work was done. In the fall of 1873 the contract was made for the masonry of the structure. The immense weight of the central tower constituted the chief difficulty against which an excess of precaution was taken. The four piers which support it, carrying arches, fifty feet in span, — the whole tower weighing nineteen million pounds, — rest upon four truncated pyramids, each thirty-five feet square at the base, seven feet square at the top, and seventeen feet high. Mr. Richardson has told the story of the experiments made, the failures, the work which had to be undone, the time taken for testing experiments, with stones and cement of different kinds, until the desired security was attained. Thus the year 1873 was spent in getting ready, a tedious year which to onlookers yielded no visible result.

In the following year the work was pushed rapidly forward. The corner stone should have been laid in the summer of 1874, but owing to Mr. Brooks's absence in Europe the event was postponed till November 10, when the height of the walls prevented the attendance of all but a few. The contract called for the completion, in November, 1874, of the chapel, connected by a corridor with the church, and at that time the congregation took possession of it, the foretaste of the greater things to come. Through the following winter the stone was cut for the remainder of the building at Westerly, Dedham, and Longmeadow, some of it also coming from Rockport, from Quincy, and from the coast of Maine. It is an interest-

ing fact that much of the granite stone from the Old Trinity on Summer Street has been worked into the foundations. The massive scaffolding was now built which was to serve for the piers and arches of towers, and which remained in place in the interior, preventing any view of the final effect until it was taken down a few days before the church was consecrated. So the work went on, until in July, 1876, the last stone was laid in the tower, and in its exterior appearance the church was completed.

There now followed a period of impatient waiting for the completion of the interior decoration. Mr. John La Farge, the most eminent of American artists, to whose superintendence this task was entrusted, gathered about him competent assistants who labored with him, says Richardson, "in a spirit of true artistic enthusiasm for a work so novel and affording such an opportunity for the highest exercise of a painter's talents." Mr. La Farge had a magnificent scheme, but it required time for its fulfilment, and time was now becoming a condition which he could not control. He asked for an extension and it was given him, but even that was not sufficient. Still he had accomplished much and made the completion necessary and possible also at a future day. At first it had only been intended that he should paint a few pictures on the walls. But he and Richardson saw their opportunity to attempt something never before accomplished in America. He succeeded in obtaining permission to paint pictures which should be an organic part of a great scheme of color for the whole church. He did not ask for any adequate compensation, but only for permission to make the effort. He confined his attention to the roof and the walls of the central tower in the confidence that if this were completed the rest would follow. He consented to stop his work on the thirty-first day of January, 1877, and with great doubts and misgivings the day of consecration was fixed for February 9. He labored up to the last moment of the allotted time, and is reported to have spent the whole night of January 31 at his work. Then began the task of taking down the great tower staging, which had stood for two years and

a half, when for the first time the full effect of the interior was visible.

It is not possible here to go into any detailed description of the building or its decoration. At the time of its erection it awakened an unusual interest in Boston; its progress was followed by the newspapers; architects discussed it at their meetings. There was no standard for judgment or comparison; some called it the chief architectural ornament of the city; others said it surpassed in magnificence any church in New England; and others, still, were not afraid, as they thought of the architect and his colaborers, to pronounce it unequalled throughout the land. A report of the impression it produced, in its then novel beauty and magnificence upon a competent judge, is taken from the "Boston Transcript" of February 5, which will stand for many similar notices written at the time: —

A splendid surprise is in store for the worshippers at Trinity Church on the opening of that temple to the public for consecration next Friday. The interior is impressive in its vast spaces alone, the grandeur of its wide and lofty arches spanning nave and transepts, and the height of the ceiling in the great square tower open to the sight far beyond the vaulted roof. The grand exterior dimensions of the church somewhat prepare one for the spaciousness within. But only seeing can realize the superb beauty of the decoration, rich yet not garish, elaborate and not "piled on," magnificent in splendors, yet noble and dignified, artistic yet religious and fitting for the place. Its richness is beyond compare, because there is literally nothing like it this side of the ocean. Trinity is the first church in this country to be decorated by artists, as distinguished from artisans. The result must be to make an era in American art and Church building.

On February 3 the last timbers of the staging were taken down. In the five days that remained the work was carried on with great rapidity, of cleaning, finishing the floor, putting up the pews, laying the carpets, completing the organ, and on Thursday night, February 8, everything was done. The debt of $60,000, unavoidably incurred, had been paid as soon as the appeal to remove it was received. The following day was to be the greatest in the history of the parish, memorable

for the congregation, but chiefly for the building committee, the architect, and the rector: an occasion of interest, also, to more than could participate in the ceremonies, to those outside of the Episcopal Church, and to the city of Boston. To Mr. Brooks it was left to perfect the details of the function of consecration, that it might be worthily performed. The services began at eleven o'clock, and by that time the church was crowded. Among the invited guests were the Governor of the State, the Mayor of Boston, clergymen of other denominations, the wardens and vestrymen of other parishes, the architect, the artists, and builders. The late Colonel Theodore Lyman, a friend and college classmate of the rector, acted as the marshal of the day. One hundred and seven clergymen walked in procession from the chapel to the western entrance, where they were received by the wardens and vestry of the Church, and together went up the nave, reciting alternately the twenty-fourth Psalm, whose sentences seemed to take on a deeper meaning: "The earth is the Lord's and all that therein is; the compass of the world and they that dwell therein. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." The consecration prayers were said by Bishop Paddock; the Instrument of Donation was read by Charles Henry Parker, the senior warden, and the sentence of consecration by the Rev. W. R. Huntington of Worcester. It was characteristic of Phillips Brooks that he should call about him on such a day the friends of his life who were in the ministry, or who had been associated with him in the theological seminary. Thus the Rev. Arthur Brooks, the Rev. Thomas S. Yocum, the Rev. Wilbur F. Paddock, and the Rev. C. A. L. Richards were assigned parts in the service. The Rev. Dr. Richard Newton represented Philadelphia and its associations. The venerable Stephen H. Tyng of New York read the Commandments, the Rev. Henry C. Potter the Epistle, and the Gospel was taken by Rev. George Z. Gray, the Dean of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. But in the chief place of honor stood Dr. Vinton to perform the act necessary to complete and crown the occasion, — the delivery of the sermon.

He had followed Phillips Brooks from his boyhood, had advised with him when in uncertain groping after his life-work he had first thought of the Christian ministry; he had received him to his heart and home when as a young clergyman he came to Philadelphia; had made the way for him to the Church of the Holy Trinity as his successor; had been his counsellor on every occasion, blessing him away from Philadelphia to Boston, and now in Boston, once more as the rector of Emmanuel Church, had resumed the old relation in deeper, more sacred intimacy. Dr. Vinton preached the sermon, and his text was Revelation xxi. 22: "I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." Then followed the Communion service at which Bishop Paddock officiated, assisted by the Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, the Rt. Rev. M. A. DeWolfe Howe. The music was under the direction of the organist of Trinity, Mr. James C. D. Parker; the choir consisted of Miss Parker, Dr. Langmaid, Miss Morse, and Mr. Aiken, together with a chorus of forty voices. With a lunch served at the adjacent Hotel Brunswick, the exhilarating and glorious occasion came to an end. This letter, manifesting the spirit in which the building of Trinity Church was accomplished, was written to the rector by Mr. Robert Treat Paine on the evening of the day of its consecration: —

Boston, Friday, February 9, 1877.

And now, my dear old Friend, at the close of this great day, which has brought the glorious consummation of our hopes and prayers, I want to send you a few words to say how this long five years' labor, working with you and for you and for our noble church, has been to me an inexpressible pleasure.

In all the difficult and doubtful questions which have met us from time to time, the hand of God seems to have guided us and to have brought us to a wise decision. I have felt throughout that your prayers were powerful to get this aid and guidance.

On one matter, that of involving the Parish in debt, I have always been moved in two directions, feeling on the one hand that we were bound not to load the future of the Church with a heavy debt, and that as an agent of theirs I *must* be faithful to this obligation, and yet on the other hand unable myself to tolerate the idea that, in carrying out the great work of transplanting

the church from one site to another and building our new church to stand for centuries as we trust, we should strive or even be willing only to use the resources of the past.

Here, too, God seems to have been with us. And the debt, which in spite of our efforts to keep it down rolled up so large a sum, has only given us all an opportunity to show the love of the whole people to you, and their readiness to follow your example of great generosity, and their devotion to our glorious new House of God. The eager and noble response to your appeal shows better than any words, not only their love to you, but how much you have done in them.

Not one of the donors, large or small, but must always love it more as *his* church, now that he has taken his part in its completion. And surely we must feel more worthy to have it and enjoy it, when we have added so largely to make it broad and beautiful and rich.

May the spirit of the Living God go with us into our new Home, and fill it and you and all of us full of His presence and power and blessing in this generation and many future generations, and make it a mighty power for good so that we shall not have builded it in vain, — this is the prayer of one whose rare privilege it has been to be in this matter your coworker, and always your friend,

R. T. Paine, Jr.

To this letter Mr. Brooks replied: —

Hotel Kempton, Boston, Saturday evening,
February 10, 1877.

I wish I could tell you, my dear Bob, something of what yesterday was to me, and of how my deep gratitude and love to you mingled with the feeling of every hour. May God bless you is all that I can say. The Church would not be standing there, the beautiful and stately thing that it is, except for your tireless devotion. How often I have wondered at your undiscouraged faith; and all my life as I look back on these years of anxiety and work, I shall see a picture of constancy which I know will make me stronger for whatever I have to do. Your kind words crown the whole and leave nothing to be desired in this complete achievement.

I am almost appalled when I think what the great work in this new Church may be. I know that I shall have your help and prayers in the part of it which will fall to me to do. Many, many happy years are before us, if God will, and when we leave the great dear thing to those who come after us we shall be near one another, I am sure, in the better life.

I cannot realize to-morrow. But I know it will be a happy day. And so may God's blessings rest on you and yours always.

Your grateful friend, P. B.

In the following letter the Proprietors of Trinity Church acknowledge the contribution of the rector to the beauty and glory of the new edifice: —

Boston, 9 Doane Street, April 4, 1877.

My dear Mr. Brooks, — At the annual meeting of the Proprietors of Trinity Church, held on Easter Monday, last, the following vote was passed and is now transcribed from the Records: —

That in the midst of the rejoicing with which our people with overflowing numbers of old friends and large accessions of newcomers have crowded our new and spacious House of Worship, we cannot let this great epoch in the life of our ancient Parish pass, without placing on permanent record our sense of the deep obligations of us and our whole people to our beloved Rector, Mr. Brooks.

We have heard with pleasure our Building Committee report that throughout this great five years' enterprise of building our new Church, his taste and culture, his zeal and patience and faith have largely aided in the great result; that to him in large measure is due the beauty and the glory of the new Church; that he has been himself the inspiration of the Architect, Builders, and Committee.

We appreciate most deeply his noble generosity in contributing so largely to the treasury of the Parish, and in thus setting an example which was followed by our people so liberally that we have been able to present our church free from debt and consecrated to God. And we accept his gift as one more proof among many of his ardent love to his parish.

We cannot conclude these few words, so feebly expressing our gratitude to our noble pastor and beloved friend, without telling him how deeply we all feel indebted to him for holding our Parish so firmly united by his devotion to us, through all the dreary interval between our old home on Summer Street and our new Church. The love of our whole people, men, women, and children, is all that we can give him in return.

A true copy from the Records,

Attest: Stephen G. Deblois, Clerk of Corporation.

It may seem to mar so beautiful a narrative, but it is necessary to allude to an incident which occurred in connection with the services of consecration. To the sacrament of

the Lord's Supper there came many clergymen of other denominations, and among them were eminent Unitarian divines, all of whom had been personally invited to remain for the communion. Such an event might in other days have taken place without comment. But at this peculiar juncture of ecclesiastical circumstances it called forth criticism and condemnation. The late Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who represented the movement known as "Free Religion," complained in a letter to Dr. James Freeman Clarke, published in "The Inquirer" (Unitarian), that by participating in the sacrament at Trinity Church Dr. Clarke had shown himself oblivious of the high ideal of his own communion: —

> The dignitaries (?) who invited the liberal clergy to partake of the sacrament did what was for them a generous thing; they were liberal and magnanimous; they forgot for a moment their ecclesiasticism, the stringency of their dogma, the exclusiveness of their institution, the anathema of their creed. . . . Their eye had caught the vision of a broad church, whose enclosing walls embraced believers of every name. But what shall we think of the liberals who accepted the invitation? Were *they* looking forward? Were *their* faces bathed in light? Were they straining the line of their traditions?

To this piece of fine rhetoric, beneath which was the familiar ecclesiastical exclusiveness, Dr. Clarke briefly replied that in his judgment it was more in accordance with the spirit of liberal Christianity to accept such an invitation than to refuse it. He distinguished between the simple rite of the Lord's Supper and any formal ceremonial with which it might be encompassed. To Mr. Brooks he wrote: "I was not at all disturbed by what was said by some Unitarians of our communing at your church. Their objections seemed to me too frivolous to deserve notice, but for the sake of the principle I thought it worth while to reply to Frothingham's strictures and may do so again. But really it seems almost too simple a matter to discuss."

From the other side there came a protest by a presbyter of the Episcopal Church to the bishop of the diocese against what seemed to him "a grievous sacrilege" at the consecration of Trinity Church, in the admission to the Holy Communion

of "those who avowedly deny the faith once delivered to the saints, even concerning the fundamental doctrines of our Lord's Godhead." Such an act was to be regarded as a violation of Scripture, of "Catholic" custom, and of Christian instinct, as well as contrary to the letter and spirit of the formularies of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The newspapers took up the subject, speaking of it as an unprecedented circumstance, never witnessed in the Episcopal Church before. Mr. Brooks kept silence. He had made up his mind to keep out of ecclesiastical controversy. As to the meaning of the formularies of the Episcopal Church, he had long since come to the conclusion that they were not intended to exclude from the communion those who did not accept her articles of faith or follow her mode of worship. He was in sympathy with Dean Stanley's attitude in administering the Lord's Supper to Dr. Vance Smith, a Unitarian minister, when the Communion was kept in Westminster Abbey, at the moment the revisers of the New Testament were about to begin their work. Those who objected to this act of intercommunion did not, as he thought, represent the spirit or the history of the Church of England or of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. He, too, distinguished between the ceremonial forms or professions which accompanied the act of Holy Communion and the simple rite itself, the eating of the bread and the participation in the cup of blessing. The one essential requisition for the communion were the words of invitation in the office itself: "Ye who do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in His holy ways, draw near with faith, and take this Holy Sacrament to your comfort."

Because he was convinced of the truth of the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, it did not follow that he should refuse to associate with those who could not receive them. The "Catholic" usage which forbade Christian fellowship with those who denied the coequality of the Son with the Father was not necessarily Christian usage, and was no

ideal to be followed. From this position he did not recede. But, as in the case of Dean Stanley, his comprehensiveness of spirit was obnoxious to many of his brethren; his action was not to be forgotten; he was destined to hear from it again after many years. He had gained, however, the confidence and affection of ministers and people of every Christian denomination. The love and respect of the Unitarians in Boston were henceforth accorded to him as to no other man outside their own communion.

The new Trinity Church was not what is technically known as a "free church," nor did the rector covet for it that title, knowing as he did how phrases which spoke much to the ear might in reality be hollow. The pews were owned or rented by the Proprietors, and on each pew a tax was laid for the support of public worship. But the large galleries in the transepts of the church were free in every sense; no tax was laid on them, and no contribution solicited from those who occupied them. It had been an object kept in view by Mr. Brooks when the plans of the church were drawn, and urged by him upon the architect, that this ample accommodation should be provided. When it is remembered that the galleries accommodate some four hundred people, — a larger congregation than is found in most churches, thus constituting as it were a church within a church, — the generosity of Trinity Church can hardly be impugned, even if it is not known in ecclesiastical parlance as a free church. Not only so, but it was understood between the rector and the congregation that at an early moment in the service pews not occupied should be regarded as vacant, to be placed at the disposal of the stranger.

These things were making their impression upon the people of Boston and the community at large, changing what had been a long and deep-seated prejudice into a mood of expectation that with Phillips Brooks as a leader there was a great work in the city for the Episcopal Church to accomplish. Boston was the city of the Puritans, their chief stronghold, where memories were long and traditions tenacious. The revival of the study of American history was bringing

out again in new vividness the grievances, real or fancied, of the time of the Stuarts and the age of the Commonwealth. The people of Boston were not to be deceived with sounding phrases; they were quicker than most people to get at the reality of things, and there were many among them who disliked or mistrusted the Episcopal Church. They did not believe that anything good could come out of it. It seemed to them like an alien church, whose spirit was hostile to liberty and to religious freedom. They watched its bishops, thinking that they detected in them as of old the tendency of ecclesiastical power to beget tyranny. Its services seemed to them cold, formal, and meagre, inadequate to the expression of human sympathies or spiritual aspirations. These long-standing prejudices had been aggravated by the ecclesiastical reaction which followed in the wake of the Oxford Movement, verifying the reasons for the ancient dislike and dread of a communion which was now seeking for fellowship with Rome, and had learned to disown the Protestant churches as having no place within the bounds of organic Christianity.

It was the work of Phillips Brooks in Boston and throughout the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to overcome this dread and disarm these suspicions. The traces of his influence now begin to be manifest. There was no one among the descendants of the Puritans who had a more representative estimate of the situation than the late Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis. He was a Unitarian minister retired from active service, devoting his leisure to historical reading and the writing of books, at a later time to become the honored president of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He was one of those who went to the Communion in Trinity Church. This letter will show how strongly he was drawn to Mr. Brooks: —

110 Marlborough Street, February 10, 1877.

My dear Mr. Brooks, — After thoughtfully digesting the noble and appropriate services and the delightful experiences of yesterday in connection with the consecration of Trinity Church, I feel prompted to express to you in this form my sincerest congratulations on the fair completion of an undertaking which must

have engaged so deeply your own anxieties and interests. It has been something more and better than mere curiosity that has led me almost daily to watch the progress of a critical and generous enterprise, from the driving of the first pile to the solemn dedication of the completed sanctuary. In my view, the distinctive character of your congregation, your own ministry, and the prominent and honored position which you represent before this community conserve the very best elements of religious culture, and of a spirit of Christian comprehensiveness and liberality, associated in my thought with the selectest fellowship of the class of disciples with whom I have been most intimately connected; while at the same time the original deposit of the faith and the fitness of its dispensation have found in you a wiser guardianship than it proved to have with the so-called Liberal denomination as a whole. So I would venture with much respect to assure you that I am heartily interested in the effective work which, with such modest personal unobtrusiveness and with such power, you are doing among us.

And I must recognize with a hearty appreciation and gratitude the delightful Christian courtesy shown towards all the miscellaneous company of ministers, including myself, in the arrangement made yesterday for our participation in and enjoyment of the seemly and impressive services, especially the Holy Communion.

With sincerest respect and regard, I am

Very truly yours,

George E. Ellis.

Rev. Phillips Brooks.

The following comments from the daily newspapers of Boston are not quite free from a touch of severe kindliness. There is a tone in one of them, at least, of lingering uncertainty; they warn while they praise: but, on the whole, they are constrained to trust the larger hope for the Episcopal Church. As for Phillips Brooks, they join in the chorus of unqualified approbation. The first extract is from the "Boston Globe," the second from the "Daily Advertiser:" —

The Episcopal Church is evidently to have a future in Boston, and has now, at least, one house of worship to which all can point with local pride. It remains, however, to be seen how Bishop Paddock and his coworkers shall develop their religious body as a Christian force in this community. If this Church shall largely show forth the admirable spirit for which Phillips Brooks is so well known, the spirit of liberality and cordial sympathy toward

TRINITY CHURCH, NORTH

all Christian people, it will rapidly gain in strength and numbers. To-day this purpose appears to be in the ascendant, and the result is a cause for rejoicing everywhere. We do not ask Episcopalians to change their polity or their doctrines, but as a conservative Church to be sympathetic, generous, and noble in practical work; and it is because the ovation of yesterday points in this direction that we give it mention here. Not the least interesting feature of the services yesterday was the invited presence of the pastors of nearly all the leading congregations in the city. The Episcopal Church lost nothing by this, and the whole community gained a great deal.

The dedication of Trinity Church to-day is an occasion of interest to many more than those who will participate in the ceremonies, and to persons who do not belong to the Episcopal Church communion, as well as to churchmen and churchwomen. In the first place the parish is an historic one, and for many generations has had a conspicuous place in Boston's annals. In the next place the building to be dedicated ranks as one of the notable ornaments of the city. . . . Not a little of the widespread interest in this particular parish and its magnificent house of worship is owing to the respect and affection felt for its eloquent and noble-hearted pastor. There is no doubt that whenever he leads the worship, whether in hall or cathedral, he will exert a liberal, exalted, and powerful influence in behalf of the highest standards of Christian living. The good wishes and sincere prayers of a multitude which no church could contain will ascend with the words of solemn dedication to be uttered within the walls of the beautiful temple, that Trinity and Phillips Brooks may long be spared to Boston and to mankind.

So Phillips Brooks took his place as in a cathedral, where for many years he was to sway the people with an hitherto unknown power. The enthronement of an ecclesiastical dignitary could possess no deeper significance. He seemed now to stand at the height of his renown. He had other conquests yet to achieve, but he had accomplished the most difficult, in some respects the most important, of them all, — he had made the conquest of Boston. From this moment his friends watched him with a feeling of pride mingled with awe, while he continued to stride forward and upward, as if there had been placed no limit to his power.

CHAPTER X

1877–1879

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE. INVITATION TO PREACH FOR MR. MOODY. SUMMER ABROAD. SERMON AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY. HARVARD UNIVERSITY CONFERS THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF DIVINITY. COMMENTS ON THE GENERAL CONVENTION. VISIT OF DEAN STANLEY TO AMERICA. ILLNESS AND DEATH OF WILLIAM GRAY BROOKS

The chief event in the year 1877 was the consecration of Trinity Church. Next to it in importance was the delivery, before the Divinity School of Yale University, of the "Lectures on Preaching," which will be referred to in a subsequent chapter. The lectures were delivered during the months of January and February. Before entering the new Trinity Church, Mr. Brooks had feared that his voice might not be found sufficient for the large edifice, but the first trial demonstrated that the fear was groundless. There were places where it was difficult to hear, but he was heard as well as any and better than most of those who officiated at its consecration.[1]

Dr. Tyng, then in the fifty-sixth year of his ministry, an uncompromising Evangelical divine, but none the less in sympathy with Phillips Brooks, wrote to him on his return to New York: —

[1] In his Yale Lectures he had said little about the manner of delivering a sermon, but his one reference to elocution is of a humorous character: "Of oratory and all the marvellous mysterious ways of those who teach it, I dare say nothing. I believe in the true elocution teacher as I believe in the existence of Halley's comet, which comes in sight of this earth once in about seventy-six years."

St. George's Rectory, New York, February 25, 1877.

My dear Brother,—Two weeks ago I had the great pleasure of being with you in your new and grand Church. I have desired to write to you since I returned home. But I have had a busy and a feeble time. The impression made upon me by all the events of my visit has been very absorbing. Familiar with the time when the Old Church was in the midst of scattered houses, and large gardens, I could hardly realize the prospect from my windows as possible. Half a mile out in the sea, I found myself in the midst of a new and wonderful city, more grand and glorious than I had ever dreamed as possible. Boston has thus become almost unrivalled as a City. The Churches now in this new place are marked with a singular grandeur of aspect. But the glory of the later house for my dear old parental Church was to me, perhaps, the chief wonder of the place. I can but congratulate you, and all your contemporaries, over the attainment you have made and at the prospect before you. In the vast liberality of their action, and the majestic scale on which they were ready to record it, they have given you a pledge for great results, by God's blessing, for your whole succeeding ministry. . . .

Farewell. *Pax Vobiscum*,

Stephen H. Tyng.

Mr. Brooks responded to this letter in a spirit of reverence and affection for its venerable writer. But he could not forbear taking exception to statements made by Dr. Tyng in a sermon which he preached in the new church shortly after its consecration. To the Rev. Arthur Brooks he writes: —

March 5, 1877.

I have been amused at the way in which the New York clergy have given us their blessing since we started. Dr. Tyng preached for us on the afternoon of the first day, and told us that nobody could be a Christian who did n't believe that the world was made in six literal days. The Moses up in the New Tower laughed aloud at the statement. Yesterday afternoon Dr. Morgan of St. Thomas's in your town turned up and preached an orotund discourse which had quite a good manly flavor to it. In consequence of his appearance, I find myself the surprised possessor of a discourse which I have never preached, an event which has not occurred before, except on a Saturday, for years. . . .

We are in the rush of Lent. One talks until he is tired of the

sound of his own voice, and then he talks some more. There is a good healthy religious influence, I think, and underneath our little work the deep thunder of the Moody movement is rolling all the time. I hear nothing from Bristol, but have no doubt your Ordination took and all goes well there.[1]

Boston, March 7, 1877.

Dearest Arthur, — Queer what you said about Hans Sachs's poems. I had sent for and got the volume, and here it is with some of the jolliest woodcuts and German poetry, which is pretty easy to make out, and very quaint. Oh, if we were but in Nuremberg, you and I, to-day! As a sort of variety in Lent I have begun to read Miss Martineau's "Autobiography." It is as unlike a Lent lecture as possible. The calm complacency of her unbelief is something wonderful. Just here Mother came in to see me. The first visit she has made this winter. They really seem likely to break up and go to Andover this spring. I am talking of taking their servants and setting up housekeeping this fall.

The allusion to the work in Boston of Mr. D. L. Moody, the Evangelist, recalls the circumstance that while the revival meetings were in progress Mr. Moody was for some reason unable to preach, and Mr. Brooks was invited to take his place. It was an interesting circumstance, and invested with theological curiosity, that an Episcopal clergyman, the rector of Trinity Church, should receive such an invitation. The Episcopal Church had hitherto shown but little sympathy with revivals. Many doubted whether Mr. Brooks was sufficiently familiar with evangelistic methods to meet a congregation drawn together by Mr. Moody's earnestness and eloquence. But he was invited in the confidence that the thousands who were flocking nightly to the tent, or Tabernacle as it was called, where the services were held would not be disappointed when they knew of the change. And this confidence was not misplaced. It was an event in the history of the revival that Phillips Brooks had taken part in it.

The announcement [said one of the Boston papers] that the Rev. Phillips Brooks was to preach was sufficient to fill the Tabernacle to its utmost capacity last evening. On no occasion

[1] The reference is to the Rev. John Cotton Brooks, who after his ordination became rector of St. James's Church, Bristol, Pa.

has there been a larger audience, and it was composed of a much different class of people than usually gather. The regular services were opened by the congregation rising and singing, "Just as I am without one plea." The Rev. W. W. Newton of St. Paul's offered prayer, and Mr. Sankey gave the notices for the week, and sang "The Ninety and Nine." Mr. Brooks read for the Scripture lesson from the twenty-sixth chapter of Acts. The congregation joined in singing the hymn, "'T is the promise of God full salvation to give." Mr. Brooks then preached, and the services closed with benediction.

The text from which the sermon was preached was the passage from St. Paul where he describes his conversion: "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." The preacher was at his best as he unfolded the text, expounding the principle of conversion as he himself had experienced it, — that the vision must come first, to be followed by obedience, when the sense of sin would inevitably ensue, but with the assurance of forgiveness. He condemned not only by implication, but in express language, the opposite method which sought first to produce the sense of sin, and after the conviction of forgiveness had been attained, held out the prospect of the heavenly vision. He assumed throughout that religion was natural to man, because all men were by creation and by redemption the children of God. They had wandered; they had forgotten or neglected or were ignorant of their birthright; but when the vision came, it appealed to something in every man's constitution, rousing within him the dormant faculties of a divine relationship.

Dr. Tyng was moved when he heard of the incident, and wrote to Mr. Brooks this letter: —

St. George's Rectory, New York, March 24, 1877.

My dear Brother. — I have read your Sermon at the Tabernacle, as reported in the "Journal," and I am grateful for the grace which enabled you to do the thing itself in the midst of all the prejudices of Boston, and then to do it so skilfully and well, amidst the pressures of the occasion. I have always united with those faithful brethren, because I have believed them doing God's work, and in the way which His providence had planned. In all the work which they have done under my notice, I have found much to praise, much to be thankful for, nothing to reprove.

That the varied shapes of denial, which modern Anti-Evangelism has adopted, whether the pride of opinion, or the vanity of position, or the veil of formalism, or the working of mere hatred of truth, should combine against the simplicity of Truth as these plain men present it could not surprise me, and would not in the least move me. But perhaps there is no place where authority so much opposes Freedom after all as our dear Old Boston. The Cradle of Liberty in name, but at the same time the nursery of much prejudice, and of much determination that no one shall violate Boston Notions, whenever they become popular. That you have given your growing influence to revival movements is to me and to many a call for much thankfulness. God, even our own God, will bless you and your work. I rejoice that you were not disobedient to the Heavenly Vision. It is a curious fact to remember how many have received a heavenly vision, in Old Trinity in years gone by, when there was but little Earthly, to make it probable, or to encourage it, when appearing. There was always there an undercurrent of real, vital religion. It was the home of many of the Lord's hidden ones. Your ministry is the New Testament upon the Old, the bringing out to being and view the things which were. The Gracious Lord bless you in it all, and make you an eminent Caller forth of his hidden ones to open light, usefulness, and glory. I take the greatest interest in hearing of you, and am always glad to hear from you.

Faithfully yours,

Stephen H. Tyng.

It had now been three years since Mr. Brooks had known a vacation which had brought him rest from preaching. In the summer of 1875 he had preached at Emmanuel Church, Boston, and in the summer of 1876 at Emmanuel in the morning and at St. Mark's in the evening. His congregations were composed of dwellers in the city who could not leave, and of strangers sojourning or passing through, who availed themselves of the opportunity. This free gift of himself met its full appreciation, and was part of the larger ministry, whose fruits would be manifest in due time. But now he had resolved upon a summer abroad, for, though he does not mention it, the strain had been long and severe. When his intention was known to the people of Trinity Church, the following unanimous resolution was taken at a meeting of the Proprietors on Easter Monday: —

On Motion of Mr. Winthrop, it was Resolved: "That the Proprietors of Trinity Church, deeply sensible of the great labors of their Rector during the past year, and of the invaluable services which he has rendered to the Church, desire to express their cordial concurrence in his purpose to seek rest and relaxation in foreign travel during the approaching summer, and that the sum of Two Thousand dollars be appropriated towards defraying the expenses of his tour, with the best wishes of us all that he may enjoy the vacation which he has so richly earned, and return to us with fresh vigor for his work."

While in London Mr. Brooks saw many people whom he speaks of as pleasant and civil. General Grant was then in England, of whom he writes as the great sensation, eclipsing all other Americans, "as if they wondered what *we* had come for." He dined at the American Minister's, and met the "great warrior." He saw much of Dean Stanley and of the English clergy, was admitted to the House of Lords and the House of Commons, attended the Convocation of the southern province, listening to a discussion on the subject of the confessional, which ended in a vote by a large majority on the Protestant side. He carried with him abroad the interests of Trinity Church. To the late Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who was also in England, he wrote: —

London, July 4, 1877.

Dear Mr. Winthrop, — I must write you a few words to tell you how much I enjoyed my little visit to Groton yesterday, and how much I thank you for sending me there. It was a delightful day, and the drive from Sudbury to Groton was very charming. The Rector was most courteous and hospitable, and I saw all that must always make the place very interesting to Massachusetts men. I congratulate you upon this window in the church at Groton. It was looking very beautiful yesterday. The thick glass behind it seems to have brought it to just the right degree of brilliancy and color. The restoration of the tomb seemed to me also to have been thoroughly well done.

My glass efforts in London have been very perplexing. Clayton & Bell were shamefully behindhand, and yet what they had done seemed to me even better than the window already in the Chancel. The Lord's Supper window is almost finished, and the centre window is just begun in glass from a cartoon which I like exceedingly. I have not definitely entrusted the other four windows to

them, but I have no doubt that I shall do so this week. I leave for the Continent next Monday (July 9). My only hesitation is in the matter of time. They promise to have them all done by next Easter or Whitsunday at the farthest, but we know what their promises are worth. But I am sure that when they come they will be thoroughly good. I hope that the Committee will think that I have done right. I called at Burlison & Grill's the first day I was in London, but found they had just sent your window. It is probably in its place before this, and I hope it wholly pleases you. They had some beautiful work just finished for Lichfield Cathedral, and I hear them praised everywhere.

I was sorry to find that Lady Rose had left town. She wrote kindly, asking me to come to Henley-on-Thames, but I was not able to command the day. I saw the Archbishop, who asked much of you. Dean Stanley is sadly changed since I saw him last, and the Deanery is a very different place. I have promised to preach for him in the Abbey on Sunday morning, which will be my only preaching away from Trinity. I beg you to remember me most kindly to Mrs. Winthrop, and I am

Most faithfully yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

On Sunday, July 8, he preached for the second time at Westminster Abbey. There was no complaint of his not being heard. Canon Farrar, whose acquaintance he now made, wrote to him, "It was a very great pleasure to me to resign the Abbey pulpit to you, and very nobly you used the opportunity." Dean Stanley, who was present, listened with delight to a doctrine which was after his own heart. The text was from Isaiah lx. 19: "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." The subject was "The Symbol and the Reality." At a moment when the symbolism of mediæval ritual was urged upon the modern church as though the Protestant Reformation had been mistaken in abandoning it, when it was argued that an elaborate and gorgeous symbolism was a necessity of the religious life, the conviction was growing stronger in the mind of the preacher that this was not the method which brought the highest result, that no symbol was doing its true work unless it was educating those who used it

to do without it if need be. This principle was applied not only to religious symbolism, but to all the symbols of life. Everywhere the letter stands for the spirit, and to give up the letter, that the spirit may live more fully, becomes from time to time the absolute necessity.

After a few weeks in England, Mr. Brooks left for the Continent, going first to Belgium and Holland, then up the Rhine, pausing for a moment in Germany, then to Italy, Venice, Florence, and Milan, and finally to Switzerland. While he was in Holland he received the news that Harvard University had in his absence conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. On the diploma which was sent to him it read that the degree was given "in recognition of his eloquence as a preacher, his dignity and purity of life as a minister of religion, and his liberality and large-mindedness as a man." To the Rev. James P. Franks of Salem, who first conveyed him the news, he wrote that he would not be called Dr. Brooks. To his friends and parishioners, and to people generally, it seemed most fitting still to call him Mr. Brooks, as though ecclesiastical titles, however deserved, somehow separated them from the man. There was a self-conscious smile when his friends ventured to address him as Dr. Brooks.

Old Bible Hotel, Amsterdam, Sunday, July 15, 1877.

Dear James, — You are a jewel of a fellow to write me that letter. It reached me as I was dressing myself at Brussels the other morning. It was the first news I heard of the honor which Harvard had done me. I was surprised at it, and of course gratified. I had supposed the College had given up all idea of making any more D. D.'s, and especially that they would not give the degree to one of their own overseers. But as they have thought good to do it, I am pleased and proud, for a Cambridge man thinks that there are no honors like those which come from Cambridge. Only I won't be called Dr. Brooks, and you may stop that for me when and where you can.

How I wish you were here to-day, sitting this morning, looking out with me on this muddy Canal, and seeing the Dutchies go to Church. It is very odd and interesting. We would go off somewhere into the country this afternoon, and get under the shadow of a windmill, and talk about all sorts of things, from the day we first met in Philadelphia to the prospects of the next General

Convention. Then we would come home to *table d'hôte* and spend the evening in the big square which they profanely call the "Dam," looking at the people, and seeing what queer things they do. But that must n't be. You are in Salem and preparing to preach the gospel to S—— to-day. I honor you, and I am glad I am not in your place. Last Sunday I preached for Mr. Stanley at his church in London, and William and I were much in the little man's company while we were in his town. He is very pleasant and entertaining, but much changed since his wife's death. He has grown old, and seems to be fighting hard to keep up an interest in things. The usual collection of Broad Churchmen was about him, and convocation was sitting in Westminster School almost under his roof. I heard a long debate one day on "The Priest in Absolution." On the whole, London was delightful and I was glad to get out of it for the Continent, as I always am. I investigated all the Glass-makers, and found some very interesting men among them.

We are at Holland now, and all this week we shall be here. How I wish you were here! William is well and seems to enjoy it all, and is first-rate company. My bestest love to Sally and the babies, and come and see me in September at 175 Marlborough.

Always yours, P. B.

Mr. Brooks returned to Boston in September to live there henceforth under changed conditions. His father and mother had given up their house on Hancock Street, and had gone to North Andover to reside in the old Phillips homestead. Forty-four years had elapsed since in the same house, to which they now returned, they had been married and thence had come to Boston, establishing themselves in the first home on High Street. They had seen six boys go out from them into the world, four of them still living, and now that the youngest had gone from home, they looked to North Andover as a quiet retreat in the decline of life. Mr. Brooks would gladly have had them come to live with him, and would have made any arrangements for that end; he had counted upon it as his pleasure and privilege, but the parents declined to accept such an invitation from him or any of the other sons. It was understood in the family that it was not possible. The mother refused on principle any such invitation. For many years Mr. Brooks had kept his bachelor quarters in boarding

houses and hotels, first on Mount Vernon Street, and then at the Hotel Kempton on Berkeley Street. He now set up housekeeping for the first time at No. 175 Marlborough Street, taking into his employment the servants who had lived with his mother.

Mr. Brooks had returned to find the General Convention of the Episcopal Church sitting in Boston, but was unable to attend its sessions on account of illness, — what was called a slow fever, which confined him for a time to the house. He had at this time also some difficulty in walking, owing, it may have been, to his increasing weight. These were not favorable conditions for judging of the work of a General Convention.

"Last Sunday," he writes, "I had three bishops in Trinity, and went to all the services, and by night was saturated with commonplace."

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, October 8, 1877.

Dear old Cooper, — A thousand thanks for your letter. Well, I am home again, and once more Europe is behind my back. I had a royal time, and lots of places put me in mind of our summer there which, after all, was the best of all. Let 's see : we drove again up the Inn Valley starting from Innsbruck (where they have got now a tremendous new hotel). We stopped again at Landeck and Mals and Finstermünz, and such an afternoon and night as we had at Trafoi you never saw. It is the most gorgeous view and made me think with horror of what was hid from us on that rainy afternoon we passed there. The ride up the Stelvio was superb, but at the top we had a driving snowstorm and went over the ridge buttoned up to the chin and our hands down deep in our pockets. Then down to Bormio where was the bath, and then by Tirano to Lake Como and Venice and Bologna and Florence. It was all beautiful, and now seems like the same dream that those journeys always do when they are over.

We had a quiet, dull voyage home, and the day before we landed I was taken with what the Doctor calls a slow fever which has kept me a good deal shut up ever since. It is the slowest fever that ever was got up. The seat of it is principally in the back of the knees which give way when you have walked about a square. Altogether it is an attack of general good-for-nothingness which I am tired of, and which I am glad to be able to hope is almost over now.

It has allowed me to ignore the General Convention which is going on in as miserable and useless a way as you can conceive. There is nothing for them to do, and they are trying hard to make something by bringing up all kinds of ridiculous propositions. I was glad once more to sign the petition about the Baptismal service. It reminded me of good old times, and I hope we shall have it triannually as long as this church stands. It never will be granted of course.

I can't come on in November. I wish I could, but I must be at work. The summer and the sickness and the Convention together have lost me so much time, and then I have promised to go to the Congress in New York. I hope I shall meet you there, for I do want to see you ever so much. My kindest remembrances to Mrs. Cooper. Don't forget me.

Your old friend, P. B.

To Rev. W. N. McVickar, who had become the rector of Holy Trinity Church in Philadelphia, he writes: —

October 17, 1877.

My dear William, —. . . I had a splendid summer and hated to come home. I always do. But now that I am here I am reconciled, for is n't the General Convention here, and does n't it bring all the good fellows from all over the country? You and Cooper are the only men I want to see that I have n't seen. The thing itself, the Convention, is as funny as possible. I have n't been there myself for I have been sick, but I hear all about it, and I hope you read your "Daily Churchman" before you go to bed. They have done literally nothing. They did one piece of business week before last, and cackled over it all about town like a hen over her eggs. But the House of Bishops the next week sat down on it and vetoed it, and so they have really and literally not one thing to show. So they talk about the beautiful harmony that prevails. . . . And they swell, O, how they swell! And each "swole" a little worse than the one before him, if it were possible, except Bishop Williams. He is an old jewel and talks like a sensible man.

The admiration of Mr. Brooks for the late Bishop Williams of Connecticut was reciprocated. Thus Bishop Williams, who now met him for the first time, writes to him: —

I am not speaking empty words, but true ones, when I say to you, that for myself I rejoice in the meeting at Boston, espe-

cially because it gave me the opportunity which I had long wished for to see you. I have very deeply felt, and I think appreciated, the great work you have done and are doing, and I pray God may long be spared to do in Boston. And I have greatly wished to take you by the hand and say something of what was in my heart. I am very thankful for the opportunity.

In November he was present at the sessions of the Church Congress in New York, and on his return he writes: —

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, November 7, 1877.

Dear Arthur, — I am glad to hear that my coming away did no serious harm to the Congress. It seems to have gone on most swimmingly to the end, and I am very glad I came and thank you most truly for your kind welcome and hospitality. I was all the better for it, and am now quite well. Is n't it good to have these show occasions done with and settle down into the steady pull of Parish Life. Last Sunday seemed a blessed relief. There was nobody to be civil to in the Vestry Room, and you could read the service yourself and preach the Gospel which had been bottled up all the time. Now there is a clear field for the winter and I don't mean to have anybody preach for me, except when you come, before next year. . . . I have father staying with me for a day or two. He came down to vote and to attend the Historical Society to-morrow. He seems capitally well and goes out prowling around the town in his old fashion, as if Marlborough Street were quite as good a place as Hancock Street to start from. The election does n't look well.[1] Massachusetts has gone all right, but New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, seem to be all wrong. The policy is right, and I hope they will stick to it. But it would be an awful thing to have the country thrown into the hands of the starved Democrats two years hence. But I suppose it is a case of "doing right though the heavens fall," about as clear as we often see.

Have you read the new "Life of Sumner"? I have finished one volume of it and found it interesting. The wonderful reception that he had in England and the sight of the boyhood of these men who are either gone, or are old men now, are very attractive. Then I have been reading Bowen's new book.[2] I had forgotten what a queer, familiar, almost jocose style he has, but his expositions of the systems of philosophy are certainly very clear, though one doubts sometimes whether he has got to the bottom of them.

[1] The election of Hayes for President when Tilden was the Democratic candidate.

[2] *History of Philosophy.*

In December there was a visit to Philadelphia. His references to it, as in this extract from a letter to McVickar, show that his heart still turned to it with a yearning affection: —

December 13, 1877.

Yes I am coming to Philadelphia, and am counting upon it immensely. It will be the shortest visit possible, but then it will be Philadelphia. As to preaching, you must speak to Charles D. Cooper. Anything that you and he agree on I will do. Only let 's not make too terrible a rush of it. Of course the pulpit of Trinity is the dearest spot on earth to me, — in other words, is home.

The occasion which took him to Philadelphia was the tenth anniversary of the consecration of the Church of the Holy Apostles, of which Mr. Cooper was rector. When Mr. Cooper invited him to come, he wrote at once: "Why, of course I 'll come. Do you think I would let the friends of the Holy Apostles gather and I not be there?" The visit was to come soon after his birthday. This letter to Miss Meredith of Philadelphia strikes the usual keynote of the birthdays: —

December 18, 1877.

Dear Miss Meredith,— . . . It seems as if everything out of the old times were altered so and things whirl on so fast now, sickness and health, trouble and pleasure chasing each other quickly. The quiet, smooth, unbroken life is all gone. This is not perhaps less happy, but "the time is short" seems to ring out of everything. And then again the *whole* of things seems of so much more consequence and the details of things of so much less than they used to. I wonder if everybody gets to feel so. I was forty-two last Thursday.

But I am coming on to Philadelphia next month, and shall at least get in sight of the old times again. I am coming for the tenth anniversary of the Holy Apostles! Mr. Cooper has sent for me to revive the memory of the day when we begged the money together. I shall have but a day in the good town, and am much afraid that I shall see my friends only from the pulpit.

Mr. —— is a curious creature, not at all to be turned off in a sentence; full of learning, with a strong dash of genius and half crazy. One vision of him in a city where he is not known must be amazing and bewildering.

A happy Christmas to you all, and may God bless you always.

Your sincere friend, Phillips Brooks.

The work in his parish in the year 1878 went on as usual. The Lenten services grew deeper in their interest and power. His Wednesday evening lectures called out very large congregations. His references to the season of Lent in his letters must be interpreted as meaning that he put his whole soul into the frequent services, but did not care that any one should know with what deep feeling and with what laborious study he prepared himself for the penitential season. His epistolary references to it are in contrast with the note-books, with the earnestness of his mood stamped upon every page. He took up large subjects, in courses of addresses which called for thorough and comprehensive study. In his Sunday preaching the sermons followed each other on the same high level. He did not write many letters, and these inclined to brevity. He writes to Mr. Cooper, February 8, 1878: —

Weir Mitchell has been here curing all the dilapidated Bostonians. His coming makes a great sensation, for he is a very famous man. I felt as though I were a nerve doctor myself with all the patients that swarmed about the house.

After him came Dr. Newton, — the Rev. Richard Newton of your town. He stayed with Willie, not with me, and seemed to be overcome with indignation at his recreant brother. How he does pitch into him!

So you see we have some excitement here. But on the whole Boston is dull, and nothing but the endless round of Church work keeps me from getting stagnant. I think I have never been busier about that since I was in the ministry.

He asked the Proprietors of Trinity Church for permission to hold free evening services during Lent, and the request was granted unanimously without limit of time. On these occasions the great church was filled. He made an exchange with Rev. Arthur Brooks, at the Church of the Incarnation, New York, on the Sunday after Easter, and then we hear of him again in Philadelphia, where he has gone for the visit to Mr. Cooper.

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, March 18, 1878.

Dear Arthur, — . . . Yesterday was a queer day. In the morning I got Sankey to come in and sing to our Sunday-school

children. He made a little speech to them which was capital, as simple and earnest and affectionate as possible, and then he sang "Ninety and Nine" execrably. . . .

Lent is moving on quietly and seriously. Next Sunday is our Confirmation Day, and then I shall be easier. I have never held it quite so early before, and I look forward with much pleasure to the weeks of Lent which will still remain after the anxiety of Confirmation is over. Now every minute of every week is busy as has been the case for these seventeen last springs. How alike they all are, and yet one never gets tired of them. I hear all sorts of questions about a new Church paper which is to grow up in New York. Heber has written to Percy and to others about it. I am afraid that you and I will die without seeing what we want, and the last number of "The Churchman" will be dropped into our graves. The "New Church Journal" I am afraid will not be very interesting. The perpetual symposium business will tire.

Have you ever seen Chauncey Wright's "Life"? Did you know him in Cambridge? It is very interesting, I think. His metaphysics are pretty steep and his conclusions often pretty bad. . . . The picture of a quiet, simple, thoughtful, unambitious Cambridge life is rather nice. . . .

Well, after Lent we must have a meeting somehow. The time and place will be given on small bills. I see as little now of Father and Mother or of John as I do of you. I have n't been to Andover since that tremendous Saturday morning when you came down and I went up, and I have n't been to John's at all. He was up at the Club in fine spirits and seemed to like the "Institution," though he modestly held his peace at his first meeting. . . .

He congratulates his brother on a proposed trip to Europe, and speaks for the first time of Rev. Leighton Parks, who has just come to Boston as Dr. Vinton's successor: —

May 20, 1878.

I picture to myself the scene behind the smokestack of the Bothnia when you and your fellow travellers sit around your Bishop and he tells you what he means to do at the Pan. Don't let your contempt for the whole affair prevent you from getting just one sight of —— walking with the Archbishop of Canterbury. That surely would be a sight worth seeing. I am going up to Andover to-day to see Father and Mother.

I find the great Church sensation here is Parks at Emmanuel.

He is impressing people very much. Dr. Vinton heard him yesterday and says he is a remarkable fellow. I have not heard him, but called on him the other day and found him bright, intelligent, and modest, a real good fellow. He is a Broad Churchman steeped in Maurice to the eyes.

He was taking an interest in little things, such as the furnishing of his house, at a time when antique colonial furniture was the fashion.

To Mr. Cooper he writes: —

May 25, 1878.

Here I am safe at home again with all the fun behind me and full of gratefulness to you all for all your hospitality. Everything was very delightful at the good old town, the Breakfasts, and the Convention, and the talks, and the walks, and the general smell and taste of good old times that was about the whole. Boston is sadly different. I feel after I get back from one of my visits to you as if I had only just moved here and were a stranger in the streets.

The clock and the corner cupboard came safely and are both up and running most satisfactorily. I know what time it is and what day of the month and of the week and of the moon. If it only gave the Golden Letter and the Dominical Number and the First and Second Lessons I should feel entirely set up.

In June he was present at the centennial of Phillips Academy, Andover, of which he writes to Arthur Brooks, June 10, 1878: —

Yes, we did have a good time. I do not know when I have seen a big display go off so well throughout, and we were a sort of quiet centre to the whole thing, we Phillipses, around which it all revolved. We had the glory and they had the work; and that is always fun.

It was very pleasant, too, to have you and L—— here. It is not often now that all four of us boys get together in one room as we did here in my study the other night. So let us be proud and happy for the way the whole thing was done, and hope for another occasion soon. . . .

He went soon after this event to Phillips Academy, Exeter, to deliver the address to the graduating class, then to Virginia, where he read an essay on "The Pulpit and Popular Skepticism." Of this last visit he writes, July 9, 1878: —

I went down into Virginia with Jim. We visited the old Seminary where I read an Essay to the Alumni, and got quite sentimental about old times. The old place seemed to be full of life and turned out a good many parsons of the peculiar Virginia kind which is n't a bad sort, though one would n't want a whole church made up of them. Then we went down to the Virginia Springs in the Blue Ridge, where we passed three very queer and pleasant days, taking much sulphur both inside and out. Meantime the heat had grown to be something awful in those Northern parts, but down where we were everything was as cool and delightful as possible. On our way back we stopped and spent two days with Willie McVickar, saw lots of Cooper, smoked many pipes, and talked the whole Church over.

He took a house at Hingham for the summer, going to Boston every Sunday to preach. Of the life at Hingham he writes to Mr. Cooper : —

August 3, 1878.

I never had such a profoundly quiet summer as I am having now. I am here in a queer little cottage on an obscure back bay of Boston Harbor, where there is nothing to do, or at least where I do nothing, no sailing, no fishing, no riding, no walking. Nothing in the world but plenty of books and time and tobacco. Nobody to talk to or to talk to me. And I like it first-rate, almost as well as Heiligenblut and Bad Gastein. But it is very different.

The only thing I really do which I can put my finger on is to prepare my volume of sermons which is coming out in September. Every day some proof comes down which I have to correct and send back. I doubt if they are worth publishing, and I have had a hundred minds about going on or stopping them, but I am in for it now, and will send you a copy when they come out. . . .

In his seclusion at Hingham, he wrote often to his brother Arthur, in Europe, following his movements with the sympathy of an old traveller : —

August 16, 1878.

I am sure you will have a delightful summer, and we shall follow you through it all with our good wishes. It is about the pleasantest thing that people can do in this fallen world.

I don't think the Pan-Anglican troubled you much, and from all accounts it won't trouble anybody a great deal. I don't hear of anything said or done there which was of the slightest consequence. And it gets to be very funny when in General Con-

ventions and Pan Synods and all sorts of Assemblies of Ecclesiastical people the one thing they can crow over when the meeting breaks up is the "perfect harmony" of it all, — as if it is a wonder to sing a Te Deum over, if Churchmen come together without pulling each other's wigs off and tearing each other's eyes out. . . . No doubt you saw the little Dean, who is well I hope, but who certainly must have seemed to you very much changed from when we saw him in '74. . . . Have you seen Grant anywhere? The prospect of making him our next President is taking shape and soon will be a settled thing. All the European tour, with its receptions and parade, has been deliberately planned for this. Ben Butler is going to try to be Governor of Massachusetts this fall, and that will keep things lively here. There has been a blackguard named Kearney about here preaching low Irish Communism, whom Butler has taken up, and made an ugly mess. But what do you care for American politics when you are looking at the Madonna di San Sisto. . . . You are very good to offer to do anything for me. The picture which I saw was an etching from a portrait of James Martineau, the portrait, I think, by Watts. I saw it in Dr. Peabody's Study and liked it, and should like to have it, but don't let it trouble you.

The dread of an impending sorrow was hanging over Mr. Brooks through the summer in consequence of the illness of his father, whose health was steadily declining. He invited both his parents to Hingham, and they came, but, as the change was not beneficial, they soon returned to Andover. Nothing could exceed the thoughtfulness and tender devotion which he showed in the now changed relationship, — when instead of the father watching over the son with anxious affection, it was his privilege to care for both father and mother. He sent his friend Dr. Lyman to Andover, in the hope that the best medical skill and experience might be of some avail. He wrote every week to his brother abroad giving an account of his father's condition. He wrote often to his mother to encourage her; he sent everything that his ingenious thoughtfulness could devise which would cheer or help the invalid in his weakness, who, although he continued feeble, and evidently would never again be stronger, yet was cheerful and happy on the whole, with only occasional moods of discouragement.

The summer passed, and September brought an event of the highest interest to Mr. Brooks as well as to people throughout the country, — the visit of Dean Stanley to America. No Englishman ever came whose presence called forth more enthusiasm, nor did any one realize until he came how deep and widespread was the feeling which prompted the people out of pure gratitude to express their sense of indebtedness in every form which could do him honor. It was one of the important days in the history of Trinity Church when, on Sunday, the 22d of September, he stood in its pulpit, and, with his keen perception of the romance of history and the picturesque quality inhering in representative occasions, treated the moment as a meeting of the East with the West. The sermon which he preached was afterward printed, and the manuscript given to Mr. Brooks, who preserved it among the things that he valued. The visit to Boston came to an end with a breakfast given to the Dean by Mr. Brooks, at the Hotel Brunswick, when the clergy of Boston and vicinity had the opportunity to hear his pathetic words before he left the country.

A visit to Gambier, Ohio, which Mr. Brooks had projected as a holiday after the summer's preaching, was prevented by his father's illness. To the Rev. George A. Strong he wrote: —

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, Saturday, October 5, 1878.

Dear George, — My Father is very ill. He has been failing for a long time, but there has seemed to be every probability that it would go on slowly, and that the end was far away. But day before yesterday there came a change which has left him so that every-day we are compelled to look for what may not come for months. But I am afraid his death is very near. His mind is failing rapidly, and every day seems to draw the veil a little closer between us and any possible communication with him. I suppose it is paralysis, though there has been no recognizable shock, only a gradual benumbing of mind and body.

The year as it came to an end found him in the midst of many occupations, of which the most laborious was the preparation of the Bohlen Lectures, to be given in Philadelphia. But he found time for loving attentions to his father. The

thought of his father was uppermost in his mind, infusing into his work a new consecration: —

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, December 7, 1878.

Dear Arthur, — . . . I wish I was coming on to see you as you so kindly ask me to do. We would walk and talk and look at pictures, and I 'd smoke and perhaps we 'd go and see some of the brethren. But it must n't be. This is the time to work. Wednesday Evening services and Parish Visitings and Sunday Sermons and Christmas Carollings, and all these things chase one another too fast for one to get in a visit to New York between them. So I 've written to the New England Society that I cannot help them eat their dinner, and to the Christian Young Women that I cannot associate with them. The Mexican League I have n't heard from, but I should have to give them (or It) the same sort of an answer.

I have just begun to write the Bohlen Lectures which are to come off in Philadelphia some time before Ash Wednesday. They are a fearful invasion of the legitimate and regular work of the ministry, and the longer I am a Parson the less I think I like special work, the more I like to keep down to the steady humdrum of the Parish Mill. . . .

I was at Andover last week. It happened to be rather a bad day with Father and he was a little more blue and helpless than usual, but on the whole I think he remains about the same. Mother is well, and seems to keep up her spirits wonderfully. I feel now as if Father very possibly might go through the winter about as he is now, unless some sudden shock or cold should come.

P.

The experience which he had long been dreading, whose import to himself he had been sounding in advance, came on January 7, 1879. On the evening of the day of his father's funeral, which took place at Trinity Church, he wrote to his mother. Other letters that follow call for no comment. They tell the story in its simple and natural pathos.

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, Thursday evening, January 9, 1879.

Dear Mother, — I am thinking about you so much to-night that I must write you a little after all, though I said I should not. Lizzie will have told you how simply and fitly everything was done to-day, and it must surely be some satisfaction to us all to know how everybody's heart is full of honor for dear Father.

His body was borne into the church by his old friends, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Deane, Mr. Robert Mason, and Dr. George Ellis. Dr. Vinton read the service with the deepest feeling. I have not seen him except to get a pressure of the hand as we came out of the church. He is staying at Mr. Snelling's where he will have the best of care and will not suffer from his kind-hearted excursion. At Mount Auburn everything was done just exactly as you wished. As we left they were just going to strew the branches on the grave. The two evergreen crosses hung above the graves of George and Frederick, and the faithful custodian promised that this new precious grave should have the most sacred care. William and Arthur and John and James and I went out, and Edward Brooks followed in a carriage by himself. Chardon Brooks and Charles Francis Adams were in the pew directly behind us. There were a multitude of other people in the church whom I did not see.

All this is pleasant to all of us, but it is nothing beside the thought of the new life which Father has begun, and which never can be broken. When we remember his weakness and restlessness a week ago, and then think of the perfect peace and joy and knowledge that he is enjoying now, it is not so hard to bear it all and even to be thankful. It was a noble, faithful, useful life here, and now he is with Christ. It will not be long before we are with him. Let us try to be brave and wait as he would want us to do.

My dearest mother, you do not know how much you are to us, nor how we all long to have you rest upon us, and let us help and comfort you and make you happy.

May God help us all to live as faithfully and die as peacefully as dear Father has.

Your loving son, PHILLIPS.

BOSTON, January 11, 1879.

DEAR OLD COOPER, — You are a good kind fellow to write to me about Father and to speak of him so kindly. He was one of the simplest, truest, healthiest, and happiest natures that God ever made. All his life long was a perpetual delight in common things and a quiet, faithful doing of the duties that some men make a fuss about, as if they were the most natural things in the world and everybody did them. His religion was as simple as all the rest of his life, always flowing on serenely, as if to be a religious man and to love God and trust Him were not an exceptional and hard thing, but as true a part of human life as breathing. And at the last he grew simpler and sweeter as his strength faded

away, and died at last with calm dignity such as only a child or a strong man can have. But we shall miss him dreadfully. Life will never be again what it has been all these years with him behind us. And poor mother wanders about looking for some one to be anxious about and to take care of, and finding it a dreadful pain that her last anxiety is over, and that she has only to rest in peace till her happiness comes.

Yes, I shall come in February and lecture. The lectures are poor enough for they were written in the midst of all this derangement and distress, but I shall fulfil my engagement, and I shall see lots of you, old fellow. I promised McVickar long ago to stay with him on this official visit, but I shall see you all the time, and I am counting on it more than ever now. My love to Mrs. Cooper, and I am

Always yours, P. B.

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, January 18, 1879.

Oh, my dear George, how I wish I was in Gambier to-night and sitting with you and M—— in front of your fire, and talking over all these things which it is so unsatisfactory to write about. First, I want to thank you for your last letter about Father. I have been feeling all these last ten days as I know thousands of men have felt before me when their fathers have died, but feeling it just as freshly as if I were the first man that ever went through it, and with the strong belief that no father ever was to his boys just what ours has been to us. He was so bright and happy and simple and strong through all the long years while our lives revolved around his, and in these last years while he has been failing and we have had the privilege that we could do something for him, he has been so sweet and gentle and childlike and so full of happiness in his constantly narrowing life. And at last he lay down and died with the same quiet dignity with which he had lived. There is nothing that is not good to remember. It was as healthy and true a life as ever was seen, and now I miss him as I never dreamed that I could miss anybody, and it will be so to the end, I know. You knew him a little. He always felt that my friends were his friends, and so he always talked of you as if he knew you well. I know that he would have been glad to think that even so far away, and with so slight a recollection of him, you would care something for his death. And I should have felt more cast adrift than I do now if I had not had your words of sympathy. It sounds very stupid and cold to say that I thank you, but I love you more than ever.

I am sorry for all the mishap about New Bedford. No mat-

ter; perhaps something else may turn up soon and may be better managed. I want you somewhere here, and somehow feel more than ever now that, as our private circles grow thinner and thinner, it would be good if we could each draw a little more together and end our ministries, when the time for it must come, in something of the same snug and pleasant group in which they began. All we can do is to be upon the watch in case that any chance of such a welcome thing turns up.

I am glad that you welcomed Casaubon. He was selected with a little more discrimination than usual, for I had just been reading his life myself, and had been charmed not so much with him as with the Book. I hope that you will like it when you read it. . . . I have been lame all winter with a queer weakness of the knee, which the Doctor don't seem to understand. It probably is rebelling at the amount it has to carry. But it is about well now. Give my best love to M——, and I am always,

Yours, P. B.

February 5, 1879.

Dear Paddock, — A thousand thanks for your kind and thoughtful letter. I have always felt as if you knew Father from the memory of the old meeting twenty years ago at Alexandria, and from knowing how you had met him occasionally here since then. What you saw him at those times he always was, simple, cordial, affectionate, and full of a desire that everybody should be happy. Underneath this there was a quiet strength and integrity and a true Christian faith, which made his presence one of the healthiest atmospheres for a lot of boys to grow up in. And now that he is gone I can thank God heartily for all that he was and all that he is.

But it makes life a different thing. It makes the world seem at first very empty. And it makes it all the more to seem not sad when one looks forward to his own going. But meanwhile it makes one cling all the more to old friends. And I am full of gratitude that you should think of me. You are a true, kind friend, and have been for these more than twenty years. God bless you. Always yours, P. B.

Boston, February 11, 1879.

Dear Mother, — I have hoped to come and have another pleasant evening with you this week, before my departure for Philadelphia, which comes next Monday. But one by one I have had to strike off my evenings for engagements which I could not escape, and now they are all gone and I must not hope to see you

until I get home again. I am very sorry, for I enjoy my little runs to Andover better than anything that I do now, and two weeks seems to be a long time to wait, but it will pass and I shall come to you as soon as I possibly can after I get home. I hope that you are all well and will keep so, for we are all thinking about you all the time, and by and by we hope to have you with us here in Boston, and in the scattered places where the Brooks boys live. So take the best care of yourself for our sakes.

I send you the remarks of Mr. Winthrop about dear Father, which he made at the Historical Society on the day of the Funeral. By and by there will be a longer tribute in their published volume. But I thought you would like to see this now. It is good to know how he is valued. Almost every day some of his old friends tell me of their respect for him, and of how he is missed in the old places where he lived so long.

I send you also Dr. Stone's letter which I believe you have not seen. It is just like him. Can you send me within a day or two the name and full address of the minister at North Andover who held the service at the house? I should like to write to him before I go away. . . . A little letter from John about the visit that I am going to make him in Lent to preach for him on the 13th of March. He is in the full tide of prosperity and happiness. I shall not see either him or Arthur on my journey to Philadelphia or on my way home, for I shall be hurried through each way. But I shall try to visit both of them after Easter. Perhaps you will go with me. I am awfully disappointed that I cannot come up, but I must bear it. Give my love to Aunt Susan and Aunt Caroline and Aunt Blossom.

Always affectionately, PHILLIPS.

To this letter his mother replied: —

NORTH ANDOVER, February 12, 1879.

MY DEAR PHILLIPS, — Your kind and loving letter deserves a letter in return, and miserable as it will be, I am going to write you one. I sometimes think I 'll write and then thoughts of Father come over me, and I am too sick at heart to attempt it.

But I want to write to you to-day, for I am overpowered with all the marks of love you show me, and I want to tell you how much I appreciate it. But oh, I feel so unworthy of it all that it surprises me that you can care so much for me. Now you must not say as you always do, "Oh, how humble you are," for I really feel it all. Believe me, dear Phillips, I am as sorry as you are that you can't come up this week, for I do enjoy your visits, but I have not expected it, for I know you must be overpowered with

work all the time, and have no time to spare, for you are in your busiest season now. But I shall dwell on the pleasure of your promised visit after your return from Philadelphia.

I hope you will enjoy your little trip, and that it will rest your mind and body, for both must need rest. Do enjoy all you can, and sleep all you can, for I consider that sleep is our greatest earthly blessing.

I thank you for sending me Mr. Winthrop's notice of dear Father. I am glad his friends do him honor; he deserves it all. Also I thank you for Dr. Stone's letter; it is a comfort to me: he was Father's first minister in the Episcopal Church, and he always admired him.

I am very sorry to see by the paper the instant death of Governor Gardner's son in Colorado, by a snow slide. How it makes me think of our poor Frederick's sudden death! Do you remember that Tuesday of this week was the anniversary of dear George's death, sixteen years ago! How I long for them all. But I thank God that he has spared me so many loving ones.

Now, dear Philly, please don't feel anxious about me while you are gone. I am very well and very comfortably situated, near to the Aunts' rooms, who are untiring in their kindness to me, night and day, and when their time of trouble comes I hope I shall be all ready to serve and comfort them.

I wish I could *sew on some buttons* or do something to help you before you go. Be sure I shall think of you a great deal in your absence; perhaps you will answer this letter while you are gone.

Good-by, and with many thanks for all your goodness and tenderness to me, remember I am always your fond and loving

MOTHER.

Among the tributes to the memory of William Gray Brooks was one from Dr. Vinton, who was moved as he recalled the history of the family with which he had been closely associated. He writes to Mrs. Brooks, at North Andover: —

The solemn service to which I was called last week at Trinity Church brought you to my mind with an affectionate sadness, and awakened all the associations which began with my rectorship at St. Paul's Church and have continued ever since with some of your family. I recall your anxiety for Mr. Brooks's religious state, and how God answered your prayers for him. I remember, too, our many conversations about your children, and how again your prayers were met by seeing them all turn to Christ, and I have often thought that you ought to be the happiest of Mothers. . . .

At the first meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society held after the death of their colleague, words of grateful appreciation were spoken in behalf of the society. They are full of meaning, for they are describing qualities which reappeared in the son, with only this difference, — an adventitious one, to which the son attached no importance, — that he had filled no exalted public station.

The president of the society, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, said, in announcing the death: —

I cannot fail to make the earliest mention of the loss which comes nearest to us and to allude first to the death of our esteemed and respected friend and associate, William Gray Brooks, Esq., a gentleman to whom we were all warmly attached, and whose companionship and hearty coöperation in our work have been so highly valued by us all. Indeed I may say that we have had but few more attentive or more useful members during the seventeen or eighteen years since he was elected. No one certainly has taken a warmer interest in our welfare, or rendered us more substantial services. As repeatedly a member of our Standing Committee, and occasionally its Chairman, and especially as a leading member of the committee to which our building was entrusted during the process of its reconstruction, Mr. Brooks was ever most diligent and devoted. I know not how we should have gone through with that protracted and often perplexing process without his practical wisdom and his faithful and untiring supervision.

Always prompt and punctual at our meetings, as long as his health permitted him to attend them, he took also an intelligent and eager interest in our historical proceedings, and from time to time made important communications on genealogical or historical topics. Tracing back his ancestry to the famous minister of old Boston and of new Boston, — John Cotton, and immediately connected with families which have given so many eminent men both to the ministry and to the magistracy of New England, his mind was naturally turned to inquiries and investigations which might aid in the just commemoration of these local worthies, and our records bear frequent evidence of his success.

The Rev. Robert C. Waterston added these discriminating words: —

He was gentle and unassuming, scrupulously true to the practical duties of life; his courtesy of manner, generosity of heart, and integrity of purpose won for him universal respect and love.

He seemed never to be troubled by that restless ambition which desires to make itself prominent. Cheerfully he pursued the even tenor of his way, satisfied with being a kind neighbor, an upright citizen, a trustworthy and honorable man. His sound sense and clear judgment gave value to his counsel. There was nothing morbid in his nature, and no tendency to unreasonable impulse or exaggeration. Calm and considerate, his words carried with them a proportionate weight. Consistent in his actions, what he did he was not obliged to undo. In his business he had no passion for unlimited accumulation of wealth. A reasonable competency satisfied his desire. He was generous; but what he imparted he sought to distribute so that it should result, as far as was possible, in permanent good. In his charities he shrank from an appearance of display. Whatever tended to promote the public welfare found in him an earnest response; and, in carrying forward plans of general enterprise, according to his means, he was ready at all times to do his part.

But there was yet a higher tribute which the son was to pay to his father, when in the human relationship he saw the medium of the divine revelation. Such had been the earthly father's life that to the son it bore witness to the nature of and the evidence for the Fatherhood of God. In the year before his father died, Phillips Brooks was speaking to the students of the Yale Divinity School on the best method of teaching religion, or the relationship between God and man which constituted religion: —

It is merely the completion, the transfiguration of that which we can see in any healthy family. . . . For myself, every year that I have preached, that sight, the child and the father in their deepest relationship to one another, has grown an ever clearer and richer revelation of the mystery of man and God. In it I find the clearest exhibition of the highest and most comprehensive thought of duty, which is loving obedience including in itself the power and effect of education.

At the time of his father's death he was preparing his Bohlen Lectures on "The Influence of Jesus." It was while his bereavement was still fresh that he wrote these words, in illustration of the central theme of his book, — Jesus as revealing the Fatherhood of God: —

Beyond all analysis lies the relation which every true son holds

to a true father. It is a final fact. You cannot dissolve it in any abstract theory. It issues from the mysterious sympathy of the two lives, one of which gave birth to the other. It has ripened and mellowed through all the rich intercourse of dependent childhood and imitative youth and sympathetic manhood. It is an eternal fact. Death cannot destroy it. The grown-up man feels his father's life beating from beyond the grave, and is sure that in his own eternity the child relation to that life will be in some mysterious and perfect way resumed and glorified, that he will be something to that dear life and it to him forever. All this remains. . . . The joy and pain, all the richness and pathos of his home life, while they keep their freshness and peculiar sanctity, have in them and below them all the multitudinous happiness and sorrow of the larger life in the great household of the world. The child feels something of this truth by instinct. The thoughtful man delights to realize it more and more as he grows older (pp. 184, 185).

CHAPTER XI

1877–1878

LECTURES ON PREACHING. FIRST VOLUME OF SERMONS. THE TEACHING OF RELIGION. THE PULPIT AND POPULAR SKEPTICISM

The narrative of the first ten years of the ministry of Phillips Brooks in Boston, which has now been given, will serve to confirm the impression of a change or difference when compared with that of his ministry in Philadelphia. What, we may ask, had become of that intense mysterious force, evoked by the war, by which he rose even above the high level of his work as a preacher? What is there in these years that corresponds with his wonderful power as a platform speaker or public orator when he was advocating reforms whose necessity stirred the lowest deeps of his soul? That passionate vehemence had not, like some transient flame, been extinguished, but transmuted into some other manifestation of power. These years whose record has been traced are quiet years compared with what went before or what came afterwards, — a time of silent preparation, of study, and of inward ferment, of which but little evidence is apparent in his letters. But, as has been so often remarked, the traces of his work are concealed. We must then turn to his published writings, which now began to multiply, wherein will be seen the man in other aspects, in new phases of his personality. They will show that he had been concentrating his mind on the study of his age, and on the message which that strange and troubled world was demanding.

It was in the early part of the year 1877, when the building committee of Trinity Church were making strenuous efforts to hasten its completion, that Phillips Brooks went to

New Haven to deliver his lectures on Preaching before the students of the Yale Divinity School. It was a time of unusual excitement for his parish and for himself when he was writing the lectures, an excitement and enthusiasm which culminated in their delivery. So deeply was he moved that for some reason he could not bear to make the journeys to New Haven alone, and took with him one of his relatives. The event stirred him the more deeply because for the first time he was unveiling his own personal experience, as he had felt compelled to review it when he sought to explain the secret and power which made the pulpit effective. The greatest charm of the Yale Lectures, from a literary point of view, is that they constitute the autobiography of Phillips Brooks, — the confessions of a great preacher. The book is personal throughout: he speaks often of himself freely in the first person, and at other times veils the revelation. Always he is giving the result of his own reflection and observation of life. It is a book which owes nothing to predecessors in the same field, of which there are many. He confines himself to preaching as he had experienced its workings, or studied its method, or observed its power. In this review of his life he went back to his days at the Virginia seminary.

> I can remember how, before I began to preach, every book I read seemed to spring into a sermon. It seemed as if one could read nothing without sitting down instantly and turning it into a discourse. But as I began and went on preaching, the sermons that came of special books became less and less satisfactory and more and more rare. Some truth which one has long known, stirred to peculiar activity by something that has happened or by contact with some other mind, makes the best sermon (p. 159).

He recalls how he had come very early to the conclusion that what was desired in the ministry, as the condition of effective preaching, was the combination of learning and intellectual force with the capacity for devout and deep and intense feeling. "In many respects an ignorant clergy, however pious it may be, is worse than none at all" (p. 45). He was wont to say that he had not worked as hard as he

should have done in college, but he did not make this admission regarding his time in the theological seminary.

> Most men begin really to study when they enter on the preparation for their profession. Men whose college life, with its general culture, has been very idle, begin to work when, at the door of the professional school, the work of their life comes before them. It is the way in which a bird who has been whirling vaguely hither and thither sees at last its home in the distance and flies toward it like an arrow (p. 43).

He speaks of the first sermon which he preached, "which it was at once such a terror and such a joy to preach." As he compares the earlier with the later sermons, he finds sentences written years ago, containing meanings and views of truth which he perceives in them now, but had not seen in those early days. The truth was there, but he had not fully appropriated it. It has been shown that he had no taste or capacity for mere abstract ideas apart from their concrete relationships. So far as he studied philosophies, metaphysical systems or their history, it was to catch their bearing on the practical issues of life. Ideas moved him as they did because and only in so far as he could trace this connection.

> The disposition to watch ideas in their working, and to talk about their relations and their influence on one another, simply as problems in which the mind may find pleasure without an entrance of the soul into the ideas themselves, this, which is the critical tendency, invades the pulpit, and the result is an immense amount of preaching which must be called preaching about Christ as distinct from preaching Christ. There are many preachers who seem to do nothing else; always discussing Christianity as a problem, instead of announcing Christianity as a message and proclaiming Christ as a Saviour. . . . It is good to be a Herschel who describes the sun; but it is better to be a Prometheus who brings the sun's fire to the earth (p. 20).

Here is a passage which is the climax of self-revelation. He veils himself, it is true, to a certain extent, and puts what he has to say in impersonal form, but the description corresponds to no one but himself: —

> There is something beautiful to me in the way in which the utterance of the best part of a man's own life, its essence, its

result, which the pulpit makes possible and even tempts, is welcomed by many men, who seem to find all other utterance of themselves impossible. I have known shy, reserved men who, standing in their pulpits, have drawn back before a thousand eyes veils that were sacredly closed when only one friend's eyes could see. You might talk with them a hundred times, and you would not learn so much of what they were as if you once heard them preach. It was partly the impersonality of the great congregation. Humanity, without the offence of individuality, stood there before them. It was no violation of their loyalty to themselves to tell their secret to mankind. It was a man who silenced them. But also, besides this, it was, I think, that the sight of many waiting faces set free in them a new, clear knowledge of what their truth or secret was, unsnarled it from the petty circumstances into which it had been entangled, called it first into clear consciousness, and then tempted it into utterance with an authority which they did not recognize in an individual curiosity demanding the details of their life. Our race, represented in a great assembly, has more authority and more beguilement for many of us than a single man, however near he may be. And he who is silent before the interviewer, pours out the very depth of his soul to the great multitude. He will not print his diary for the world to read, but he will tell his fellow men what Christ may be to them, so that they shall see, as God sees, what Christ has been to him (pp. 121, 122).

The "Lectures on Preaching" possess a further literary charm because they connect the pulpit with life, and with the highest, richest manifestations of life. The book took its place as an important contribution to literature, apart from its value as a treatise on homiletics. It abounds with literary allusions and illustrations new and effective, showing at once the scholar and the man widely read in the world's best books. The work that he had done in the Virginia seminary, as seen in the note-books that he had kept, is constantly reappearing. The movement is rapid; there is no lingering by the way; every page is full of condensed purpose. There is nothing artificial, no posing for effect; but plainness and great directness of speech, perfect naturalness and simplicity. The book captivates the reader, simply for this reason alone, — the transparency of the soul of its writer, between whom and the reader there intervenes no barrier. And further it

is redolent with happiness and hope for the world, as if at last the new day had dawned for humanity, and mankind might enter on its heritage, long promised and seen from afar, but now ready to be ushered in. It set the standard high, yet it did not discourage; it rather stimulated, begetting an enthusiasm which overrode all obstacles. It abounded in sentences which linger in the mind, — the perfection of expression in words.

There must be a man behind every sermon.

The intercourse with God in history.

The intelligent speculations of the learned become the vague prejudices of the vulgar.

The real power of your oratory must be your own intelligent delight in what you are doing.

You grow so familiar with the theory of repentance that it is hard for you to know that you have not yourself repented.

If you could make all men think alike, it would be very much as if no man thought at all, as when the whole earth moves together all things seem still.

To be dead in earnest is to be eloquent.

The personal interest of the preacher is the buoyant air that fills the mass and lifts it.

The sermon is truth and man together. It is the truth brought through the man.

The temptation from being messengers to be witnesses of the faith.

Say nothing which you do not believe to be true, because you think it may be helpful. Keep back nothing which you know to be true because you think it may be harmful.

This value of the human soul is something more than a mere sense of the soul's danger. It is a deliberate estimate set upon man's spiritual nature in view of its possibilities.

Never allow yourself to feel equal to your work. If you ever find that spirit growing on you, try to preach on your most exacting theme, to show yourself how unequal to it you are.

Pray for and work for fulness of life above everything; full red blood in the body; full honesty and truth in the mind; and the fulness of a grateful love for the Saviour in your heart.

Success is always sure to bring humility. "Recognition," said Hawthorne, "makes a man very modest."

In addition to their literary merit, or their value as the confessions of a soul speaking to men but always speaking before

God, the "Lectures on Preaching" have another significance in the assertion of theological or religious principles never quite so emphatically uttered before. The leading idea is that truth and moral efficiency in the will are contagious, and pass from man to man through the medium of personality. Personality is defined as a conscious relationship to God, which through the spirit of obedience to the divine will unfolds and expands all human powers and brings out the revelation of man. The subject had been before his mind from the moment he turned his thought to the ministry. He had asked himself at once the leading question, how the power which existed in abundance was to be brought to bear upon the will so as to issue in conduct. So early as 1862, in an address before the Evangelical Educational Society, he gave the answer, — training for the ministry meant the development of personal power, which as an agency for moral regeneration was mightier than any other, as bringing the power of God to bear directly on human souls. He took up the same subject when he went to Providence in 1865, to give the Phi Beta Kappa Oration at Brown University. His subject was "The Personality of the Scholar." On both these occasions we know from contemporary testimony that he was listened to with absorbing attention, and the atmosphere was full of the magnetism of his presence as he expounded his vision, that all which the minister or the scholar knows or loves must go out with him into all his life. If personal character were thus sought for the service of humanity, then the world would be uplifted to a higher plane, and belief in human progress would rest upon sure foundations, for it would be nothing else than belief in God. With this same message he had gone to the dedication of the Bradford Academy in 1870, and to the students of the Andover Theological Seminary in 1874. What he said was received as new truth, so vividly did he feel his force and urge it with such effect upon those who listened. His eloquence was at the highest point when he touched upon this theme. Thus his motive had for years been slowly accumulating in momentum when he went to Yale in 1877, to deliver his lectures on Preaching.

How far was his doctrine new? Can it be called the contribution of some important discovery to the cause of religious progress? In one sense the issue was as old as the history of the Christian church. It was what the Roman mind was thinking of when it devised the theory of apostolic succession, that power was handed down in the church by verbal commission from apostles to their successors. It came up again when the question was broached whether purity of character was an indispensable requisite in administering the sacred rites, or whether the power which had been imparted in ordination was sufficient for their validity. It haunted the Middle Ages as a disturbing theory at a time when it was the prevailing opinion that the power given in ordination was sufficient whatever the character of the officiating priest. It was the issue which underlay the rise of the papacy, that disobedience to the papal will was a moral defect which vitiated ecclesiastical acts. When the spiritual enthusiasm of the first age of the Protestant Reformation was declining the old issue turned up again in new form, — whether it were necessary that a preacher should have felt the power of the truth he proclaimed in order to make it effective by his preaching. It constituted the weakness of the eighteenth century, — the tacit assumption that character had little connection with the work of a Christian preacher. It was characteristic of the Evangelical Awakening that it called for conversion in those who should minister to the salvation of others. But in the homiletic method of the time, the conversion of the preacher was mainly important as securing the presentation from the pulpit of the pure gospel, thus constituting an occasion of which God might avail himself in acting on the souls of the hearers.

When we review the history of this issue with which Phillips Brooks was now concerned, it is evident that he had penetrated directly to the heart of the difficulty which had beset the ages. His book on Preaching would not have been the event it was for arousing a new life in the churches if it had not been that he placed his finger upon the sensitive spot in the body ecclesiastic, and pointed out the remedy. No

such utterance had been heard before because the principle he now asserted was placed in the foreground of the long perspective and given the emphasis its importance demanded. Others may have said it before, many had illustrated it in living ways, but it was left to him to give it the final expression. He struck the dominant note in his first lecture, which sounded throughout the course: —

> Preaching is the communication of truth by man to men. It has two essential elements, truth and personality. . . . Preaching is the bringing of truth through personality. . . . Jesus chose this method of extending the knowledge of himself through the world. However the gospel may be capable of statement in dogmatic form, its truest statement is not in dogma but in a personal life. Christianity is Christ. A truth which is of such peculiar character that a person can stand forth and say of it, "I am the truth," must always be best conveyed through personality. "As My Father has sent me into the world, even so have I sent you into the world." It was the continuation out to the minutest ramifications of the new system of influence, of that personal method which the incarnation itself had solved. Nothing can ever take the place of preaching because of the personal element that is in it (p. 7).

In the assertion of this principle that truth in order to its effective presentation must come through personality, Phillips Brooks was planting himself upon a psychological motive, whose latent working had been manifest in history. Nothing could take the place of preaching because of the personal element in it; no multiplication of books could ever supersede the human voice; no newly opened channel of approach to man's mind and heart could do away with man's readiness to receive impressions through his fellow man. "It is strange how men will gather to listen to the true preacher. It is to-day as it was in past ages, when Chrysostom preached at Constantinople, or Bishop Latimer at St. Paul's Cross in London." But this principle had even a wider and more significant application. It was related to the movements of religious life and thought in the nineteenth century. It met that instinct which, amid the confusions of the time, or what

seemed the shifting foundations of religious belief, called out for a return to "historic Christianity."

> This conception of preaching puts us into right relations with all historic Christianity. The message can never be told as if we were the first to tell it. It is the same message which the church has told in all the ages. He who tells it to-day is backed by all the multitude who have told it in the past. He is companied by those who are telling it now.
>
> The message is his witness, but a part of the assurance with which he has received it comes from the fact of its being the identical message which has come down from the beginning. Men find on both sides how difficult it is to preserve the true poise and proportion between the corporate and the individual conceptions of the Christian life. But all will own to-day the need of both. The identity of the Church in all times consists in the identity of the message which she has always had to carry from the Lord to man. All outward utterances of the perpetual identity of the Church are valuable only as they assert this real identity. This is the real meaning of the perpetuation of old ceremonies, the use of ancient liturgies, the clinging to what seem to be apostolic types of government (p. 18).

And again, this principle that truth must come through personality, through the man who has himself been moved and conquered by the truth, was urged as specially needed in a New England community, or wherever the later development of Calvinism, as by Hopkins and Emmons, had paralyzed the pulpit as well as the hearer. That man must wait till God chose to act in the process of conversion, that the preacher might give a message, but bore in himself no contagious witness to the truth, — this fatal assumption had acted like a subtle poison in every New England community. It had made religion something exceptional in its working, out of harmony with natural laws, something unreal also, and intangible, without relation to real life, and therefore tending to vanish away. Against this tendency, which he had recognized in his own experience and observation, Phillips Brooks made most effective opposition. He brought religion down from the clouds to an actual reality, communicated from man to man, not only in the pulpit, but in the daily course of life. The religion of Christ had been first implanted as a leaven

in humanity by the personality of its founder, and from that time had never been without its witnesses, — the children of God in every generation.

We get here some explanation of Phillips Brooks's power as a preacher, and of the comprehensiveness of his appeal. He satisfied the High Anglican in his own communion as well as the descendant of the Puritans. He did justice alike to the human and the divine aspects of religion, as coming through man, but coming also from God, who worked in and through the human personality. Thus was solved the problem of the schools which had given rise to controversy and inward perturbation and distress, — whether the will of man was free, and he were able in and by himself to accomplish the work of his salvation, or whether that work were solely of God, and man was so much helpless material in His hands to be galvanized into life.

Upon this point he was emphatic and uncompromising, — the absolute necessity of character in the preacher, the importance of impressing his audience with the conviction that he possessed the character which comes from association with Christ. "Personal piety is the deep possession in one's own soul of the faith and hope and resolution which are to be offered to one's fellow men for their new life." "Nothing but fire kindles fire." He wishes that he could find words, new and overwhelming, with which to enforce his conviction that to live in Christ and to be His, and not our own, makes preaching a perpetual privilege and joy. He cannot believe that any one will find it hard to talk about these things for two half hours every week who lives with God, whose delight it is to study God's word, in the Bible, in the world, in history, in human nature.

From this point of view he considers the pulpit problem of preaching old sermons, and of the relative merit of extemporaneous and written discourse. No one complained when he preached old sermons, but the criticism often was that the old were better.

I think that every earnest preacher is often more excited as he writes, kindles more then with the glow of sending truth to men,

than he ever does in speaking; and the wonderful thing is, that that fire, if it is really present in the sermon when it is written, stays there, and breaks out into flame again, when the delivery of the sermon comes. The enthusiasm is stowed away and is kept. . . . As you preach old sermons, I think you can always tell, even if the history of them is forgotten, which of them you wrote enthusiastically with the people vividly before you. The fire is in them still (p. 173).

He objected to quotations in a sermon, whether of poetry or prose, because they weakened the power of personality. He thought that there was such a thing as the gift for preaching, capable of cultivation, to some extent an innate power in every man, — it might be called also enthusiasm, or eloquence, or magnetism. Whether or no it existed in all, or could be cultivated, he defined it, and in defining it described himself, — the quality that kindles at the sight of men, the keen joy at the meeting of truth and the human mind, the power by which a man loses himself and becomes but the sympathetic atmosphere between the truth on one side of him and the man on the other side of him. It was the possession of this gift of kindling at the sight of men which enabled him to write the last chapter of his book, where his eloquence culminates as he describes "the value of the human soul." He attached the highest importance to his exposition of this point. To a friend who once spoke to him of his lectures on Preaching, saying that the last lecture was the most significant, he replied that out of all the comment made on his book, this was the first time it had been mentioned; that he wrote for the sake of enforcing this truth; that in the love and the reverence for human souls lay the deepest secret of power in the ministry. The doctrine of the value of the human soul was not new. It had been one of the stock expressions of the Evangelical school that the Christian minister must be possessed with "the love of souls." He heard it at St. Paul's Church in Boston and at the Virginia seminary. But he inherited it in his blood, from a father who had an untiring interest in all that was human and personal, from a mother whose heart went quickly out to every one with

whom she came in contact, where there was the possibility of exerting a moral influence. It was this motive which attracted him to teaching as a profession, because in it the contact of soul with soul was more intimate and powerful than in any other relationship. The culminative force of all his generations was behind him, till it burst forth in him in complete and unprecedented expression. He loved places and things, he loved nature, but above all he loved humanity. It was this gift which made his heart leap up when he beheld the waiting congregation. No one can forget the look that he gave when he had ascended the pulpit, as if to draw in the inspiration for the effect that was to follow before he bent himself with the fervor and tumult of his powerful soul to the communication of his message.

We shall see that this power of valuing the human soul, this reverence for man as such, increased in such proportion in his later years as almost to defeat the purpose of the great preacher, creating a multiplicity of demands upon his time to which he was no longer equal. But for many years he held himself in restraint, till the work he had been given to do was accomplished. This lecture, therefore, on the value of the human soul is in some ways more characteristic of Phillips Brooks than anything else he has written. To this result everything in his reading, his study, his experience, contributed. From being a conviction, it grew into a passion. He was full of reverence for those whom he met. He grew in humility as his reverence for others increased. There was stamped upon his manner a lofty yet tender courtesy. The traditional bearing of the clergy, distant and conscious of their own importance, wherein might be read the impression of constant deference or adulation, all this was totally foreign to him.

The "Lectures on Preaching" constitute an event in the history of the pulpit. No similar treatise ever met with such a reception. It became at once a manual for the clergy and for theological students. Some books are so thoroughly done that they pass at once into the life of a people, to reappear again in many ways. This book has influenced the

whole mass of Christian sentiment in America, leaping the bounds of denominationalism. It carried with it hope and vitality, inspiration and enthusiasm, the expansion of life and of religion. "It is the best word about preaching that has been uttered," was one of the comments upon it, "and its wise sayings deserve to pass into proverbs of the profession." "I can hardly tell you," writes a Western bishop, "how delighted, charmed, and helped I have been in its perusal." An eminent Unitarian divine bore witness: "It seems to me that it will make ministers from serious young men now trying the shifts of the meaner crafts and not entering the ministry because of the glamour and unreality about it. This unreality your book will certainly remove." One who heard the lectures, a professor of homiletics, wrote, "They read better than they sounded when delivered, which is saying a great deal, and we rejoice in the wide sale the volume is having and the expressions of satisfaction with it which we hear on every side." Another bishop in the Episcopal Church thanked him for the blessing the book had brought him, "It has met certain wants and touched experiences which seem hidden from every one but God." A distinguished professor of Sacred Rhetoric in a Congregational seminary wrote, "You do not need words of commendation from me, but I gratify myself more than you in telling you how helpful the book is to me in my work, every page of it. My pupils are all reading it with great avidity." An eminent historical scholar, who listened to the lectures and knew of their reception, says, "I have never heard of a lisp of dissent from the judgment of those who heard them with admiration and delight." "The charm of your book," writes an Episcopal clergyman, himself known as a pulpit orator, "is that it makes us all forget you and leads our thoughts up to the Lord, who gives the words and makes great the company of the preachers." A Harvard professor speaks of it as "the very word that I want to carry to the many students in the College and the Divinity School who turn to me with their plans and their hesitations." A Baptist clergyman wishes him to know of "what he is doing for a multitude of the Baptist ministers of

the generations coming." From a Presbyterian theological seminary in the South came this tribute: —

My mind sprang to the truths contained therein as if there had been an affinity between the two. My crude notions found adequate expression and a fuller and wider development than I had imagined possible. So that while sadly conscious of my failure to attain or even realize the high standard you set up, I rejoice in more definite and vivid conception of my work. The lofty ground on which through the entire course you tread fills me with new hope, new joy, and imparts a very inspiration at the thought of the holy work before me. . . . I gladly confess my obligation to you for instructions which will color my future ministry and to the operation of which any good I may accomplish will be largely due.

Dr. Stone, of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, instead of writing to Mr. Brooks himself, wrote to his mother, whose way he had guided into the Episcopal Church: —

I have just finished the reading of Phillips's "Lectures on Preaching," and I wish you to join me in giving God thanks for such a book and for such a writer. His Lectures must have been a great blessing to those who heard them, and they must be a great blessing to all who read them, specially to all young preachers who read them. And if it were in my power I would put them in the hands of every young preacher in the land. They could find no better human helper in the great work before them.

The following estimate is by the Rev. H. C. Badger of New Haven: —

I believe neither the English language nor any other has anything worthy to stand beside them, treating such a theme,— judging the wide reading, the wit, the wisdom, the mental grasp of the problem, the keenness of the analysis, the profoundness of the insight, or the perfect comprehension of the problems of our day. . . . That book I would lay beside the Bible of every young minister to-day. I would have every preacher read it every year as long as he lives.

These testimonies, which might be greatly multiplied, are sufficient to show that Phillips Brooks had made another conquest of theological students and theological seminaries

throughout the land. He had set the standard of preaching for his age.

Phillips Brooks had been preaching for nearly twenty years before he gave to the world a volume of his sermons. He had been tempted, in 1863, only four years after his ordination, to prepare a volume for the press, and had withdrawn it when half printed. From that time he had resisted the pressure to publish, and when he finally yielded it was with reluctance. The first volume of his sermons, which appeared in 1878, met with an extraordinary reception, attaining a sale of twenty-five thousand. They were welcomed as literature, as a new poem or as the newest book. But they were also received as a special religious message in an age of trial and doubt and weakness. The reception accorded by the press in public criticism was favorable, often eulogistic in the highest degree, with hardly a dissenting voice. One curious expression of dissent was given in an English newspaper, where his sermons were compared among others with Bishop Butler's, and to Butler was awarded the superiority. Others compared him with Robertson of Brighton, giving them equal honor. We have seen how he was regarded by those who heard him preach, in the many reports which were constantly appearing in the newspapers. How he was now regarded when he was put to the test of the printed book, where the competent judge could weigh his words, is shown in a criticism that may be taken as representative: —

> Unlike Robertson, Phillips Brooks constantly reminds us of him. He has the same analytical power; the same broad human sympathy; the same keen knowledge of human nature, toned and tempered and made more true by his sympathies; the same mysterious and indefinable element of divine life, so that his message comes with a *quasi* authority, wholly unecclesiastical, purely personal; and the same undertone of sadness, the same touch of pathos, speaking low as a man who is saddened by his own seeming success.

The "Lectures on Preaching" had brought to Mr. Brooks many letters, calculated to flatter the vanity of an author, if

it had been in him to be ministered to by flattery. But this volume of sermons was followed by a flood of letters, which did not speak so much of his eloquence or intellectual gifts as of the good he was doing for human souls. We are listening in them to the secrets, as it were, of a confessional, where people are pouring into his ear their sorrows, and are telling him of the relief he has given. What the public press said of his sermons was one thing, what the people were saying to him was another. From every part of the country the letters came, from those who had never heard or seen him, as well as from those who found a special pleasure in associating his voice and presence with the reading of the printed page.

The principle which had guided the author, in selecting twenty sermons for publication out of some six hundred he had written, it would be difficult to tell. It was no easy task to make the selection, and we know that it was made with scrupulous care. What strikes the reader as he glances over the titles of the sermons is the large proportion assigned to topics of comfort and consolation. The volume opens with a sermon on "The Purpose and Use of Comfort;" other titles are, "The Withheld Completions of Life," "The Soul's Refuge in God," "The Consolations of God." One other sermon similar in tone is from the text, "Brethren, the time is short." There seems something incongruous between the prevailing tone of the sermons and the man who, as we have seen him in his letters, or as he appeared in his familiar conversation, abounded in humor, in mirth and vitality, as if he had known neither trouble nor sorrow. One of the letters he received was from a person who had found consolation by the reading of the sermons, and who goes on to speak of the trials he had gone through, and the depths to which he had descended: —

> What I wished to say is this, — that I found in your first two sermons that which touched and threw new light or better light upon the crucial points of my experience and trial; for instance, when you argue the *fact* and *why* God sometimes withholds evidence for a few years. It did me good as a medicine, but I

asked, "How did my brother find this out?" "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." Are you freeborn, or have you passed all through that way that even He trod, made perfect through suffering? . . . Not since Robertson's beautiful sermons has anything found me, and found me in such deep places (as Coleridge said of the Bible), as your sermons.

The question which this unknown correspondent put to him was also put by many others. But he generally turned it off with the remark that it was possible to enter into these things by the imagination. However it may be, he had made a study, a scientific study, if it may be so called, of the art of consolation. In his large parishes, as well as in the outer world, he was constantly confronted with the problem of sorrow and suffering. His own personality attracted as by a magnet those who were in trouble. He suffered with them through the immeasurable tenderness of his own soul and his vast outflow of sympathy. What the meaning of it all might be, in a world which was beautiful, which God had created and loved, was the problem that haunted him. He did not undertake to solve it by any dogmatic principle. He waited for the growing light. But of one thing he was sure, that the only consolation was in God.

It was characteristic of the letters that came to him that, taking them together, not one sermon in the volume but was mentioned by some one as having met some special need, or brought inspiration or joy or courage. One of the writers speaks of the sermon on the "Trinity" as having "broken down all misgivings, so that I can now say I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost." That is one of the finest sermons in the volume, showing the capacity of insight into theological distinctions, — a sermon such as would have delighted the heart of Athanasius. The sermon on "The Symbol and the Reality," which had charmed Dean Stanley, when he heard it at Westminster Abbey, appears to have been a general favorite. It placed a common principle beneath the symbols of religion and the symbols of common life. The sermon on "Humility" seemed to reveal a new cultus for the highest of Christian virtues, "It came upon

me like a flood of light," wrote a venerable divine in whose character humility was the crowning attribute. The sermon on the "Positiveness of the Divine Life" brought out anew, and with the preacher's own peculiar force, the truth which Chalmers announced and Dr. Bushnell had reiterated, — "the expulsive power of a new affection." The sermon for All Saints' Day is the only one chosen for publication out of his Philadelphia preaching, the rest of the sermons belonging to the years from 1873 to 1878. But though one of his earliest, this sermon for All Saints' Day is perhaps the most beautiful of all. It gives the modern conception of sainthood as compared with the Catholic or mediæval ideal.

> Saints, as we often think of them, are feeble, nerveless creatures, silly and effeminate, the mere soft padding of the universe. I would present true sainthood to you as the strong chain of God's presence in humanity running down through all history. . . . That is the true apostolical saintly succession, the tactual succession of heart touching heart with fire. . . . These saints who help us on our way were incorporations not of the power, nor of the truth, but of the spirit and the character of God.

A few testimonies may be given in the words of their writers, for they are living touches in the portraiture of Phillips Brooks. They may stand for the conviction of thousands of others in the church universal which he was then addressing. They come from young and old, from men and from women, from clergymen and from laymen, from all the walks of life: —

> I am sure you will rejoice to hear how my life has been made richer and fuller through your aid, and my poor blurred sight of men as trees walking exchanged for clear outlines and effulgent day.
>
> You are speaking to *men* as no one else can.
>
> No book save the Bible gives me so much strength and holy ambition.
>
> I covet your method of presenting the truth of the Gospel more than that of any man living.
>
> The volume has become my *vade mecum*. Your sermons are the highest interpretations of Christian philosophy ever uttered from an American pulpit.

You seem to me a person who understands human nature through a close study of yourself, having thoroughly tested all natural and acquired tendencies and resistances, and with sympathetic tenderness can tell others how to live and be victorious.

They have helped me in a great and almost nameless trial through which I am now passing. Do you know there are trials, compared with which even that of a lifetime of bodily pain and prostration seems almost trivial? I cannot understand how you, who have perfect health and happiness, can know so much about the condition of those who have neither.

To young ministers of all our tribes they are invaluable. I suppose that scarcely a man among our students will fail to read them, and all who can will own them. To me they are a refreshment for the cheer they give in the assurance that the pulpit is not waning.

Among the sermons in this volume is one entitled "The Present and the Future Faith," from the text, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the Earth?" which has an historical value. When the future historian of religious thought turns back to the nineteenth century he will find that religious faith and hope reached their lowest point at this moment, and were then at their furthest ebb. It is this circumstance which may explain in part the predominance of religious comfort and consolation which prevails in the volume. The sermon above mentioned was preached on Thanksgiving Day, in 1874, when the hall of the Institute of Technology was filled with an audience that listened in intense silence, for the preacher had gathered himself up for a representative utterance. He describes the religious situation from within with deep sympathy and the tenderest pathos. There is no complaint or condemnation for any agency which may be responsible for the dark eclipse through which the church is passing. He refers to it as existing, but as sure to disappear. He offers no panacea to cure the evil; it has gone too deep for any special remedy. When Tennyson had been writing in the fifties there was a battle waging for intellectual freedom, for escape from the limitations and crude interpretation of a traditional theology. The battle was over, the freedom had been gained, but with it had come sadness

and uncertainty, the misery of religious doubt. The freedom seemed to be of no avail, the "larger truth" did not follow in its wake. It was the moment which Matthew Arnold has described in his poems, in "Obermann Once More," or the lines on "Dover Beach," — "the wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born." This was the preamble of the sermon: —

> I should like to say a few words upon the religious conditions with which we are all more or less familiar. I am led to think and to speak of the disturbed condition of faith in our time. No subject is more pressing. Even the most careless man's thoughts rest very much upon it. It is discussed and talked of everywhere.

He proposes to trace some of the forces which have produced the disaster. It is owing chiefly to the wonderful increase of men's knowledge of second causes, which interferes with or overclouds their belief in first causes, in providences, in a personal and loving care, which is back of everything. There is some truth in the statement that ages of ignorance are ages of faith, in the common saying that much knowledge and elaborate life are dangerous to faith in final principles and forces. It is a magnificent story how natural science has brought out the starry host of second causes from their obscurity and shown how He who works everything works by everything in the world. This profuse discovery of means, however, has clouded thought regarding the Creator. With the religious derangement is associated corruption in political life and formalism in the church. These are really one, at bottom, with the scientific skepticism of the time. If one looks at them philosophically he must see that it is truly so. The magnifying of machinery in church or state follows from the loss of first principles of government. "Dogmatism and ritualism are all wrong when they think themselves supremely believing. Both are really symptomatic forms of unbelief."

Another feature of the age, making it a "transition time," lies in the contradictions with which it is full. Chief among the contradictions is the conflict between individual

freedom and authority. It is a time that takes its character from its relation to what has gone before and what is to come after rather than from what it contains in itself. This gives it an aspect of restlessness and unquiet. It is full of the sense of having broken with the past and of having not yet apprehended the future that is to come. But to go back is impossible. "The man who, tired of the freedom of individual thought, wants to push the church back into the peace of mere authoritative and traditional religion, and the man who, tired of the noise and confusion of popular government, wishes to push back into feudalism, both are mistaken and will not succeed. Confusion is to be escaped, not by being repressed into stagnation, but by being developed into peace." But for the passing moment the age is dark and hopeless, those to whom we look for guidance are silent, and the best and wisest do not speak.

The most pathetic sign of such a transition time is the position in which it places the best individuals who live in it. The best men in the more fixed and stationary ages speak out the loudest. They stand on certainties, and speak with clear and confident tones. The most noticeable and touching thing about such times as ours is the way in which so many of the best men are silent and will not speak. It is so both in politics and religion. The most thoughtful men are always tending to withdraw from a political confusion which they cannot understand and which makes them mere spectators. And how many of the purest and devoutest people whom we know refuse to speak a word in all the tumult of religious and ecclesiastical debate that always is so loud around us. To take again the words of a very remarkable poem of that most representative poet of our time whom I have twice quoted already: —

> Achilles ponders in his tent,
> The kings of modern thought are dumb,
> Silent they are though not content,
> And wait to see the future come.
> Silent while years engrave the brow
> Silent, the best are silent now.

But the highest quality in this sermon for the times is the spirit of inextinguishable hope. His optimism is everywhere apparent. He is an optimist because he believes in God.

It is not a shallow optimism, repeating empty phrases, but comes from one who was competent to interpret the motives of despair. "I do not certainly say that such a time is best, though really in my heart I do not think the world has ever seen a better. There must be better ones to come. The story of the world is not yet told. 'We are ancients of the earth and in the morning of the times.'" The sermon concludes with suggestions as to how a man is to get the best out of his time and shun the worst. He offers no solution of the conflict between religion and science. From that snag he held aloof. He does not depreciate nor denounce the men of science. But he advises his hearers in the first place to cling to the solidity and persistency of nature, the calmness and oldness and orderliness of this world of growth and matter. It means something that, in the disorder of thought and feeling, so many men are fleeing to the study of orderly nature. And it is rest and comfort, whatever men are feeling, that the seasons come and go. Whatever men are doubting, the rock is firm under their feet, and the steadfast stars pass in their courses overhead. And in the second place he urges them to make much of the experiences of life which are perpetual, — joy, sorrow, friendship, work, charity, relations with one's brethren, for these are eternal. And in the last place, it is not religion itself that is unsettled, but it is only the thoughts about religion that are not clear. Love is at the root of everything. The human soul responds to the appealing nature and life of Jesus Christ. Here is the great last certainty. Be sure of God and nothing can overthrow or drown you.

Everything indicates that during these years, that is, from the time he came to Boston, he had concentrated his strength on the study of the religious situation, — why it was that faith had grown weak, and what was the best method of meeting the difficulty. As during the war he had thrown himself into the vindication of its great issues, so now he identified himself with the religious conflict, watching the phases it assumed, brooding over the subject in his hours of solitude;

in his walks also among men, as he listened to the casual conversation or the tacit assumptions, which implied so much more than was said. At the meetings of the Clericus Club these questions formed the staple element in every discussion. He contributed his share to the talk on these occasions, but among his other endowments he had the capacity of being the best of listeners. Every meeting of the club formed a picture which he studied in silence. He neglected no source of information, and preëminently he studied his own soul in deep sincerity. He was preparing for some larger expression of himself than he had yet given, not seeking the opportunity to make it, but waiting till some call should come when he should be moved to say what was uppermost in his heart.

In 1878 Mr. Brooks went a second time to New Haven, giving two lectures before the students of the Yale Divinity School on the "Teaching of Religion." In the summer of the same year he made an address before the alumni of the theological seminary of Virginia, when he took for his subject, "The Relation of the Pulpit to Popular Skepticism." The two themes are closely allied; in both he was dealing with the question, — how best to meet the spirit of modern unbelief. The lectures on the "Teaching of Religion" are specially significant as showing that he still maintained the superiority of the intellectual powers, giving to them the leadership in the approach to religious truth.[1]

Again we go back to his early years for that first hint of the task whose accomplishment he was now maturing. Then he had recorded in his note-book the conviction that there was adequate power in life for the transformation of humanity into the divine ideal, but the practical question was how to bring the power to bear upon the will. He had now reached the conclusion that the power of the pulpit was identical with the power of the teacher. The same method which made the

[1] The first of these two lectures on the "Teaching of Religion" has been published in *Essays and Addresses*, the second is still in manuscript. The essay on the "Pulpit and Popular Skepticism" was printed in the *Princeton Review*, March, 1879, and is also included in *Essays and Addresses*.

teacher effective could be applied by the preacher. It was an encouraging fact in an age of religious doubt that the remedy might be found in the principle that Christianity could be taught. As the teacher developed the capacities latent in the pupil, so there was in every man the capacity for religion, which must be evoked by the teacher's methods. But the conviction that religion was capable of being taught met with opposition in a vague and general sentiment that it was a thing that could not and ought not to be taught. In meeting this objection, it was necessary to give a definition of religion. Among the many attempts to define it, all of them containing elements of truth, that which Phillips Brooks now gave deserves attention: "Religion is the life of man in gratitude and obedience and gradually developing likeness to God;" and "the Christian religion is the life of man in gratitude and obedience and growing likeness to God in Christ. Religion is not service simply, nor is it grateful love alone, but gratitude assured by obedience, obedience uttering gratitude." [1]

Having given his definition of religion, he further clears the way for his purpose by criticising three methods of teaching it, — the dogmatic or intellectual, the emotional, and the mechanical: the first, holding that religion is taught when doctrines or truths have been imparted; the second, dwelling on the importance of moving the feelings; and the last, insisting on the confessional and spiritual directorship. Or, as he puts it again, one teaching religion as truth, another as feeling, and another as law or drill. But the true method of teaching religion is where the personality of the teacher invades the personality of the scholar. The largest idea which covers every demand of the ministry, he avows it in his own experience, consists "in bringing the personal Christ to the personal human nature." He turns this point over and reiterates it in many varying forms of expression: "The object of all the teaching is to bring Christ to men." When this principle is recognized as fundamental, other methods fall

[1] *Essays and Addresses*, p. 35.

into their true relationship; doctrine, emotion, and conduct cease to be counted as valuable in themselves, and are valued as avenues through which Christ, the personal Christ, may come to the soul.

He has much to say about Christianity considered as doctrine. He recognizes the righteousness of the reaction in the popular mind against the assumption that men are to be saved by right opinions. But because men are not saved by intellectual belief is no reason for discarding doctrines. He protests against any tendency to "soften" the truth or pare it down to meet men's wishes. He recalls Tertullian's words, *Credo quia impossibile*, as the expression of no rare experience: —

> It is the religion of most demands that has most ruled the world. The easy faiths have been the weak faiths. Men like to feel heroic in their faith; and always it has been easier to excite fanaticism than to build up a quiet, reasonable belief. It would be a wretched falsehood, and one which would no doubt defeat itself, if a preacher tried to take advantage of this fact of human nature; but it may at least come in to help us to resist the disposition to omit or soften truths in order that men may receive the truth more easily. The hope of a large general belief in Christian truth, more general than any that any past age has witnessed, does, no doubt, involve a more reasonable and spiritual presentation of it than the past has seen, but it will never be attained by making truth meagre. . . . The only real assurance against unreal, fantastic, sensational, indulgent teaching about Christ is the teacher's own complete conviction, from his own experience, of the perfection and sufficiency of Christ, just as Christ is.

There was much talk in the days when these lectures were delivered of the necessity of doctrinal preaching. It was said of Phillips Brooks that he did not treat of this or that doctrine. "A man says to me, 'Why do you not preach this truth more?' and I reply to him, 'Why should I?' and he answers, 'Because it is a truth which many men are denying, and many other men are forgetting.' But the answer is not sufficient. It may be because men are indifferent to it that one ought to preach it, or that may be a reason for

feeling that it is not the truth most needed at the moment." As to religious controversy he has a word to say. He does not condemn it, nor dare to wish that all the great controversial voices of the past or of the present could be silenced or swept from the pedestals where the admiration of mankind has set them. But there are conditions of the public mind when a man must set his face against controversies. It is bad to cry, "Peace, peace!" when there is no peace. It is just as bad, in some ways it is worse, to cry, "War, war!" when there is no war.

It seems to me as if, were I a layman in the days when some doctrine had got loose as it were into the wind and was being blown across the Common and up and down the streets, I should go to church on Sunday, not wanting my minister to give me an oracular answer to all the questions which had been started about it, which I should not believe if he did give it, but hoping that out of his sermon I might refresh my knowledge of Christ, get Him, His nature, His work, and His desire for me once more clear before me, and go out more ready to see this disputed truth of the moment in His light and as an utterance of Him. . . . *Preaching Christ!* That old phrase, which has been so often the very watchword of cant, how it still declares the true nature of Christian teaching! Not Christianity, but Christ! Not a doctrine, but a Person! Christianity only for Christ! The doctrine only for the Person![1]

The first of the lectures on the "Teaching of Religion" was occupied with the intellectual aspects of Christianity, and how these were related to the personal Christ and to the actual life of man. He followed still the customary division of the human powers, into intellect, feeling, and will, while he protested against it as breaking up the unity of man. His own predominant tendency was intellectual, as it had been from his earliest years. To know for himself, to understand in order that he might believe, had been his ambition. But he recognized in himself other methods of knowing than through the intellect alone. The full perception of truth must come through the quickened feeling, and above all through the obedient will. In this threefold psychological

[1] *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 49, 54.

order Christian doctrine or truth is to be regarded as a clear glass held squarely between God and man in order to the reflection of the pure reality; feeling is to furnish the middle term between truth and duty; and duty is obedience to God's will, which unites the service of our brethren with the culture of ourselves. But he adds: "There is one thing which I value more than this. What impresses us most in the best, the most Godlike men we ever see is, I think, the inability to tell in them what of their power is intellectual and what is moral. It is the characteristic of all spiritual advancement that it asserts more and more the unity of man, makes him less and less a bundle of faculties, more a man, made in the image of God, who is *one* God in the complete harmony and coöperation of all his life."

But the familiar classification he still found convenient, and in the second lecture he considered the teaching of religion as it is related to the feeling and the will. Under feeling he includes worship. He does not restrict worship to the prayer and praise of the congregation; preaching and architecture and music have their important relation to worship as the outcome of feeling. He dwells on the mystery of feeling. "We talk about it as if we knew about it, yet what a mysterious, variable, and imponderable thing it is." There occurs a passage here which is so exact a description of his own preaching, and his own mysterious power, that it deserves quotation: —

> A man comes and stands before a multitude of his fellow men and tells them a story. It is of something which happened long ago, yet which concerns them. It is of something which happened in one special time and set of circumstances, yet it is universal. As he speaks, his fellow men who listen begin to change before him. They flush and glow; . . . they tremble in their seats; they almost leap to their feet; tears start into their eyes. It is a most attractive spectacle. It fires the speaker, and he goes on to make yet more intense and glowing the emotion that reacts on him. One who stands by and gazes, though he may not hear a word, is caught with the thrilling, beating atmosphere, and finds himself trembling with mysterious desires. The voice stops, but the spell is not broken. The people rise and go away exalted

They tread the pavement as if it sprang beneath their feet and breathe the air as if it were alive with beautiful and serious thoughts.

The importance of feeling in religion is strongly urged. To the lack of feeling is due the defect in modern architecture as compared with other ages, when true feeling found expression in every part of the edifice: —

I think it is not wrong, it is not extravagant, to say that the artistic element in almost all of it (our present ecclesiastical art) comes in as a stranger. It claims a place purely for its own beautiful conception or skilful conception. Whether it be an imitation of something old, something which once uttered truths which men do not now believe or which they realize in other ways . . . or whether it be original and new embodying the sense of beauty which belongs to our own time, the reason of its unsatisfactoriness is still the same, — it does not stand genuinely between truth and duty, the truth and duty of the present day, interpreting one to the other. The architect draws a plan for a church building, so far as its artistic element is concerned, because as a student he admires that type of a church in some past age, or because simply as an artist he feels its absolute beauty, and not because it is the form in which he finds the natural utterance of the Christian thought of which his soul is full, nor because he is thinking of the power and inspiration which it ought to exercise upon the men who are to worship within its walls. And the decorator draws dreadful mechanical patterns or paints his artificial saints upon your walls with the same imperfection of purpose, and so with the same failure of result. But none the less is it true that the architect who builds the perfect Christian church for any age must be a man who believes in the Christian truth which that age realizes, and who is enthusiastic in the desire that the Christian men and women of the age shall do the Christian duty, outward and inward, which the conditions of their age demand and make possible. . . . He must be neither the pious mediævalist nor the modern skeptic. He must be the modern Christian.

He takes the opportunity of speaking about music, and especially music in the churches. Here are the thoughts which were running through his mind as he stood in church or pulpit while the service of song was performed: —

I think that many of the disputes about its methods are seen

to be of little consequence, and many of the dogmatic decisions about those methods appear shallow and false. Disputes about methods always grow loud and positive in proportion as the conception of purpose is vague. Shall all the people sing, or shall the trained and gifted voices of a few declare the praises of the Lord? I believe in congregational singing. I believe it should altogether be the chief and preponderant method of our worship. But remember that the question altogether should come first, what is the purpose of singing at all? I suppose it is twofold. First, church music is the general utterance of the melodiousness, the joy, the poetry of religion. And second, it is the special means by which a special truth is fastened on the soul, and a special duty made winning and authoritative. Now there are two ways in which any strong feeling finds satisfaction and increase. One is by the man, in whose heart it is, uttering it himself in what best way he can; the other is by his hearing its ideal utterance from the lips most gifted to declare it. . . . When a great congregation is to praise the Lord and to learn truth and duty by the melody of song, I for one should be sorry to have it lose either of the two exaltations, either that which comes of the great, simple, sublime utterance of its own emotion, or that which comes from listening while voices which the Lord has filled with the gold and silver of His choicest and most mysterious harmony reveal to us the full beauty of truth and the full sweetness and sacredness of duty.

There is another passage in this lecture in which he speaks of the music of preaching, and throws light upon his own work in the pulpit: —

What I have said of music applies, I think, to all the graces and appealing tones of the preacher's art. There is a music of preaching. What the melody of a hymn is to its words, that the eloquence of the preacher is to his truth. . . . The Quaker hushes the sacrilegious chant, and then listens to the hymn of the inner life. The Puritan breaks the window, and then paints in soft or lurid words a picture from his pulpit which tempts or scares the souls who listen and believe, and weep or tremble. Where is the difference? . . . Words like notes or colors may lead from truth to duty, or they may stand helpless, leading from nothing to nothing. We are afraid of eloquence nowadays, and no doubt our fear of it has borne good fruit. There never was a time when so many men wrote and spoke good English. . . . The only misgiving which one has, I think, the only want which one allows himself to feel in reading the great abundance of good writing

which he meets with everywhere, is in a certain absence of that glow and richness, whose absence he knows is the price he pays for the crystal purity of the pages he reads. He sees that eloquence of style or gesture has acquired a suspicion of unreality. It has gone out of favor in our colleges. It only lingers in our pulpits here and there. The fact that there is where it lingers makes us sometimes hope that there is where it shall be born into new power. We wonder whether it may not be for the pulpit, having learnt with all the other writing and speaking of the age that the primary necessity of written or spoken words is clearness, then to assert that clearness is more, not less, clear for the warm glow of earnest feeling, and to give back to the best writing and speaking of the age to come a power of personal appeal and legitimate attractiveness in return for the necessity of careful thought and clear expression which no doubt the pulpit has learned from the best writing and speaking of this accurate but uninspired age.

Having treated of the place of the intellect and of the feeling in the teaching of religion, he comes to the will, and to obedience he pays high tribute. To the will as to the goal and termination come the intellect and the feeling. In his definition of religion he puts obedience as the crowning glory of the whole, — obedience, in gratitude for what we know of God in Christ. No ancient Roman, whether pagan or Christian, ever asserted more strongly the claims of obedience to be the highest virtue. A most impressive catena of passages might be selected from his sermons in which he glorifies obedience. It is not the badge of servitude, but of freedom and equality. It is the mightiest of words, because it stands for the final expression of the man in whom the knowledge of Christ has entered, taking possession of the whole range of being. The obedience of Christ was the crown of his glory, the badge of his divinity. And in order to obedience the freedom of the will, in every sense of the word "freedom," is the inalienable prerogative of man.

The point of view from which he treated the subject of obedience in this second of his lectures on the "Teaching of Religion" was its importance and relationship in a system of ethics. It was possible to conceive the service of others as the motive of duty, or duty might be urged as a means of self-culture. He accepted both theories as legitimate, but

subordinated both to duty conceived as obedience to the will of God. The hard sense of obligation in the one, or the danger of self-consciousness in the other, disappeared when duty sprang from gratitude and love to a person, — to God revealed in Christ. This was the ground on which Christ rested when inculcating the seemingly ungracious duties of life, "I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that spitefully use you and persecute you;" and not merely that His disciples would thus engage in the service of men, or attain higher reaches in self-culture, although these objects are implied, but "that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven."

The lectures on the "Teaching of Religion" were aimed to meet the conditions of the hour, — "times like these when men's power of believing seems to be weak and sickly." He comes to the subject more directly in the essay on "The Pulpit and Popular Skepticism." The prevailing type of skepticism differs from that of other ages, in that it is marked by its completeness and its despair. It does not merely reject this or that doctrine, but the whole body of the Christian faith. It goes so deep that it has a perpetual tendency to defeat itself. Because it offers no substitute for the discarded religion, it leaves men's religious natures unprovided for and hungry, and in this there is hope, for it gives to Christianity the perpetual advantage of human nature. In speaking of the deeper sources of unbelief he says: —

> It is not the difficulty of this or that doctrine that makes men skeptics to-day. It is rather the play of all life upon the fundamental grounds and general structure of faith. It is the meeting in the commonest minds of great perpetual tides of thought and instinct which neutralize each other, such as the tides of faith and providence, the tides of pessimism and optimism, the tides of self-sacrifice and selfishness.
>
> Let this not seem too large or lofty an explanation of the commonplace phenomena of doubt, which are thick around us in our congregations in the world. The reason why my hearer, who sits moodily or scornfully or sadly before me in his pew, and does not

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cordially believe a word of what I preach to him, the reason why he disbelieves is not that he has found the evidence for inspiration or for Christ's divinity or for the Atonement unsatisfactory. It is that the aspect of the world, which is fate, has been too strong for the fundamental religion of the world, which is Providence. And the temptation of the world, which is self-indulgence, has seemed to make impossible the precept of religion, which is self-surrender; and the tendency of experience, which is hopelessness, has made the tendency of the gospel, which is hope, to seem unreal and unbelievable.

Because this is the character of the skepticism of the time it cannot be overcome by any special skill in proving this truth or disproving that error. "The main method of meeting it must be not an argument, but a man. The method which includes all other methods must be in his own manhood, in his character, in his being such a man, and so apprehending truth himself that truth through him can come to other men." Among the most needed and the rarest qualities that such a man must have is candor. The mind of the people, and of the clergy also, is confused and doubtful about the once received doctrine of "verbal inspiration." Another doctrine called in question is that of everlasting punishment; there are those who reject it, while others are timidly asking whether a man can be a Christian and yet keep a hope for all God's children. Let the clergy be candid in dealing with these points. "A large acquaintance with clerical life has led me to think that almost any company of clergymen gathering together and talking freely to one another will express opinions which would greatly surprise and at the same time relieve the congregations who ordinarily listen to these ministers." A venerable preacher standing in his own pulpit had said not long before that no man was a Christian who did not believe that this world was made in six literal days. Such a statement should not be allowed to pass without most clear and earnest disavowal. The old talk about holding the outworks as long as possible before retreating to the citadel is based upon a metaphor than which none could be more mischievous. It is a dangerous experiment

for parents to try with their children, teaching them what they themselves have long since ceased to believe.

The true man must also escape from partisanship, and from the reproach of it. What hurts the clergy is the idea in the popular mind that they are committed to these things, and are no longer seekers for truth, but advocates of certain accepted positions. Let the clergy at least cease to use questionable arguments, and at any rate prevent their ministry from seeming like a scramble for adherents rather than a Christlike love for souls.

He repeats what he had already said in his lectures on the "Teaching of Religion," that it is a foolish and base idea to suppose that in days like these men want to have Christian truth made slight and easy for them: —

> In times of staggering faith, as is shown in Christian history, men need the whole truth. They should not be asked to believe just as little as possible and told that the most exacting articles of faith may be cast away. . . . It would be no strange issue of such times as we are living in if out of them should come a great demand for difficult doctrine, a time of superstition, a fever to succeed the chill; for the spirit that cries, "*Credo quia impossibile*," the heroic spirit of faith, is too deep in our human nature for any one century to have eradicated it. That we may guard against such reaction into superstition, as well as meet the present infidelity, what we need is not more easiness, but more simplicity in the doctrine which we preach, and in our way of preaching it. In other words, it is not a smaller amount of doctrine, but it is a larger unity of doctrine. It is a more profound entrance into the heart of doctrine, in which its unity and simplicity reside, a more true grasp and enforcement of its spiritual meaning.

He illustrates his meaning by reference to the doctrine of endless punishment. The best way of meeting the subject is to cease to preach about it, and to seek to bring the power of the person of Christ to bear on the lives of men, awakening in them a dread of sin and a desire for holiness. "I will not care nearly so much that a man should hold what I believe to be the truth about future punishment as that he should be deeply convinced of the enormity and persistency of sin." It is vitally important that all religious truths should be

shown to have some necessary connection with righteousness of character. Only in this way can they be established in the minds of men.

There are doctrinal statements, which puzzle and bewilder, which are in reality excrescences on the faith and must be cast away by the natural and healthy action of the system. There are doctrinal statements, which once were true and did vast good and yet were only temporary aspects of the truth. There are men living by them still, as men are still seeing the light of the stars extinguished in the heavens long ago. The time will come when these temporary statements will disappear, and when their light goes out it will be of all importance that they recognize the sun by whose light these accidental and temporary points of its exhibition have been shining.

This sun of all truth is the person of Christ. The characteristic of our modern Christianity, which correlates it with all apostolic times, is the substitution of loyalty to a person in place of belief in doctrines as the essence and test of Christian life. This is the simplicity and unity by which the Gospel can become effective. These are the ideas of Christianity which are in conflict to-day, — one magnifying doctrine whose great sin is heresy; the other magnifying obedience. To follow the latter is in these days, I think, the best method of dealing in the pulpit with popular skepticism. The superiority of this method, whose essence is the personal relationship with Christ, lies in this — that it offers "the highest picture of the combination of stability with progress while, on the other hand, the intellectual conception is always sacrificing stability to progress or progress to stability."

In this connection he takes occasion to speak of the subject of Christian Unity: —

I do not see the slightest promise in any dimmest distance of what is called the organic unity of Christendom on the basis of episcopacy or any other basis. I do not see the slightest chance of the entire harmonizing of Christian doctrine throughout the Christian world, — that dream which men have dreamed ever since Christ ascended into Heaven, that sight which no man's eye has seen in any age. But I do see signs that, keeping their different thoughts concerning Him and His teachings, men, loyal to Christ, owning His love, trusting His love, may be united in the only union which is really valuable wherever His blessed name is known. In that union, and in that alone, can I find myself truly

one alike with Peter and with Paul, alike with Origen and Athanasius and Augustine, alike with Luther and with Zwingle and with Calvin and with St. Francis and with Bishop Andrews and with Dr. Channing, alike with the prelate who ordains me and with the Methodist or Baptist brother who is trying to bring men to the same Christ in the same street where I am working. And no union which will not include all these ought wholly to satisfy us, because no other will wholly satisfy the last great prayer of Jesus.

The essay offers some practical suggestions. Since the popular skepticism is one in character with the skepticism of the scholars and of the schools, therefore the Christian minister should keep himself acquainted with the newest developments of thought. He urges the importance of preaching Christ, but would enlarge its range. There must be no sacrifice of the intellect.

The Christian minister should be so familiar with what men are thinking and believing that he can know the currents of present thought, see where they cross and oppose, where they may be made to harmonize with the thought of Christ. This familiarity is something which must be constantly kept up in the active ministry. But its foundations ought to be laid in the theological school.

And so he concludes with this statement of his attitude: —

My one great comprehensive answer then to the question, What is the best method of dealing in the pulpit with popular skepticism? is really this: Make known and real to men by every means you can command the personal Christ, not doctrine about Him, but Him; strike at the tyranny of the physical life by the power of His spiritual presence. Let faith mean, make faith mean, trusting Him and trying to obey Him. Call any man a Christian who is following Him. Denounce no error as fatal which does not separate a soul from Him. Offer Him to the world as He offered and is forever offering Himself.

CHAPTER XII

1879

THE BOHLEN LECTURES ON THE INFLUENCE OF JESUS

The Bohlen Lectures on the "Influence of Jesus" were published in 1879. This work must be regarded as one of Phillips Brooks's most important contributions to the development of theological science. More even than his lectures on Preaching may it be said to be his autobiography. He has here expressed himself most fully in describing his own inner life and the deeper motives which inspired his preaching. Incidentally, also, he has spoken upon many important points correlated to his main theme. The treatise is a small one, allowing little opportunity for expansion, but the expansion will be found in his sermons.

It is now nearly the lifetime of a generation since this treatise was given to the world. Issues then living have been determined and new ones have arisen. The book has fulfilled its true mission in meeting a widespread popular need and in changing the trend of religious thought. Its large circulation bears witness to its influence. But it requires some comment here in order to bring out its full significance, to show wherein its power lay in meeting the age, — in closing a chapter of confusion and contradiction in religious thought as well as introducing a new era in religious life. To those who are passing through the mood of the last generation the book has still a special mission. But it has also certain enduring qualities which secure its permanent place in religious literature.

And in the first place, to touch upon its autobiographical value, it shows this to have been the main characteristic of Phillips Brooks, whether as a man or as a preacher and theologian, — that he was from the first in search of a

stronger religion and a stronger Christ than the age presented. He needed it first for himself and then for others. His powerful tumultuous nature cried out for strength, for some one to obey, whose will would subdue him and bring him into the captivity wherein lies perfect freedom. There is a passage in his essay on the "Pulpit and Popular Skepticism" which must be taken not only as his appeal to others, but as the outcry of his own soul, where he calls for a powerful Christ, "a Christ so completely powerful that once perfectly present with a human soul He must master it and it must yield to Him. If the reason why men doubt Him is that they do not, cannot, will not, see Him, then I think it must be certain that what they need is a completer, more living presentation of His personality, so that He shall stand before them and claim what always was His claim, 'Believe in Me,' — not 'Believe this or that about Me,' but 'Believe in Me.'"[1] Like all great men and strong natures, Phillips Brooks could live only in contact with strength and greatness. For this reason he had been fascinated by Carlyle, by the study of Mohammed and Luther and Cromwell, — men to whom he had first been introduced in "Heroes and Hero Worship." But as Carlyle had been disappointed in his search for great men in history, so also did Phillips Brooks become disenchanted with Carlyle. For Carlyle had passed over in silence, we need not here discuss for what reason, the strongest man in history. There is one passage in his writings where one would have expected at least some allusion to the Founder of Christianity, but it is not made. The passage may be given as indicating the point where Phillips Brooks made his departure from the famous teacher. It is a passage significant also as showing how men were content with talking about a situation without explaining it: —

> How did Christianity arise and spread abroad among men? Was it by institutions and establishments and well-arranged system of mechanism? Not so; on the contrary, in all past and existing institutions for those ends, its divine Spirit has invariably been found to languish and decay. It arose in the majestic deeps of

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 75.

man's soul; and was spread abroad by the "preaching of the word," by simple, altogether natural and individual efforts, and flew, like hallowed fire, from heart to heart, till all were purified and illuminated by it; and its heavenly light shone, as it still shines, and as sun or star will ever shine, through the whole dark destinies of man.[1]

It is interesting to note at how early a period Phillips Brooks fastened upon the truth which was to underlie and control his thinking. He had begun his studies for the ministry with some grave misgivings as to whether the preacher could wield the power which the times demanded. He soon came to the conclusion that the preacher's influence depended on his character as a man, that truth was contagious through personality. Thus in a sermon preached so early as 1861, at the age of twenty-five, on the text, St. John xiv. 6: "I am the way and the truth and the life," he had expressed his conviction that the defect of the age was its tendency to seek after abstract truth divested of personal relations: —

I maintain that all such impersonal truth, when it is acquired, however much it may do for the sharpening and stocking the brains and improving the outward conditions of mankind, is as bad as useless as far as any immediate effect upon the character and temperament is concerned. All truth must be brought, in order to be effective, through a personal medium. Which of us can dare to say that he would hold the most effective truths that he believes in just as much and just in the same way as he does now, if they had come to him anonymously, if they had reached him so that he could not doubt their truth, but resting on no fellow man's authority; if some night the stars had spelt out the story in their ordered courses, or it had woven itself in the filmy tissues of a dream, or the morning winds had awaked us with it, as they blew their message across our sleep? We have some personality behind them all; a mother's voice yet trembles in them, a father's authority makes them solemn, a teacher's enthusiasm will not let us count them trivial, and so they first have gained and so they still hold their great power over us.

Yes, it is the personal power that is mighty in the world. It is not merely a difference between different orders of minds, that the higher are more moved by abstract truth, while the lower, the

[1] Carlyle, *Miscellanies*, vol. ii. p. 242.

great mass of mankind, are open only to the more palpable touch of personal power. That is the conceit of culture. All men are influenced mostly by *embodied truth*, by truth coming to them through some relation of a fellow man. . . .

The trouble which so many have in finding any power in the truths that they believe is, that strange as it may seem, Christianity is to multitudes of people a purely abstract system. It has lost its personal aspect. But Christianity is what? The service of Christ. Its very essence is its personality. It is all built about a person. Take Him out and it all falls to pieces. Just because He *has* been taken out of the religion which many of us call our Christianity, just for that reason is our Christianity a poor thing of the remote brain, bringing no peace to our hearts, and no strength to our hands, no comfort to our sorrows, and no benediction to our joy.[1]

With such a conviction in his mind he had rejected the conception of Christ offered by Strauss in his "Leben Jesu," where the Christ-idea was presented as the essential thing, and His personality of no account; so that it would have made no difference in the result if Christ had been the product of a mythical tendency, not an actual personage, but a creation of the human mind, at a moment when the tides of human aspiration were flowing strongly. All this now seems remote. It has become hard to understand that such a view should have been put forth by a serious thinker. But the work of Strauss, in its first form, and translated by George Eliot, had great vogue in the middle period of the nineteenth century.

Again, Phillips Brooks felt repugnance for the conception of Christ in Renan's "Vie de Jesu," where Christ is drawn as an amiable creature, full of soft and tender sentiment, with no strong definite purpose of a mission to the world, acted upon from without, changing His attitude, involving himself in contradiction and inconsistency, full of charming naïve impressions, but in his softness possessing strength. It is said of the author that when the Germans were at the gates of Paris, he stood at a window watching the careless people

[1] Cf. *The Message of Christ to Manhood, being the William Belden Noble Lectures for* 1898, p. 12, where this passage is referred to in a study of Phillips Brooks.

as they came and went, and remarked, "Voilà ce qui nous sauvera, c'est la mollesse de cette population."

It was in 1865 that the book "Ecce Homo" appeared, by the late Professor J. R. Seeley, to which no one gave more earnest welcome than Phillips Brooks. It may be called the English "Life of Jesus" as compared with the works of Renan and Strauss. It took English ground in discussing the subject, rendering the verdict of cool common sense by an inquirer who brushed aside as irrelevant the difficulties created by Biblical criticism. The author refused to discuss the actuality or the possibility of the miracles, or whether John wrote the Fourth Gospel, whether Luke or Matthew borrowed from Mark, or what were the sources of Mark, or when exactly these narratives were written. He simply assumed that they were in the main trustworthy, and that the disciples believed that Christ worked miracles. This assumption was sufficient for his argument. One element in the strength of the book lay in this, that when the author had presented the picture of Christ, it so explained and justified the Christ of history that difficulties about the narratives and sources no longer embarrassed. A strong man, the strongest man in history, with a clear view of His purpose from the moment He began to teach; no mere teacher uttering placidly His sentiments, but from the first assuming the position of an authoritative lawgiver, enforcing His word by the most powerful of sanctions, calling into existence a society, legislating for that society to the end of time, — this was in outline the Christ in the pages of "Ecce Homo." "The achievement of Christ in founding by His single will and power a structure so durable and so universal is like no other achievement which history records. The masterpieces of the men of action are coarse and common in comparison with it, and the masterpieces of speculation flimsy and unsubstantial. When we speak of it the commonplaces of admiration fail us altogether." [1]

The welcome which Phillips Brooks gave to "Ecce Homo" did not mean that he accepted its presentation of Christ as

[1] Cf. Am. ed. p. 354.

complete or final. We shall see that the total picture of Jesus in his mind after years of reflection was quite different. But it included at least the conception of strength and authority, and also the method, which waived the questions raised by Biblical criticism in regard to the genuineness and authenticity of New Testament writings, as having no practical bearing upon the final issue or on the work of the preacher. He followed the conflicts of scholarship on these points, but never allowed them to embarrass his mind.

When Phillips Brooks came to Boston in 1869 he found that the New England Transcendentalists had left their influence on the public mind. This brilliant group of scholars and thinkers were asking the question, What is truth, and what are the canons for determining its authority? The answer uniformly given was that the authority was within the soul, and faith was the direct vision of the truth. This was positive teaching, but it was accompanied by large negations. No special unique authority was accorded to the books of Scripture or to the person of Christ. Christ was spoken of with respect and even reverence as a great teacher, but it was one of the conventionalities of transcendental speech to associate Him with others, more particularly with Socrates or Plato. It became a sort of commonplace among them to speak of "Socrates and Jesus and Mohammed." It is said of one of those eminent among this brilliant school of thinkers and talkers that on a certain occasion, speaking before a small audience, he ventured to place himself in the same category, — "Socrates, Jesus, and myself." He even declared that he was willing to make the words of Jesus his own, and to proclaim, "I am the resurrection and the life." When one of his audience demurred, querying whether he would be believed if he made such a proclamation, his reply was that such a demurrer could only come from an unregenerate Calvinist.

The Transcendental school had found its chief religious exponent in Boston in Theodore Parker (1860). He accepted its principle to the fullest extent, that the inward, individual assurance of truth was its highest and sole author-

ity. He was a courageous man, fighting his way through great difficulties in heroic fashion. But he became entangled in controversy; his tone grew more aggressive and vehement as he assumed the position of an iconoclast. He made no effort to appreciate his opponent's attitude. He did not recognize that sober combination of the transcendental principle with historic Christianity which gave distinction and influence to Coleridge, marking a new era in the theology of the Church of England. In his vehement desire to enforce the truth he saw he made utterances which did him injustice, and taken without qualification did injury to others. Here are passages from his famous sermon on "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity" which reveal at once his strength and weakness: —

> That pure ideal religion which Jesus saw on the mount of his vision and lived out in the lowly life of a Galilean peasant; which transforms his cross into an emblem of all that is holiest on earth; which makes sacred the ground he trod and is dearest to the best of men, most true to what is truest in them, — cannot pass away. Let men improve never so far in civilization, or soar never so high on the wings of religion and love, they never can outgo the flight of truth and Christianity. It will always be above them.

Yet in this same sermon he denies that the truth which Jesus taught depended on His personality for its propagating power in the world: —

> Almost every sect that has ever been makes Christianity rest on the personal authority of Jesus, and not the immutable truth of the doctrines themselves or the authority of God who sent him into the world. Yet it seems difficult to conceive any reason why moral and religious truths should rest for their support on the personal authority of their revealer, any more than the truths of science on that of him who makes them known first or most clearly. It is hard to see why the great truths of Christianity rest on the personal authority of Jesus more than the axioms of geometry rest on the personal authority of Euclid or Archimedes. The authority of Jesus, as of all teachers, one would naturally think, must rest on the truth of his words, and not their truth on his authority.[1]

[1] *Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion*, p. 244, Boston, ed. 1842.

Even Parker's friends and sympathizers were disturbed by this last statement. Mr. Martineau called it a "painful paradox," intimating that he used language in other places inconsistent with it. But Parker was on fire with his conviction that every soul should be the judge and arbiter of truth in virtue of the gift of immediate vision. Painful though the paradox might be, he repeated it in his later "Discourse of Religion," and in more intense and aggravated form, "If Christianity be true at all it would be just as true if Herod or Catiline had taught it."

Phillips Brooks sought to avoid controversy, and his book on the "Influence of Jesus" is impersonal, reviewing the religious situation of his time, yet mentioning no names or treatises, although familiar with them all. But the following passage from its opening pages, where he states his purpose, shows that he felt called upon to resist the disintegrating tendency in the popular mind, springing from the belief that the personal character of the teacher may be disconnected from the message: —

> What is the power of Christianity over mankind, its source, its character, its issue? That is the question which I wish to study with you in these four lectures I have been invited to deliver. . . . I have been led to think of Christianity and to speak of it, at least in these lectures, not as a system of doctrine, but as a personal force, behind which and in which there lies one great and inspiring idea, which it is the work of the personal force to impress upon the life of man, with which the personal force is always struggling to fill mankind. The personal force is the nature of Jesus, full of humanity, full of divinity, and powerful with a love for man which combines in itself every element that enters into love of the completest kind. . . . Every man's power is his idea multiplied by and projected through his personality. The special actions which he does are only the points at which his power shows itself. . . . The power of Jesus is the idea of Jesus multiplied and projected through the person of Jesus. . . . The message entrusted to the Son of God when He came to be the Saviour of mankind was not only something which He knew and taught; it was something which He was. . . . The idea and the person are so mingled that we cannot separate them. He is the truth, and whoever receives Him becomes the son of God.[1]

[1] *Influence of Jesus*, pp. 12, 13.

And again, in another passage, he makes this more definite allusion, "Not from simple brain to simple brain, as the reasoning of Euclid comes to its students, but from total character to total character, comes the New Testament from God to man." [1]

We are admitted behind the scenes, as it were, when we turn to the note-book, in which Mr. Brooks is seen making the preparation for his book on the "Influence of Jesus." He rarely changed his plan when he had once fixed upon it; but in this case he made a notable change. He had intended to call his subject "Faith and Life." The respective lectures were to be entitled (1) "Faith and Morals;" (2) "Faith and Society;" (3) "Faith in Relation to Pain and Pleasure;" (4) "Faith and the Intellectual Life." He drew up a synopsis of each lecture, rich in spiritual suggestiveness. His object was a defence of the spiritual interpretation of life. Then suddenly, and as it would seem at the last moment, he changed his subject, and hastily modified the plan of treatment. He may have felt that this first scheme was weak in that it put him in controversial or defensive attitude, not the most effective method of accomplishing his aim. As he came closer to his task the real motive which inspired him was growing more clear and definite. Behind the Christian faith and life stood the Christ. To give the portrait of Him anew to the world was better to accomplish the end in view. Here are some of the sentences from his note-book which betray first the working of his mind: —

For centuries the Christian faith has been and still is making life. We have Life from which to tell what the faith is and Faith to tell what the life must be. What is Christianity that it makes such men as these?

How far may we legitimately think that the present condition of the social and personal life of Christendom is due to Christian Faith? Very largely. Point to church, Bible, uniqueness of Christendom, and unwillingness of all men to disown first Christian ideas.

The Faith and the Man, then, we want to trace in relation to one another. The Faith we find in the Book to which the heart

[1] *Influence of Jesus*, p. 234.

of man has always returned more truly than it thinks. The man we find in History. — Observation and consciousness. — There are two questions — What has Christianity made of man? and What, when it is freed from all hindrance and given its full power, can it make of him?

Such an inquiry, it will be seen, was too vast, and almost beyond human capacity to execute. Still it is interesting to know that it was in his mind, nor could it have failed to produce fruit. It was a larger background, vague, perhaps, and unexplored in all its subtle unperceived relations, yet reinforcements came from it at every turn. The thing to do, the simplest and yet the truest, the method which could not be questioned, was to study the influence of Jesus as the seed which had been actually lodged in the heart of humanity.

The lectures were written with the greatest rapidity, for the time at his disposal was short. They were begun at the Christmas season, when the claims of parish and social life were most pressing, but he brought to them the preparation of years. He wrote them out of his own soul, full of emotion and intellectual fervor. Many of his sermons were here condensed, a sermon in a paragraph: such, for example, as he preached when Principal Tulloch was listening, with its flash of insight and reality. The constant study of the Bible and of the life of Christ, wherein he had gained more than he could give in yearly Bible class or Lenten meditations, or Wednesday evening lectures, was yielding its unsuspected contributions. The book was done in haste, but it was the product of the long, slow processes of life.

And still another circumstance must be mentioned, most important of all. As he wrote his heart was very tender, for he was passing through a great sorrow in the last illness and death of his father. That event in his experience left its impression on his theology, for his theology was the reflex of the revelation of life.

It is intended in these remarks that follow to point out some features of the book, in its methods and conclusions, which will throw light on the position that Phillips Brooks occupied in his age. In the first place, he attempted the

portrayal of a strong Christ, whose mastery was capable of dominating every soul, and of subduing all humanity to Himself. To this end he boldly identified the personality of Jesus with the essence of His religion. By personality he understood the inmost nature and character, that within a man which rules the life. He had brought out this truth in his "Lectures on Preaching," and elsewhere in his writings. But now he drags it once more into the foreground of a great picture, holding it up to his hearers with tireless energy, and with all the strength of eloquent conviction. Others had thought of it, perhaps only a few would have denied it. But everything depends on the prominence which is given to a principle. This is originality, this constitutes power, to make a truth supreme through the setting which is given it. Thus it becomes a new truth. Here lay the distinctive difference between him and his predecessors. It was not enough to present Christ as a moral Guide, uttering ethical precepts worthy of obedience; nor as the Master, imparting knowledge and conveying information about the spiritual world. He was indeed the *Way*, and He was the *Truth*, but He was these because He was first the Life.

This principle of the identification of the personality of the teacher with his message, the culmination of precept and of truth in a life, might be in danger of becoming a formula, another shibboleth in religion, an idea abstract and unprofitable, unless the secret of the personality of Jesus could be unveiled, and become the living possession of humanity. This was the task, undertaken in the "Influence of Jesus," to present the idea which inspired Him, the clue to His divine consciousness, and the motive of His acts. This inspiring idea is "the Fatherhood of God and the childhood of every man in Him."

> Upon the race and upon the individual, Jesus is always bringing into more and more perfect revelation the certain truth that man and every man is the child of God. This is the sum of the work of the Incarnation. A hundred other statements regarding it, regarding Him who was incarnate are true; but all statements concerning Him hold their truth within this truth, — that Jesus came to restore the fact of God's fatherhood to man's knowledge and to its central place of power over man's life (p. 12).

There is a change in the tone of the Bohlen Lectures when compared with the Yale Lectures on the "Teaching of Religion." Then religion had been defined to be the life of man in gratitude, obedience, and growing likeness to Christ. Now it is conceived as the "relation of childhood and fatherhood between man and God."

> Man is the child of God by nature. He is ignorant and rebellious — the prodigal child of God; but his ignorance and rebellion never break that first relationship. It is always a child ignorant of his Father; always a child rebellious against his Father. That is what makes the tragedy of human history, and always prevents human sin from becoming an insignificant and squalid thing. To reassert the childhood and fatherhood as an unlost truth, and to reëstablish its power as the central fact of life; to tell men that they were, and to make them actually to be, the sons of God — that was the purpose of the coming of Jesus and the shaping power of his life. . . .
>
> It is more important than we often think, that we should grasp the general idea, the general purpose, of the life of Jesus. The Gospels become to us a new book when we no longer read them merely as the anecdotes of the life of one who, with a great, kind heart, went through the world promiscuously doing good as opportunities occurred to Him. The drifting and haphazard currents gather themselves together, and we are borne on with the full and enthusiastic impulse of a great river which knows itself and knows the sea it seeks. And when the ruling idea is this which fills the life of Jesus, it is doubly true that only by clearly seizing it can we get at the heart and meaning of His life (pp. 16, 17).

It had been the usage in the Evangelical school, in which Mr. Brooks was reared, to speak only of the baptized or the regenerate as the children of God. The stress was laid upon the grace by which the change was accomplished that made a man a child of God, who before the change was not entitled to the name. Phillips Brooks did not deny the change, nor its necessity; he affirmed it in all his preaching, declaring it to be wrought of God. But he builds upon the antecedent truth that every man is the child of God by nature. It is because he is the child by nature that he is capable of becoming the child by grace. In making this truth a first principle in his teaching, he was not departing from, but rather reaffirming what the Church of England, followed by the Protestant

Episcopal Church in America, had asserted in its standards. There were those in the Anglican Church who had preceded him in building on this truth, — Maurice and Robertson, Ewing, the Bishop of Argyle, and many others. He differed from them, if he differed at all, in making it the basis of his powerful appeal in the pulpit, as also in making it the central point from which by necessary inference proceeded all other religious teaching. He brought together nature and grace, the creation and the redemption, in organic relationship. All men alike everywhere inherited in virtue of their birthright the privilege to pray, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

> Surely, we cannot be wrong if we say positively that to Christ himself the truth that man was God's child by nature was the great fact of man's existence; and the desire that man might be God's child in reality was the motive of His own life and work (p. 20).

The merit and power of this idea of divine fatherhood revealed in the natural order and carried up into the spiritual is seen first in Christian morality. Ethics have often been separated from religion. Phillips Brooks identifies them.

> The difference between Christian morality and any other which the world has seen does not consist in the difference of its precepts, — for these can be matched in any other codes; the substance and power of moral law does not lie in its commandments, but in the conception of the commander which breathes through it and gives it life. The motive of all the injunctions in the Sermon on the Mount is the Father, first as the standard of the moral life enforced, and then as the power by which that standard is pursued and attained. There is nothing abstract and cold. Everything shines and burns with personal affection. "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven." "Love your enemies, that ye may be the children of your Father." "Let your light shine before men that they may glorify your Father." "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." The idea of God which fills the great discourse is the idea of the father.

Most men have held separately the principles of authority and reasonableness. Lordship and command have gone with

kingship, love and care have been associated with the fatherhood. But here they are combined as organically one. Kingship in its primary conception means fatherhood. The Sermon on the Mount keeps the combination of reason and authority, the essential and the arbitrary, which is characteristic of the child's obedience in the earthly household.

> I am sure that all of us have felt, as we have read those sacred chapters of St. Matthew, how exquisitely these two lights play through them and harmonize with one another, — the light that comes to any duty from the command of God that we should do it, and the light which the same duty wins because we ourselves perceive that it is the right thing to do (p. 32).

Here is a passage in which Phillips Brooks is at one with those who have asserted the arbitrary sovereignty of God, as if in its very arbitrariness lay its charm, — Augustine and Anselm, Calvin and Edwards: —

> The essence of every beatitude is in the human heart, and yet the human heart loves to hear the utterance of the beatitudes from the mouth of God as if they were His arbitrary enactments (p. 32).

It is the experience of the earthly home wherein is learned the reconciliation between the arbitrary will and the awakening mind which calls for the reason of the enactment: —

> I want you to notice that this interplay of essentialness and arbitrariness is exactly what characterizes every true home life, when the children learn truth and receive commandments from their father. The child's partial and growing perception that it must be so chimes and harmonizes with the father's injunction that it shall be so.

All this is so simple and clear, and withal satisfactory, that one does not at first realize the width and depth of the abyss he is bridging. This had been the question of the ages, dividing the schools from the time of Augustine, — whether the arbitrary will in God takes the precedence or the reasoning mind? Phillips Brooks, we shall see it more plainly as we proceed, tends to fuse intellect and will into organic unity; but yet if we may distinguish, where he refused to make the

distinction, at the heart of the mystery of the universe, it is will, not idea, always the loving will of the Father.

The motive of ethics is the filial sense; and the standard is likeness to God. The question is raised whether this standard be intelligible and practicable. The answer is derived from the first great principle of the Fatherhood of God and the sonship of every man.

> It is in the fact that He is your Father, and that you are His Child, that the possibility of likeness lies and that the kind of possible likeness is decreed. You are to be like Him as the child is like the father, by the attainment of that echo of the Father's nature which is the child's essential inheritance. You are to be like him by coming to that expression of Him which is the true idea of your child life. You are to fulfil the unfulfilled programme of your own life, which is involved in the fact that you are a child of God. . . . Man is to return into the idea of his own life as the son of God. He is to be equal to his own conception, as that conception is written in the nature of the Holy Being from whom he came and to whom he belongs. At least, that is a standard whose perpetual presence shaped our Lord's treatment of the men and women whom He was trying to restore (p. 36).

He sums up his treatment of the ethical life by dwelling on some of the perpetual marks of a morality which is the outgrowth of such a faith. First, there is the duty of sentiment, — thou shalt *love*. He notes the exaltation of sentiment over action, — the action valuable as the utterance of sentiment. There is danger of weakness here and of sentimentality, but in the end is vitality and permanence. No Christian should be ashamed of this quality of love and duty. Second, the harmony between the absolute standard of goodness and the various responsibilities of men, discriminations which yet do not tamper with the unchangeable sanctity of righteousness. Third, the attainment of humility by aspiration and not by depression. And fourth, the morality of Jesus as involving the only true secret of courage and of the freedom that comes from courage. Courage is a positive thing, not merely the absence of fear, but "that compactness and clear coherence of all a man's faculties and powers which makes his manhood a single operative unit in the world."

What is now known as "sociology" had not then attained the prominence which it has since reached. The late F. D. Maurice had been the leader in England of a movement called Christian socialism, destined to become popular among the English clergy and laity; but with this movement Phillips Brooks never identified himself. He noted with some surprise and regret, in his later visits to England, that the rising generation of clergy were turning aside from Maurice's theology in order to devote themselves more exclusively to social studies and methods of social reform. He deprecated the change, for it seemed to him as if it waived the more vital method, out of which alone social progress must come, — a confession, also, that the theological and religious problem was insoluble. His own conception of social development is here given: —

> The character of Christ's own reforming spirit was clear enough. He said that he wanted not to destroy but to fulfil the agencies which he here found in the world. He never cared to reshape circumstances until he had regenerated men. He let the shell stand as he found it until the new life within it could burst it for itself. It is very wonderful to me to see how thoroughly His disciples caught His method. They could not have caught it so completely and so soon if it had not been that it was based on a large principle, if it had not been more than a special method or trick. Almost instantly, as soon as the disciples began their work, they seem to have been filled with a true conception of its divine method, — that not from outside, but from inside; not by the remodelling of institutions, but by the change of character; not by the suppression of vices, but by the destruction of sin, the world was to be saved. That truth with whose vitality all modern life has flourished, with its forgetfulness of which all modern history has always tended to corruption, that truth only dreamed of by a few spiritual philosophers in the ancient world, — it is one of the marvellous phenomena of human thought, that it should have leaped full grown to life with the first of Christianity. A few faint flutterings about the old methods of repression, and the disciples of Jesus settle at once to the new methods of development (p. 253).

But Phillips Brooks was alive to the importance of the social aspect of Christianity, as is seen in his treatment of

the "Influence of Jesus on the Social Life." He takes the Madonna, prominent in ecclesiastical art, as the true type of the Christian religion, rather than the Sphinx, calm and eternal in its solitude.[1] Both recognize the feminine nature of the religious instinct; but the first is Christian because so truly human; "it has not lost humanity in trying to interpret Deity." "A father, a mother, and a child are there in the scene at Bethlehem. No religion which began like that could ever lose its character." The first unit of human life is the personality of the newborn child, the second unit is the family. In showing what Jesus was to his fellow men, it is most important to recognize the growth in his consciousness from childhood to manhood mediated by the human family.

I think that it is a most happy sign of the healthy reality which the life of Jesus is gaining in men's thoughts in these modern days, that this idea of the development of His consciousness, the gradual growth into the knowledge and the use of His own nature, is no longer an idea that bewilders and shocks the believer in our Lord's divinity. It is felt to be a necessary part of the belief in His humanity. . . . The seventeenth century believed the divinity of Christ, but its belief in the divine Christ was weak, and the belief in the human Christ was well-nigh lost, and with this loss I cannot but feel that we must in some way connect the dislike of Christmas and its observance which then arose and which is but just now passing entirely away. . . . The whole idea of childhood, with its necessary concomitant idea of growth, was a bewilderment and almost an offence to that theology whose Christ was a mysterious and unaccountable being, a true spiritual Melchisedec, without vivid and real human associations, without age, without realized locality, a dogma, a creed, a fulfilment of prophecy, an adjustment of relations, not a man. It is because Jesus to-day is intensely real, intensely human to us, that we welcome and do not dread the truth of increase and development from childhood to the full strength and stature of a man (pp. 78, 79).

This chapter on the "Influence of Jesus on the Social Life of Man" is written with the conviction that the key to all Christ's treatment of men is the constant desire to foster the

[1] Cf. *ante*, p. 46, for the first form which is given to this striking comparison. See, also, *Influence of Jesus*, pp. 73, 74.

consciousness of divine sonship by intercourse with those who are fellow sons of the same Father. The incidents in the life of Christ are brought together with singular felicity in illustration of this truth, that the social nature of man is the provision at once for his most complete self-consciousness and for his fullest activity and efficiency. So important is the social life in the constitution of humanity that it must needs have its analogue in Deity.

It was by losing His life in the multitude and mass of lives, in the body of humanity to which He belonged, that Jesus at once found His own life and found the lives of the lost, whom He had come to seek. At the very outset He bore witness that not in absolute singleness, not in elemental unity and perfect solitude of being, is the highest existence to be found. He recognized at once in man that multiplicity and power of relationship within the unit of humanity which makes the richness of our human life. If it be so, as we believe it is, that in the constitution of humanity we have the fairest written analogue and picture of the Divine existence, then shall we not say that the human Christ gave us, in the value which He set on human relationships, in His social thought of man, an insight into the essentialness and value of that social thought of God, which we call the doctrine of the Trinity? May it not be that only by multiplicity and interior self-relationship can Divinity have the completest self-consciousness and energy? Surely, the reverent and thoughtful eye must see some such meaning when Jesus himself makes the eternal companionship of the life of Deity the pattern and picture of the best society of the souls of the earth, and breathes out to His Father these deep and wondrous words, "As thou Father art in Me and I in Thee that they all may be one in us."

The subject of the social life of man leads him to the consideration of its relation to the individual life. This is an ancient and familiar problem whose adjustment varies; the issue clear, but the application of the principle uncertain. Throughout the nineteenth century there have not been wanting those who have condemned what they call "individualism" as the "source of all our woe." This has been one of the motives which has strengthened the ecclesiastical reactions of the century. Upon this point Phillips Brooks held a very definite opinion, and he has expressed it in no uncertain

words. He asserts as the fundamental truth that "society does not exist for itself, but for the individual; and man goes into it not to lose, but to find himself" (p. 98). He then proceeds to arraign his age for having lost the true principle. His words have significance in themselves, an added interest in coming from him: —

The ancient society, the heathen society of to-day, whether in some savage island or in some fashionable parlor, is ready always to sacrifice the personal nature, the individual soul. As if society itself were an object worthy of perfecting for its own value; it overwhelms individual character and pitilessly sees lives lost in its great whirlpool. I think the great charge that Jesus, if He spoke to-day, would bring against our modern social life, our present society, as it in large part exists, would be this: He would see its impurity; He would recognize the falseness that pervades it; He would turn away from its sordidness with disappointment; but, most of all, He would miss in it that power to cultivate the personal life of the individual by the revelation of the divine side of human existence which is everywhere His ideal of social living. It is not always so. There are small groups of men gathered on such high ground that each of them becomes aware of himself, of his capacities and duties, in the association with his brethren. Especially there are friendships, the sympathetic meeting of man and man, in which each knows himself as he could not in solitude. But our ordinary life with one another, what, in the language of the world, we call *society*, has so left and lost the spontaneousness of natural impulse and so failed to attain the highest conception of itself as the family of God, it so hangs fast in the dull middle regions of conventional propriety and selfish expediency, that it becomes not the fountain, but the grave, of individuality. Men go to it to escape themselves. Men dread it, as they grow older, for younger men, because its influences seem to be fatal to original and positive character. Men flee to solitude to recruit their personality. Nowhere do we find on earth that picture of society reconstructed by the idea of Jesus, society around the throne of God, which shines out upon us from the mysterious promises of the Apocalypse; the glory of which society is to be this, — that while the souls stand in their vast choruses of hundreds of thousands, and all chant the same anthems and all work together in the same transcendent duties, yet each bears the sacred name written on the flesh of his own forehead, and carries in his hand a white stone, on which is written a new name which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. It is individuality

emphasized by company, and not lost in it, because the atmosphere in which the company is met is the idea of Jesus, which is the fatherhood of God (pp. 98, 99).

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, and more especially in the decade of the seventies, there was one subject uppermost in the consciousness of all thoughtful minds, — how to maintain the goodness of the existing order of things against pessimistic tendencies which were stimulated by the teaching of Schopenhauer and Hartmann. For although this teaching came from speculative thinkers and was presented as a system of philosophy, yet it somehow found a response in, or we may say penetrated in some mysterious way into the stratum of the common consciousness. Its influence may be traced in the pulpit, in modifying the tone of the preaching, leading to more emphatic and continuous assertions of the goodness, the love, the beneficent providence of God. Among the confusing contradictory currents of the time, this tone of preaching seemed to some as though it were an effort to soften the religion, to avoid the severer aspects of the gospel. But its real motive lay in some more positive purpose, — the justification of the ways of God with men. The quickened sensitiveness of an age in which humanitarian sentiment had been so dominant as in the nineteenth century, where sentiment was constantly degenerating into sentimentality, proved a congenial soil for pessimistic theories of the universe. Men were becoming more keenly alive to the evil in nature and in the moral order, so that the balance was easily disturbed in individual minds to whom the total picture of the universe presented the seeming predominance of evil. To meet this kind of doubt, which was generically different from the form of doubt which preceded it, required a different tone in the message of the pulpit.

To the new necessity Phillips Brooks responded. Long before he knew of Schopenhauer and Hartmann he had become sensitive to the issue. His subtle spirit divined the coming mood because his own life was deeply rooted in his age. He encountered the pure pleasure of living more than most men, but he had also encountered human suffering on

a large scale in the ministrations of the pastoral charge, as well as in his own experience. Out of this experience had been born the discourses of comfort and consolation which, it has been remarked, form so large a proportion in the first volume of his sermons. To this subject he now comes anew, with a more scientific aim, with the qualifications of years of self-observation and of association with men, with a rare power of psychological insight and analysis. His third lecture was entitled the "Influence of Jesus on the Emotional Life of Man." He had before him the life of Christ as the ideal expression of humanity; he must enter into the experience of Jesus by the open door of the common experience of humanity.

It tells us nothing, he remarks, about a life to say that it is made up of joy and pain. We discover very early that happiness may mean much or little; that before we can determine the quality of a life we must penetrate the consciousness that lies beneath the sorrow or the joy. The joy and the pain are simply the expressions of emotion. Here is a passage bearing on this point, which is also self-descriptive: —

> The man who lacks emotion lacks expression. That which is in him remains within him, and he cannot utter it or make it influential. And on the other hand the man who lacks emotion lacks receptiveness. That which other men are, if it does not make him glad or sorry, if it gives him neither joy nor pain, does not become his. The emotion of lives is the magnetism that they emit, something closely associated with their substance and yet distinct from it, in which they communicate with one another. There is a condition conceivable in which the emotions should be so delicately and perfectly true to the quality of him from which they issue, that they should furnish a perfect medium of expression. . . . Can any true connection be reliably traced between the way that a man lives and the joy or sorrow his life emits?

There is something, then, that lies behind the phenomena of pleasure and pain, and that is experience without regard to emotions. He now repeats what he had been impressed with as a student years before: —

> The words which have become exclusively appropriated to pain belonged originally to experience without reference to the distress

or pleasure it might bring. The old Greek and Latin words for suffering simply meant "to undergo." The very word "suffering" itself, and "patience" and "submission," and that hard word "bear" all mean nothing but experience. The first step in studying the life of Jesus is to get back into the actual experience of His life. His power over men to-day lies in His experience not essentially because He was happy or sad. His life in a world like this involved the cross. Yet would His life have still been the influential power of the world if His years had passed in sunny joy? The experience is separable from the pain, and in the experience, not in the pain, His true life abode.

He takes another step in this analysis. The mere experiences considered by themselves do not constitute life. "Our histories are not our lives. The idea of life is unity. Experiences are manifold." Behind the experiences lies the law of life — God wills these things. God's will, not his own choice, underlies the acts and contacts that fill up the days of Jesus. "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me." That, in the deeper meaning, was the life of Jesus, — the law by which He lived, the will of God.

There is one step more in this analysis of the consciousness of Jesus.

> A law is not the final life. It cannot be. Law is external, but life is something which may fill every inmost part of a man's being. . . . A law cannot do that. It is not intimate enough. There must be some inspiring idea, moving the intelligence, firing the affections, and so possessing the whole man. . . . That idea is the fatherhood of God to man, which Jesus made known through the manifestation of His sonship. . . . Ideas make for themselves laws by their own inherent and divine creativeness. The law of Christ is obedience to God, but this obedience is fed by the idea of His sonship. In that idea is the real life of Christ. Behind this no analysis can go.

All this is beautiful and true. But the writer has a remoter purpose. He is laying foundations with a view to ultimate inferences. He is not only meeting for himself and for his time the passing tendency to pessimism, but also theories of the Atonement which do not satisfy, and those forms of mediæval asceticism whose temporary reappearance was characteristic of the time.

Jesus always thinks of Himself as undergoing the will of God, because God is His father. The pain and pleasure which come to Him in undergoing that will come not simply with their own inherent qualities of comfort or discomfort, but with the values they get from that obedience of which they are the signs and consequences. This is the key to all His attitude towards them. Jesus, with all His sensitiveness to pain and joy, never allows pain or joy to be either the purpose of life or the test of life.

The sensitiveness of Jesus to pain and joy never leads Him for a moment to try to be sad or happy with direct endeavor; nor is there any sign that He ever judges the real character of Himself or any other man by the sadness or the happiness that for the moment covers His life. He simply lives, and joy and sorrow issue from His living, and cast their brightness and their gloominess back upon His life; but there is no sorrow and no joy that He ever sought for itself, and He always kept self-knowledge underneath the joy or sorrow, undisturbed by the moment's happiness or unhappiness. They were like ripples on the surface of the stream, made by its flow, and, we are ready to imagine, enjoyed by the stream that made them, not sought by the stream for themselves, nor ever obscuring the stream's consciousness of its deeper currents. The supreme sorrow of the cross was never sought because it was sorrowful, and even while He hung in agony it never obscured the certainty of His own holiness in the great Sufferer's soul. These are the perpetual characteristics of the emotional life of Jesus, which our theology has often conjured out of sight, but which are of unspeakable value, as I think; for a clear understanding of them puts the Man who suffered and enjoyed more than any other man that ever lived in a noble and true relation to His suffering and joy, and makes His pain and pleasure a gospel to men in their sadness and their gladness everywhere (pp. 156, 157).

The greater part of this chapter is occupied with a suggestive and, though complete in its outline, all too brief an analysis of the experiences of Jesus in the pleasure and the suffering they involved. But it is a careful study, too condensed to be summarized without injury. The plan of treatment leads to the consideration (1) of the pain and pleasures which come inevitably through the medium of the human body; (2) of the joys and sorrows which have their roots not in the senses, but in the affections; (3) of the pleasures and the sufferings which belong to all devoted ideal natures,

which come from the acute perception of right and wrong, of moral fitness or unfitness in the things about us. Under the third head is the remark that we cannot think of Jesus as a mere moral enthusiast, because with Him everything is personal: —

> It is this personalness of all His moral enthusiasms, as it seems to me, that keeps us from ever feeling or fearing in Jesus any of that moral pedantry — or what, with a word that has no dignified equivalent, we call that priggishness — which haunts the words of the moral enthusiasts who kindle at the harmonies and discords of abstractions, whether they talk as utilitarians or as transcendentalists (p. 194).

Under this same head is raised the interesting question whether there was anything in Christ of what we call the sense of artistic beauty, or whether He found delight in the fitness which the æsthetic nature recognizes and loves. In the treatment of this question is hardly given the answer to have been expected from one with his own æsthetic tastes. All the more, therefore, is his attitude remarkable, showing how carefully he preserved the balance of a true judgment, and responded to the finest instincts. He mentions the judgments that men have given on this point and their reasons: "One who was walking towards Calvary had no time in the intenseness of His moral life for art and its luxuriousness;" or again, "He was a Jew in whose nature it was not to gather happiness from beautiful things;" and still further, "We may say that though Jesus has made nothing of artistic beauty, yet His religion has made much of it, and out of Christianity the highest artistic life has come." While there is truth in all these statements: —

> Still the great impression of the life of Jesus as it seems to me must always be the subordinate importance of those things in which only the æsthetic nature finds its pleasure. There is no condemnation of them in that wise, deep life. But the fact always must remain that the wisest, deepest life that was ever lived left them on one side, was satisfied without them. And His religion, while it has developed and delighted in their culture, has always kept two strong habits with reference to art which showed that in it was still the spirit of its Master. It has

always been restless under the sway of any art that did not breathe with spiritual and moral purpose. Never has Christian art reached the pure æstheticism of the classics. And in its more earnest moods, in its reformations, in its puritanisms, it has always stood ready to sacrifice the choicest words of artistic beauty for the restoration or preservation of the simple majesty of righteousness, the purity of truth, or the glory of God (p. 201).

The Bohlen Lectures culminate with the last chapter, in which is treated the influence of Jesus on the intellectual life of man. To understand Phillips Brooks one must dwell upon what he here tells us; for while his tone is still impersonal, none the less is he disclosing his own method of self-culture and his distinctive attitude towards the theologies of his time. All through the chapter we move in the atmosphere of greatness. Only from a great soul could it have proceeded. But it is the atmosphere of poetry and beauty as well. The ease, the grace, the repose, the transparency of the style, the consciousness of mastery, the sense of finality, the irresistible appeal, — these are the accompaniments of a strain of divine melody. This chapter must be read, it cannot be described. But some things may be said about it.

In the first place he refuses to give the intellect in man the supremacy when taken by itself. He has said this before, but now repeats it with deeper conviction. In speaking of the Person of Christ, he asks the questions, How does Christ compare in intellectual power with other men? How did He estimate the intellect? Was His intellect sufficient to account for the unique position He holds in the world's history as the mightiest force that has controlled the development of humanity?

He finds the answer by turning to the Fourth Gospel, which gives us most that we know about the mind of Jesus. It is to the other Gospels what Plato is to Xenophon. He does not pause to allude to questions of criticism, — when it was written, or whether it was written by John. He anticipates the decision of scholars; he knows that the picture in itself is its own vindication. It is the intellectual Gospel, because in it there is one constantly recurring word. That word is "truth," which is distinctly a word of the intellect.

He whose favorite word is truth must be a man who values intellectual life, who is not satisfied unless his own intellect is living, and who conceives of his fellow men as beings in whom the intellect is an important and valuable part. This must belong to any habitual use of the word at all; and so, when we find it appearing constantly upon the lips of Jesus, in the record of that one of His disciples who understood Him best, we feel that we know this at least about Him, — that He cared for the intellect of man, that He desired to exercise some influence upon it, that He was not satisfied simply to win man's affection by His kindness, nor to govern man's will by His authority, but that He also wished to persuade man's mind with truth (p. 213).

He takes up the word "truth" as it is used in the Fourth Gospel, finding that in every instance it is employed in a sense different from that of the schools. In its scholastic use it is detached from life and made synonymous with knowledge. But knowledge is no word of Jesus. With information for the head alone, detached from its relations to the whole nature, Jesus has no concern. Truth was something which set the whole man free. It was a moral thing, for he who does not receive it is not merely a doubter, but a liar. Truth was something which a man could be, not merely something which a man could study and measure by walking around it on the outside. The objective and the subjective lose themselves in each other. Truth can be known only from the inside; it is something moral, something living, something spiritual. It is not mere objective unity: it must have in it the elements of character. "To this end was I born," says Jesus, "and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." And upon these and similar utterances of Jesus is made this comment: —

You see how the air grows hazy with the meeting of the subjective and objective conceptions. They are words of character. A "man of truth" is something more than a man who knows the truth, whose intellect has seized it; that, we are sure, would be the very tamest paraphrase of the suggestive words. It would take the whole life and depth out of them. A "man of truth" is a man into all whose life the truth has been pressed till he is full of it, till he has been given to it, and it has been given to

him, he being always the complete being whose unity is in that total of moral, intellectual, and spiritual life which makes what we call character. He is the man of whom Pilate's prisoner said, "He hears my voice." No wonder that Pilate, hearing a new sound in an old familiar word, felt all his old questions stir again within him, and asked with an interest which was too weary to be called a hope, "What is truth?" (p. 218).

From this use of the word "truth" is deduced the intellectual portrait of Christ, if we may call it such. The great fact concerning the intellectual life in Jesus is this, that "in Him the intellect never works alone. You never can separate its workings from the complete operations of the whole nature. He never simply knows, but always loves and resolves at the same time. . . . What God knows is one and the same with the love with which He loves and the resolve with which He wills."

We reach now the conclusion of the whole matter. When Phillips Brooks spoke of God's knowledge as one with His love and will, he had in view the definition of the schoolmen that God is *actus purus*. Man was to be known by contrast; in this respect the human had no likeness to the divine. The intellect and the will worked separately in man, and the difference could always be distinguished, so that it was easy to divide men into classes, and label them according to their opinions, — men of intellect and men of action. Against this inference Phillips Brooks is making a protest. It was with Jesus as it was with God. It should be the same with all men, — in this respect they should follow Christ. It is not an impossible divine ideal, but rather the feasible human standard. He illustrates the possibility of this organic fusion of intellect with the affections and the will by an appeal to experience, calling it the true unity of a man.

When we see how constantly it is the crudity of an unappropriated, unassimilated intellectuality that disappoints us in intellectual people; when we find ourselves turning away from a learned man whose knowledge has not been pressed into character; when we find that the action of the intellect forcing itself upon our notice because it is working out of proportion to or out of harmony with the other parts of a man's nature, his conscience, his

affections, and his active powers, always dissatisfies and makes us restless, and, with all the interest which we may feel in him, does not let us think that we have found the fullest and most perfect man, — when we see all this, it becomes clear to us what a distinguishing thing in Jesus was this unity of life in which the special action of the intellect was lost. We catch something of the spirit with which His disciple, fondly recurring years afterwards to the bright days when He first knew Jesus, twice used the same description of Him: "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us full of grace and truth." "The law was given by Moses, but by Jesus Christ came grace and truth."

It is not the intellectual man as such, not the man in whom intellect stands crudely forth as the controlling element in life, that other men are drawn to most. The greatest men that ever lived are those in whom you cannot separate the mental and moral lives. You cannot say just what part of their power and success is due to a good heart and what to a sound understanding. And in every circle there are apt to appear some persons of great influence and great attractiveness, of whom you never think as being specially intellectual; it startles you; but as you think about your wonder, you discover that it does not come from an absence of the intellectual life in those who are thus spoken of, but from the fact that the intellectual part of them is so blended and lost in the rounded and symmetrical unity of their life that you have never been led to think of it by itself. All this is very frequently true concerning women, whose unity of life is often more apparent than that of men (pp. 220, 223).

He finds confirmation of this unity of life in those moments of exaltation when a man realizes himself in supreme degree, and the "intellectual action, without being quenched, nay, burning at its very brightest, blends with the quickened activity of all the being, and is not even thought of by itself."

So it is when death comes near, that with our truest, profoundest thoughts about the great mystery, we hardly know that we are thinking at all. In these and similar conditions, the intellect works vigorously, but it works in the midst of a being all quickened and exalted together, and so it is lost in the large action of the whole. This is the meaning of Lessing's remark, "He who does not lose his reason in certain things has none to lose." Or again in the lines of Wordsworth: —

> In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of Visitation from the Living God,
> Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.

In the further exposition of this principle, he turns to the comparison of Jesus with Socrates. It had been in his mind as he began the book to make this the climax of his treatment; he comes to it finally with the momentum which had been growing with each successive chapter. He would take the last five chapters of the Gospel of St. John and place them by the side of the story of the death of Socrates which Plato has written for us in the "Phædo." "Nowhere could the essential difference as well as the likeness of the two great teachers become more apparent." To this comparison he invites "the critics who loosely class Jesus and Socrates together," showing them where their classification fails, where the line runs beyond which Socrates cannot go, "beyond which the nature of Jesus sweeps out of our sight."

We recall in this mature expression of his thought his own youthful devotion to Socrates. We go back to the days when he was a boy of fifteen, just leaving the Latin School, for the first utterance of this enthusiasm. It had been Socrates, the "innocent martyr for truth," who had fired him with zeal in the immortal quest. Two sonnets entitled "Socrates" he had written while at the Virginia seminary. The "Phædo" was then his favorite dialogue, which he exercised himself in translating into his best English. When he took his first journey to the Old World in 1865, he seems to have given an almost equal place to Athens and Jerusalem in the enthusiasm which was stirred within him, as he gazed with his own eyes upon the sacred cities. But now for twenty years he had been studying the life of Jesus, and though he had lost none of his reverence and admiration for Socrates, there had grown up in his soul a higher and a different reverence, which is mingled with love and grateful obedience. Then he was in the intellectual stage of his development, now he has passed more completely into the sphere of the spiritual. We will not spoil the beautiful comparison which he has drawn at length by attempts at quotation or condensation. But here is the concluding paragraph: —

I know not what to say to any man who does not feel the difference. I can almost dream what Socrates would say to any man

who said that there was no difference between Jesus and him. But how shall we state the difference? One is divine and human; the other is human only. One is Redeemer; the other is philosopher. One is inspired, the other questions. One reveals, and the other argues. These statements doubtless are all true. And in them all there is wrapped up this, which is the truth of all the influence of Jesus over men's minds, that where Socrates brings an argument to meet an objection, Jesus always brings a nature to meet a nature, — a whole being which the truth has filled with strength, to meet another whole being which error has filled with feebleness (p. 243).

It had been part of Mr. Brooks's intention to show the influence of Jesus, not only by the presentation of His ruling idea, but by tracing its presence and power in His disciples and then in the actual history of the world. The scheme of course was too large. Yet he could not resist in closing to give a brief summary, where he hints at what he would have done had the opportunity permitted: —

A poetic conception of the world we live in, a willing acceptance of mystery, an expectation of progress by development, an absence of fastidiousness that comes from the possibilities of all humanity, and a perpetual enlargement of thought from the arbitrary into the essential, — these, I think, are the intellectual characteristics which Christ's disciples gathered from their Master; and I think that we can see that these characteristics make, as we set them together, a certain definite and recognizable type of mental life, one that we should know from every other if we met to-day a man in whom it was embodied. It is a type in which, according to the description which I tried to give, the intellect, while it is plentifully present, does not stand alone and force itself upon our thought. It is a type in which character is the result that impresses us, — character holding in harmony all the elements of the nature, rather than intellectuality, which is the predominant presence of one element. It is a type in which righteousness and reason so coincide and coöperate that you cannot separate them, and do not want to (p. 259).

This book, therefore, the "Influence of Jesus," may be called the Apologia of Phillips Brooks. It is the defence of himself and of his method, the exposition of his ideal of life, his final answer to the question how to meet the doubt, the weakness, the skepticism of the time. Although he seemed,

and indeed he was, in such entire sympathy with his age, yet he also saw its defect and raised against it one mighty protest. A one-sided, exaggerated intellectualism was the evil which had infected every department of human inquiry, including the things of religion. He pointed out the remedy, — the influence of Jesus tended to the restoration of a lost symmetry. This was the result of his experience in the first ten years of his Boston ministry, which gives to his preaching in Boston a different tone from the Philadelphia life. Then he had delighted in exploiting the rich allegorical import of human life and human history, with Christ as its centre and interpreter. The Boston ministry led him to proclaim the stronger Christ, who was powerful enough to subdue the world to Himself. There are hints in this book that another change was awaiting him, when he would pass into an ampler and diviner sphere. At times he seems to be tempted to give the primacy to the will. When he speaks of the obedience of Christ, it is clear that he is tending to divinize obedience as the potent faculty in Christ, through which His inspiration came, through which came also the wisdom of God. It is in the sphere of the will that the intimacy is closer than in the intellect. Through the perfect obedience of Christ comes the consciousness of oneness with the Father. Everywhere the inference is that perfect obedience of Christ means not subordination or inferiority, but coequality with the Father. With these eloquent words he closes the book: —

> I dare not, I do not hope that I have succeeded; but I hope that I have not wholly failed. For to me what I have tried to say is more and more the glory and the richness and the sweetness of all life. The idea of Jesus is the illumination and the inspiration of existence. Without it moral life becomes a barren expediency, and social life a hollow shell, and emotional life a meaningless excitement, and intellectual life an idle play or stupid drudgery. Without it the world is a puzzle, and death a horror, and eternity a blank. More and more it shines the only hope of what without it is all darkness. More and more the wild, sad, frightened cries of men who believe nothing, and the calm, earnest, patient prayers of men who believe so much that they long for perfect faith, seem to blend into the great appeal which Philip

of Bethsaida made to Jesus at the Last Supper, where so much of our time in these four hours has been spent, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." And more and more the only answer to that appeal seems to come from the same blessed lips that answered Philip, the lips of the Mediator Jesus, who replies, "Have I been so long with you and yet thou hast not known me? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

CHAPTER XIII

1879–1880

VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA. CONVENTION SERMON. CORRESPONDENCE. THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER. SERMON BEFORE THE QUEEN. WESTMINSTER ABBEY. THE NEW RECTORY

THE lectures on the "Influence of Jesus" were delivered in Philadelphia in the month of February, 1879. On the second day of December, 1878, he had written to Rev. W. N. McVickar that only one of the lectures was completed, "and is so bad that the others cannot be worse; so I have a free mind and push on, and will be ready." Again he writes to McVickar regarding the lectures: —

February 8, 1879.

I was just putting the last words to the last page as your letter came in. There could not have been a better moment. Yesterday it would have seemed like a mockery to talk about the delivery of what looked as if it never would be written. And now I hate to think that I must ever read them again, and especially that I must read them to anybody whom I care about. . . . But I have one or two suggestions to make which are serious.

1. The lectures are an hour long, each of them. Can it not be arranged that there shall be little or no service?

2. They are not in the least the things for a popular audience. Not that they are learned, but they are quiet and dry. I want to have them not in the great Church, but in your Lecture Room which will make it much easier for me to read them. I think you will agree with me in this. At any rate I wish it so, and I am sure you will oblige me.

If you will do both of these things for me I will preach all day for you at Holy Trinity. If not, I will see you at Jericho before I open my mouth in the afternoon.

And then I want you to let me make a very quiet visit and not go out to dinner anywhere but at Cooper's. I don't feel up to parties, and I want to see you. Won't you say so to any kind

it 's snowing, and I 'm lonely; there 's work to be done and it 's doleful generally."

In March of this year he accepted the honor of an election to the Massachusetts Historical Society. There began at this time an interesting correspondence with M. Nyegaard, a clergyman of the Reformed Church in France, whose parish was at St. Quentin (Aisne), and who had been greatly impressed by the "Lectures on Preaching:" —

Le 4 Avril, 1879.

Permettez moi de vous dire, Monsieur, malgré le peu de goût que vous devez avoir pour les compliments, que vos belles conférences m'ont fait du bien, et de vous en remercier. Elles seront désormais sur mon bureau, à côté de la Théologie pastorale de Vinet et j'éspère qu'elles deviendront comme le manuel de mon ministère.

A second letter from M. Nyegaard asked for permission to translate the lectures into French, which was granted, but the translation was not published till 1883. Somewhat later the "Lectures on Preaching" were translated into Dutch. There came an urgent invitation from the editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," who explained his purpose by saying that he had just been reading the sermon, already referred to, on the "Present and Future Faith." A series of articles of the general tendency of that sermon would find their best audience if clothed in literary form. But any utterance from him would be welcome, secular or religious. To this and other invitations of a similar kind he gave a firm refusal. He speaks of Lent as going on most pleasantly, "I have no impatience for it to be over." He was then preaching as usual in many places, three times on Sunday, and often during the week. He gave the preference to invitations from his two brothers, for the family claim was the strongest, and the tie of blood the deepest in his nature. Easter week he spent in New York. He was at New Haven in April to lecture again before the students of the Divinity School. He seemed to be doing the work of an evangelist, preaching in various towns in churches of his own denomination, but almost as often in churches of other

names. There were certain Congregational churches where it seemed to be a settled arrangement that he should appear once at least every year.

At the annual convention of the Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, which met at St. Paul's Church, Boston, May 14, Phillips Brooks was the preacher. The words of his text were the commission of Christ to his disciples, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." In the familiar association of these words with theories of ecclesiastical organization, or with the exclusive authority of the ministry in some one particular church, he finds a meaning had been read into them which they did not originally contain. His method of overcoming the wrong interpretation and recommending the true was to dwell on the purpose for which Christ had been sent by the Father and in turn commissioned his disciples. The sermon was one for the times, cutting athwart current ecclesiastical tendencies. From the most characteristic words of Christ, four passages were selected as heads for the divisions of the sermon: —

I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. It seems to me that among all the warnings that the Church of Christ needs to-day there can be none that she more imperatively needs than this, — not to teach doctrine save as a means; not to elaborate and strengthen her own organization save as a means; but to convert, and rescue sinners. The Church so easily forgets her ends in her means. We are too apt to speak in church to artificial sins which the great universal human conscience does not recognize, to rebuke the improprieties that are not wrong, and to denounce the honest errors which good men may hold, and yet be good, as if they were the first enemies with which we and our Gospel had to fight.

I am not come to destroy but to fulfil. All earnest life which has not reached clear religious faith, all doubt, however radical, which at its heart is truthful and not scornful, all eager study of the marvellous world of nature as if the final facts of our existence must be somehow hidden in her bosom, all glorifying of humanity, as if it were an object for our worship, all struggle to develop society as if by its own self-purification earth could be turned into heaven, — all this is to the Church to-day what Judaism was to Christ, what He came not to destroy but to fulfil.

. . . The Christian church has made and makes to-day too much of settled views of Truth which may be dead, too little of the search for truth which *must* be living. One trembles when he sees the Church in any way separating itself from the pure instincts and from the earnest thought of men, and counting itself the enemy to destroy them instead of the missionary to enlighten them.

He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. There are meanings in these words that can never be true of any other beside Him, not even of the Church which is to perpetuate His mission in the world. But if they declare what was the great truth of the Incarnation, that a perfectly pure obedient humanity might utter divinity, might be the transparent medium through which even God might show Himself, then is there not an everlasting sense in which the words of Jesus may become the words of the Church and the declaration of its highest privilege. . . . When one feels this, he earnestly deprecates, he deeply dreads the "clericalism" to which the church is always tending. It is not by the truth the clergy teach, it is by the lives the Christian people live that the church must be the witness of the Father.

He that is not against us is with us. They are the words of one to whom ends are more than means, to whom not regularity of method but rightness of aim and energy of purpose is the important thing. It would be interesting if we could know what became of these irregular casters out of devils in the Lord's name. By and by we hear no more of them. They seem to have disappeared. They have not been aggravated and exasperated into a sect by the insistence of Jesus that they should not work for Him unless they worked side by side with Andrew and with Peter and exactly in their way. It would not be a surprise, if we could look into the company about the cross, or into the company which gathered after the Ascension to wait for the full commission of the Spirit, to see some of these workers there drawn into the fellowship of Jesus by His sympathy with the irregular, spontaneous effort they had made to do some of His work in His name.

To the Rev. Arthur Brooks he wrote: —

Boston, May 25, 1879.

I wish we wrote oftener, but I suppose we shall always go on pretty much in this way. One of these days when I get a little further into decline perhaps I may get a country parish near New York, succeed Wildes at Riverdale or something, and then we shall see each other all the time. Wildes was here the other day at our Diocesan Convention, supposed to be attending to some

obscure and complicated business about the next Church Congress. It did us all good to see him, and owing either to his presence or Jim's absence in New York the Convention went off very tamely. There was one bit of a breeze at last between the Bishop and the Advent Fathers, but it blew over. There will be no persecution of Ritualism here like the pretty mess they have made in Pennsylvania. I thought that Dr. Hare was the sensiblest creature there. But people can never seem to see beyond their noses' ends, nor anticipate that what they break other men's heads with to-day may break their heads to-morrow. . . . We, that is William and I, have a little house down at Cohasset on the Jerusalem road where we go in two or three weeks, and where you will find us pretty nearly any time before October. Come down and look at us.

To think that Garrison is dead! What a chapter of History that closes.

He was preaching often at this time in Appleton Chapel, Cambridge, before the students of the University. One of the sermons which he delivered in May, 1879, exhibited his power in extraordinary manner, — a sermon to the young from the text, "Thou . . . makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." Some special circumstance had roused him to write it. His subject was the unity of life, the continuousness of all its experiences. There was no lurid picture of endless torment, with which he sought to alarm his hearers, but even Jonathan Edwards in his most terrific discourses could never have produced a more intense or fearful impression. It was very rare with him to preach such sermons, but in this case the sermon was consistent throughout, — the dark side of life under the consciousness of sin. This is a passage which may serve to illustrate its purpose, but no extract can represent its power: —

It is when some great trouble comes to you, the death of your friend, the failure of your business, the prospect of your own death, then it is you are dismayed to find that under the changed habits of your life you are the same man still, and that the sins of your college days are in you even now. This is what makes men dread any great event in life so strangely. It brings back the past which they want to forget, or rather it compels them to see that the past is still there in the present. It is when you fire a cannon over the pond that the dead body which is sunk there rises.

It was not invective which marked the sermon, but throughout calm self-dissection of the conscience, and an intimate penetration of experiences unspoken. It ended with this sentence, "I know that there are words of comfort which I have not turned aside to speak to-day."

He was asked to include the sermon in his printed volumes, but he declined. It might do, he replied, to preach such a sermon occasionally, when judgment without mercy was the theme, but he would not give it a place in the open record.

The first day of July was the twentieth anniversary of his ordination to the deaconate. To one of his classmates, then rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, he writes: —

Boston, July 1, 1879.

Dear Paddock, — . . . Do you know, old fellow, that it was twenty years ago to-day, Friday, July 1, 1859, that we were ordained deacons in the old Chapel at Alexandria? In the morning at eight o'clock we had a Class Prayer Meeting in George Strong's room, at nine we met Bishop Meade in Dr. Sparrow's study, and at eleven the service began in the Chapel. Kidder and Townsend and Strong and you and I were ordained, and a certain Gibson of Petersburg preached the sermon. Twenty years ago, Old Fellow! We must be pretty nearly halfway through our active ministry, and what do you suppose that the next twenty years will bring? Nobody in the old Class has gone yet, and we have been something to each other, some of us, all this score of years. You know we have George Strong back in the preaching ministry. He is at New Bedford, and I see him every few weeks. Good-by, old fellow, and God bless you always.

P. B.

He replies to an invitation from Rev. Reuben Kidner to make an address at the meeting of the Eastern Convocation to be held in Ipswich: —

Boston, August 27, 1879.

I will be with you on the evening of the 17th. Please state the subject on which you wish me to speak, as you think best, only don't say anything in it about "workingmen." I like workingmen very much and care for their good, but I have nothing distinct or separate to say to them about religion, nor do I see how it will do any good to treat them as a separate class in this matter, in which their needs and duties are just like other men's.

In the fall of the year he made the acquaintance of Dean Plumptre, who was visiting this country with his wife. He had come with letters of introduction to Mr. Brooks, desirous to hear him preach after having read his sermons. But the case looked differently to Mr. Brooks, and he persuaded the distinguished visitor to preach for him at Trinity Church on Sunday, September 24. In October he was in New York, preaching at Grace Church, morning and afternoon, for his friend, Dr. Henry C. Potter, and in the evening a special sermon at St. Thomas's. While there he attended the Clericus when Dr. Channing was the subject of discussion. He gives us a glimpse of the Boston Clericus in letters to Rev. Arthur Brooks, where he also speaks of declining an invitation to the New England dinner in Brooklyn, N. Y., commemorating the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.

November 4, 1879.

We had a meeting of the Club last night, and I told them all about Channing and how we talked of him at Washburn's. We were n't very intellectual, but then we were a very jolly crowd and smoking was allowed, which was more than we did at Washburn's. I have had a letter from Bishop [Horatio] Potter transmitting the letter of the City Missionary, and ending with this remarkable aspiration, "I hope that you are none the worse for the exposure of your journey and the effort of Sunday evening at St. Thomas's." Does he think that I, too, am eighty years old?

Boston, December 1, 1879.

You will have to say to your friend who sends me the kind invitation that it will be quite impossible for me to come to the New England Dinner this year, just as it was last. The fact is that Christmas and these Puritans interfere with one another now just as much as they ever did. I believe that they landed just before Christmas on purpose, so that the celebration of their landing might forever interfere with the preparation of Christmas Trees and Christmas sermons. So I can't come. I 'd rather like to, all but the having to speak. That spoils a dinner.

Next Wednesday we are going to have a time here because Dr. Holmes is seventy years old. All the folks that ever wrote for "The Atlantic Monthly," and some of us that did n't, are going to breakfast with him at the Brunswick.

On his forty-fourth birthday he writes to Mrs. R. J. Hall what was for him a long letter: —

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, December 13, 1879.

My dear Elise, — I do not want Christmas to come and go without sending you a word of greeting in your new home. I thanked you truly for the note you sent me so soon after you were in Vienna. I was exceedingly pleased to find that the new life had not blotted an old friend out of your mind. And I dare to think that Christmas will bring back the life at home and the life at the Church so that you will not be sorry to get a word or two. I am glad to say that there was not a murmur of objection about your wedding, and I shall always be glad to have had the pleasure of welcoming Dr. Hall to Trinity. Everything there looks just as you so well remember it. The people come and go and I hope grow better. Certainly their minister enjoys it more and more every year. The Sunday-school has its multitude of small people who never seem to fail, and I think they never looked more bright and happy. Certainly they never were more numerous than this year. We are just getting a new organ for their room to take the place of the Cabinet Organ on which you have so often kindly played.

I think you must look back on all the days of work with real pleasure and gratitude. John Foster and the rest of them I dare say are getting a little bit dim in the New Lights. They are very hard to see from Vienna. But you were very much to them, and I think they must have been very much to you. One does not take so deep an interest as you had in them for so long, and then ever lose it entirely out of his life. It is like a minister's first parish, which he never loses or ceases to feel, however much he cares for the other parishes that come afterwards.

I envy you Vienna and its brightness. No place seemed to me more full of sunshine than it was when I saw it thirteen years ago. But perhaps it has dull days like other places. I wonder if you have met Dr. Mixter and his wife, who are in Vienna for the same purpose which takes you and Dr. Hall there. She was married in Trinity a couple of months before you, and has been at the Church ever since I came there when she was a child (Miss Galloupe). Do find them out and give them welcome.

If you ever come across either of the two books which I have just been reading, I am sure that you will like it. One is the "Life of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen," and the other is the "Life of Bishop Ewing" of Argyle and the Isles. The first is rather a rare book and a little hard to get; the other you may find. Both of them were noble Christian men of the best type,

fair and true, "without partiality and without hypocrisy," Broad Churchmen of the noblest sort. Every now and then we get a glimpse in the lives of such men of what Christianity yet has to do for the individual and for the race before its work shall be complete. I think I grow to have more and more tolerance for every kind of Christian except one, and he is the Christian who thinks that his Christian faith is *done*, that there is nothing greater for it to do than it has done already. He does not believe in the Second Advent, which is a true doctrine of the Gospel, not about a fantastic idea of a new incarnation and of a visible Christ in Palestine, but about a power of Christ over the destinies and institutions and hearts of men more real and spiritual than any that any age has seen yet. But I must not preach to you, and I do not know that I ever before wrote a letter eight pages long. I only wanted to assure you that I did not forget you at Christmas time, and to make sure that you should not quite forget me. I send my kindest and most cordial regards to your husband, and with all best wishes for God's truest blessings I am, my dear Elise,

Your sincere friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In replying to a letter from Mrs. Ward (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps), who had thanked him for the "Lectures on Preaching," he says: —

December 22, 1879.

I am so strange still to authorship that I do not realize that I have actually written books, and any allusion to them always embarrasses me.

To the Rev. George A. Strong he sends his thanks for a Christmas present of Clifford's writings: —

December 23, 1879.

Thank you, dear George. I have wanted to see Clifford, heathen though he be, for he is about the best specimen apparently of these men who are telling us that we have no souls, and that there is no God. They must pass away some time if anything that we believe is true. But they will surely leave some mark upon the Faith which they so patiently and ingeniously try to murder, and which will outlive them all. There is something almost picturesquely like our muddled time in Clifford being made a Christmas present of. I accept the omen. And I accept your kind good wishes, as I have all the way along for these last twenty years, and thank you ever more and more. This year is especially bright in that it has brought us more near together, after these long years when I never saw you.

There are some letters written in a hurried, anxious tone from Phillips Brooks to his brothers Arthur and John, in the early weeks of 1880, speaking of the illness of their mother. On the 1st of February she died, at the age of seventy-two. To the letters of condolence which he received from his friends he replied, but not with the same freedom from reserve as when he spoke of the loss of his father. His grief went deeper. A gentleness and softness of manner came over him, the tenderness which can find its best expression not in words, but in the features, reflecting unspeakable moods in the soul. He went heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother.

To Dr. Weir Mitchell he wrote: —

My mother has been the centre of all the happiness of my life. Thank God she is not less my pride and treasure now.

To Mr. Cooper: —

I did not know I could ever be so much like a child again, but to-night the world seems very desolate and lonely. All my life I have feared and dreaded what has come this week. And now that she is with God, I seem to know for the first time how pure and true and self-sacrificing all her earthly life has been. Surely with all these that have gone before it will not be hard to go to Him when our time comes.

To another friend: —

The happiest part of my happy life has been my mother, and with God's help she will be more to me than ever. The sense of God and his love has grown ever clearer in the midst of all this sadness and bereavement.

To members of his family he wrote these letters: —

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, February 15, 1880.

Dear Arthur, — I am sure we have been thinking pretty much the same thoughts for these last two weeks. It does not seem possible that two weeks have passed almost since that Monday morning. Surely Mother's departure was the quietest and most placid of all deaths. And there have been a dozen things since of which the first feeling was that I must write to her about them, and of which I wondered what she would have to say about them. Last night I had a letter from Aunt Susan, very pleasant, but very sad. They must miss her terribly up there in the old

house. What strange events in our lives will always be those two visits, so much alike when we waited together there between Father's and Mother's deaths and their funerals.

And so the new chapter of life has begun, and the Brooks Boys have got to stand together as long as they are left. Well, we have done it pretty well so far, and I guess we shall do it to the end. May we all get through with the faithfulness and simplicity with which Father and Mother have finished their course. My love to L——. Affectionately, P.

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, February 15, 1880.

Dear Aunt Susan, — I thank you with all my heart for your thoughtful and kind note. It was real good of you to write it. I knew that you had been thinking of us, and you have known I am sure that we have thought of you all constantly ever since we left you at the door in Andover. It does n't seem possible that two whole weeks have gone since that Monday morning when your message came, and when we started for the last time to go up and see dear Mother. How many times I have been over since then every moment of that day until the quiet peaceful drawing of her last breath in the evening. I never shall be thankful enough that both with her and father it was my privilege to be with them at the last and see how peacefully they both passed into the everlasting life. And ever since we laid her body in the little lot at Mount Auburn I have gone over and over all her life, and remembered all that I thought I had forgotten about the years when we were all together. You know, in some respects even better than we do, what she was to us from our birth. And it is impossible to think of her without thinking how much you were to her, and how she loved you and leaned on you, and how you helped her in everything that she did for us. Our gratitude to you and to her will always go together. Her life looks more and more beautiful every day as I think it over, and the new life that she has begun seems only the continuation and fulfilment of the life on earth which we knew and loved so well. Thank you for Uncle Gorham's letter which is very good and kind.

Give my love to Aunt Sarah and Aunt Caroline, and may God keep us all.

Your affectionate nephew,

Phillips.

We must pause for a moment longer to dwell on the mother of Phillips Brooks. Her greatest endowment was in the power and intensity of her emotional nature. She had a

vast capacity for feeling, pouring it forth inexhaustibly, untiringly. She lavished upon her family an untold wealth of devotion. His father writes to Phillips Brooks at Virginia, in 1859: —

I don't think one of her children has an idea of the extreme, incessant, and maternal anxiety she constantly feels for each one of you; just now for you and Fred. You can perhaps conceive somewhat what she feels for Fred from your recollections of *your* entrance into College life. Such anxiety and love ought to be repaid back a thousand-fold, and then the debt would still remain.

She showed the intensity of her affection in little ways that are pathetic. When she was expecting her son's return from Virginia for his vacation, she was accustomed to pin a paper on the wall of her room with a stroke for each week remaining, and draw a line across the marks as the weeks diminished. Her letters to him abound in such expressions as this, "I am longing to see you, and I cannot wait much longer." The devotion of a mother's love was the power by which she trained and ruled her children. From the time the new household was set up, she concentrated her energies in one single purpose,— the care of her family, first its religious, and then its secular welfare. As the family income at first was limited, she studied economy, serving with her own hands. She never accepted an invitation from home for any social function until her youngest child was grown up and no longer needed her care. Dr. Vinton said of Phillips Brooks that he was made by his mother. He also said of her that if she had chosen to go into society she would have been a power in the city of Boston. But the quiet household over which she ruled was a veritable nursery secluded from the world. Everything was sacrificed to this end, — the welfare of the children. Phillips Brooks recalled the picture when he went abroad for the first time. From Germany he wrote in 1865: —

My dearest Mother, — You cannot think how strange it seems to be writing in this little German inn, and knowing that you will read it, in the old back parlor at home, where you have read my letters from Cambridge, Alexandria, and Philadelphia.

Johnnie will bring it up from the post office some night, and Trip will break out into one of his horrible concerts two or three times while you are reading it. Then as soon as it is over, father will get out his big candle and you will put up the stockings, and all go up the old stairway to the old chambers, and to bed. Well, good-night and pleasant dreams to you all, and don't forget that I am off here wandering up and down these old countries and thinking ever so much about you.[1]

While solicitude for the religious life of her children was the mother's deepest anxiety, yet it did not interfere with, it may have intensified, her anxiety for their physical well-being. She was the mother careful and troubled about many things, but she had somehow reconciled the two types of womanhood; like Martha, but like Mary also, in the good part that could not be taken away from her. She was religious, and yet the simple human instincts of motherhood carried her away. It was her custom, when the boys were at a distance from home, to make up boxes, filled with everything to eat which she knew was liked. Into their preparation she put her heart and thought. Her husband writes to Phillips Brooks of one of these presents, "It was mother all over." When she sent them it was with the injunction that they would think of her while enjoying her gift.

She understood the nature of boys. Her task must often have been a hard one to curb the natural merriment which threatened at any moment to break loose in riot, or the natural play of the physical powers which often became tumultuous. Even after the boys had grown into men she still felt called upon to exercise her sway in quieting the tendency to uproar. When Phillips and Frederick were on a home visit, the one rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, and the other rector of St. Paul's Church in Cleveland, she is recalled as putting her head into the doorway of the room from which the sound of merriment came, and saying, "Boys, remember it is Sunday." She was a woman very much alive in every pore of her nature, with a watchful eye for any incident that she might distract into a

[1] *Letters of Travel*, p. 18.

spiritual channel. She studied her opportunities of approach to the soul. "That was a very beautiful prayer, father, that you read" was her remark to her husband after the morning devotions, but the remark was intended for the children.

A visitor once came to her, a young and anxious mother, in the confidence that she could get aid from one of so much experience in the bringing up of boys. At first there was demurral, and then, according to the report of the conversation, she admitted that she could say something in regard to the management of sons. This is the substance of what she said, though in passing through the mind of another it does not reflect her manner of speech, or give her exact language: —

> There is an age when it is not well to follow or question your boy too closely. Up to that time you may carefully instruct and direct him; you are his best friend; he is never happy unless the story of the day has been told; you must hear about his friends, his school; all that interests him must be your interest. Suddenly these confidences cease; the affectionate son becomes reserved and silent, he seeks the intimate friendship of other lads, he goes out, he is averse to telling where he is going or how long he will be gone. He comes in and goes silently to his room. All this is a startling change to the mother, but it is also her opportunity to practice wisdom by loving, and praying for, and absolutely trusting her son. The faithful instruction and careful training during his early years the son can never forget; that is impossible. Therefore trust not only your heavenly Father, but your son. The period of which I speak appears to me to be one in which the boy dies and the man is born; his individuality rises up before him, and he is dazed and almost overwhelmed by his first consciousness of himself. I have always believed that it was then that the Creator was speaking with my sons, and that it was good for their souls to be left alone with Him, while I, their mother, stood trembling, praying, and waiting, knowing that when the man was developed from the boy I should have my sons again, and there would be a deeper sympathy than ever between us.

For the illustration of this in her own experience, the reader may recall the account which has been given of Phillips Brooks's reserve, in his youth, when his mother understood him, keeping silence in the years of transition which

shut him up to the issue between God and the soul; or of the conversation with George Brooks after his confirmation, when, like Monica with Augustine, after years of waiting the full communion of spirits came at last. She was making an act of faith when to her son Phillips at Alexandria she wrote that she would not doubt his love even if she did not hear from him for years.

Phillips Brooks resembled in appearance his mother more than his father. The contour of the head, the large dark eyes, the form of the nose, something also in the poise and the carriage of the head, are those of his mother. But the large stature seems to be a remoter inheritance, coming into the Phillips family, together with the deep darkness of the eye, in Phœbe Foxcroft, his great-grandmother, the wife of that Samuel Phillips who founded the institutions at Andover. The indebtedness of Phillips Brooks to his mother in the line of a rich heritage is perhaps the greater, yet what he owed to his father is of such importance that without it he would not have been the man he was. Thus his handwriting, which is a symbol of many other things, and from which to some extent the character may be read, at one time so closely resembled his father's that it appears at a casual glance to be the same. But as the years went on it changed, and became more distinctly his own, graceful and symmetrical and most legible, without affectation, — a sort of reflection of the man. Many of the higher intellectual qualities of Phillips Brooks are those of his father. His love of historical studies, his taste for architecture, his accuracy, his interest in minute details, his literary sense, and his sober judgments of men and things, — these are traits which his father possessed. He was like him in his habit of writing out on paper what went through his mind. Had his father devoted himself to literary work, he would have achieved distinction. He loved patient, laborious research. There are several large volumes of his journals running through many years in which he notes all that came under his gaze with admirable reflections of his own, in a graceful style, and always most interesting to read. These journals stand for an immense

amount of work. No monkish chronicler in his cell in the days of the Crusades was more alive than he to the necessity of recording minutely and accurately the events of the passing hour. In that respect his son resembled him, always fastening upon that which had a genuine human interest. His father was something of an onlooker upon life, stationed a little outside or above it, in order to note its movement, and here, too, there was a close resemblance. The father had the constant play of humor without which the highest results in character and achievement are impossible, and these also the son possessed in larger measure. Phillips Brooks's almost invariable mood outside of the pulpit was one in which his humor played with all the events, the changes, and chances of this mortal life. It is said that sons inherit from the father the moral qualities. If this be true, then the high unbending integrity, the uprightness of the perfect man, who could be trusted in all circumstances to do what was right and fitting, was an invaluable paternal legacy. For of the father the truest words that his sons could speak were these, "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

In this comparison with his father, there are some other points of resemblance. They had in common the love of relics. When the father was leaving Boston in 1877, he entrusted to his son, as if his work in life were over, the relics that he valued: —

Boston, February 7, 1877.

Dear Phillips, — I have put with this bundle the book with the autograph of George Phillips, our ancestor who came over in 1630. I have always valued it from its rarity, and entrust it to your keeping as a curiosity. I know of but one other. It has the bookmark also of the Rev. Samuel Phillips of South Andover, who graduated in 1708, and died in 1711. Also his portrait. Also a Latin Bible. All of which please accept from

Father.

The mother was content to remain at home, abiding in the consciousness of an interior wealth, where lay her happiness. The son was not without this same satisfaction, but like his father he loved to travel. Thus his father writes to him on one occasion, "I have been so long at home that I

begin to feel uneasy." Phillips Brooks might have often made these words his own.

This comparison may be summed up, then, in the statement that the invaluable gift of the observation of life came from the father to the son. It is this gift which underlies the imaginative power, and indeed may be said to constitute the imagination when it is united with the other gift of expression, enabling one to reproduce what he sees. In Phillips Brooks the power of observation was enlarged in its range, and was fused with that vast and almost unlimited power of feeling which came from his mother. The gift of observation as seen in the father implies the recognition of a certain importance and significance in secular things, in life as it is and not solely as it ought to be, that kind of realism which is based on the conviction that the divine idea is actually and already working in the ways and institutions of common life. The mother had more of the spirit of the reformer, who is born to set the world right and cannot contemplate with serenity the world as it is. She hungered and thirsted for the righteousness whose coming is so slow. So strong was her will, so intense her nature, that she grew impatient with the obstacles in the way. One who knew the family well speaks of this difference between the father and the mother: —

> It always seemed to me that Phillips owed to his father the clear common sense and realization of the rights and, so to speak, the personality of others, which kept him from jarring, and made him able not to try for too much or too impulsively. I remember his once speaking with amusement of that difference between Mother and Father. "Mother," he said, "always felt that everything must be set right at once. Anything wrong roused her to appeal, 'William, are n't you going to do something about it? Why don't you talk, then!' And then Father with his quizzical smile would say, 'But it is none of my business.'"
>
> Now, it seems to me that it was just that capacity to see what was his business, and how in the prosecution of it he yet must regard other men's views and peculiarities, and could help them only by sympathy and honest respect, — in that lay Phillips's great exceptional power. We have had many fanatics, whom we have honored for their single-mindedness, but few men of such breadth of mind that we could be sure they understood those who

differed from them. And one such does more for the unity of the Church universal than all the others.

A friend of Phillips Brooks, who had seen him at home and knew his father and mother, writes of his impressions regarding them: —

Mr. Brooks always gave me the notion of a typical Boston merchant, solid, upright, unimaginative, unemotional. Mrs. Brooks gave me the notion of a woman of an intense emotional nature, the very tones of her voice vibratory with feeling, deep spiritual life, the temperament of genius, the saintly character. I felt that Phillips Brooks owed his father very much, the business-like and orderly habit, the administrative faculty which worked so easily and was so overshadowed by greater powers that it never received full recognition; the clear logical understanding that framed so well the skeletons of those sermons which the intuitive reason, the active imagination, the literary sense, the spiritual fire so richly filled out, and clothed and inspired afterwards; and the strong common sense that no fervor of feeling, no passionate outburst of soul, could ever sweep from its anchorage. But I never had a question that what made Phillips Brooks a prophet, a leader, a power among men was from the Phillips side of the family. The big heart, the changeful countenance, the voice that so easily grew tremulous with feeling, the eager look and gesture, the magnetism, the genius, seemed to me, and I believe seemed to him, his mother's. The father saw things as they were; she saw things in vision, ideally as they should be. So Phillips Brooks knew the facts of life, seeing with his father's eyes, and all the hopes and possibilities of life through the eyes of his mother.

It is unnecessary to carry this comparison further. The conjunction in one personality and in organic fashion, according to the marvellous mystery of life, of the qualities inherited from both parents constituted the foundation of the greatness of Phillips Brooks. Had he received by transmission only the outlook of his father without the inspired heroism of his mother he would not have risen to greatness. But, on the other hand, had he inherited from his mother alone, he might have been known as an ardent reformer, not wholly unlike his distinguished kinsman, Wendell Phillips, — a type familiar in New England; but the wonderful fascination of

his power for men of every class and degree, the universal appeal to a common humanity, would have been wanting. He himself recognized the divergence of these possibilities within him. Sometimes it seemed almost to amount to a contradiction whose resolution into a harmony he was seeking to accomplish. There was a moment in his Philadelphia ministry when he really identified the pulpit with the cause of social reforms. He changed, but the process of the change is buried in silence. All that we know is that when he came to Boston he must have reached the determination to confine himself to preaching. He saw that there was an evil side to this perpetual agitation, danger of life passing away while one was getting ready to live. Some said, "Remove first the obstacles which stand in the way of human progress, and then men will be able to live." He said, "The world, humanity, has already been redeemed by Christ. The opportunities of the divine sonship are open to every man. Live! Live greatly now!" [1]

The mother of Phillips Brooks, as she went about her household duties, was brooding over a world to be won for Christ. The possibility filled her with strange unuttered enthusiasm. She was thinking much about foreign missions. Her heart would have been torn with natural anguish, but she would have bravely bidden farewell to all her sons had they been going forth into heathen lands to carry the gospel of Christ. "How Mother used to talk to us about Henry Martyn," wrote Phillips Brooks to one of his brothers, when two years later he was in India. A new zeal for foreign missions was born in him from that time. The concentration of his powerful will in combination with the brooding love and tenderness for humanity, the vast almost superhuman yearning for the well-being of humanity and of individual men, the clear single purpose, from which he steadfastly refused to be turned aside, even by the fascination of intellectual culture or literary creation, the growing devotion to Christ which mastered his whole being, — this we came to know as Phillips Brooks, and this in another form was the spirit of his mother. The

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. vi., for a sermon on the "Battle of Life."

words of Scripture upon which he fastened as representing his mother's life, to be engraven upon the stone that marks her burying place, were these: "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Shortly after her death he preached upon this text in the pulpit of Trinity Church. The sermon contains no personal reference, but it is the son's memorial of his mother.[1]

There are many of his sermons, where one familiar with his life may trace his experience in the home. It was his peculiarity to dwell on the simple facts of his own life till he saw them in their truer, because diviner meaning. There is one sermon entitled "The Mother's Wonder," on the text, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us?" which may be called his apology for the inevitable divergence from the standards of the household in which he had grown up. Every man must take his life finally into his own keeping, responsible only to God for his methods and conclusions.[2] Both father and mother, and particularly the mother, held stringently by those religious opinions which in that day were accounted safe, fearful of the newer books and movements in religion, lest they should shake the foundations of Christian faith. Thus the mother warned her children against Bushnell's writings as dangerous. The following letter was written by her while Phillips Brooks was in Philadelphia, after he had been for two years the rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity. It will be read in a spirit of profoundest reverence, for the intensity of its convictions, its entire devotion to truth, that sense of responsibility, as it were, for the world which made the mother great: —

Boston, Sunday evening, November 27, 1864.

My dear Philly, — I have just been hearing William read two sermons by Dr. Bushnell, just published, one upon the "Agony of Christ," and one upon the "Cross." And I am so shocked by them that I cannot refrain from warning you against them as being a preacher of the Cross of Christ. Philly, they are nothing better than Unitarianism that I suffered under all my

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. iii., "The Greatness of Faith."
[2] Cf. *Ibid.* vol. iv.

young life. They tear the view of Christ's vicarious suffering all to pieces. I know you admire some of his writings, therefore I warn you not to be beguiled by these; for God knows, Philly, I would rather never have you preach Christ's blessed Gospel than wickedly pervert it as Bushnell does.

I hope you do not own the book called "Christ and His Salvation." But if you do I want you to burn it with Frederick present to witness and exult over it. I have no patience with the book or with the man. It is shameful to put forth such a book under the guise of an orthodox preacher, when it is nothing better than Unitarianism. I am afraid he will beguile many a one who is not on his guard, and so I cannot help warning you. No, my dear child; remember, you have promised to preach Christ and *Him crucified* in the *true* meaning of the words, and I charge you to stand firm. If you do read the book, I would love to see you come out with a scorching criticism of it. He is also going to bring out another volume, which I also warn you against, upon "Christ's Vicarious Sufferings." I shudder to think how he will deny all Christ's blessed dying *for us*.

No, Philly, I 've sat under such preaching a long time, and I know how to warn you all against it. I know Dr. Vinton would not like those sermons; he is so simply sound. I heard him condemn Dr. Bushnell fifteen years ago.

Philly, I wish you would let Frederick read what I have written. It may do him good too. And excuse the plainness of my writing, and impute it all to my love of the Truth and my earnest desire that you may continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto your life's end.

Your faithful and affectionate,

FRIEND AND MOTHER.

P. S. I hope you will answer this letter. Perhaps it would be better after you have read the sermons. But perhaps you had better not read them at all.

The significance of this letter is its valuation of the truth of vicarious atonement, which, apart from all reasoning, is the expression of some deep human feeling, too persistent to be set aside as an accident in the history of the religious life. Dr. Bushnell, it is well known, changed his opinion on the subject, and after much serious consideration withdrew the book in which he had questioned the vicariousness of the great sacrifice. This letter from the mother of Phillips Brooks, it may be taken for granted, had its influence on

the son. He was too deep a student of the religious life and of the instinctive utterances of Christian feeling to deny the validity of a conviction which meant so much in his mother's experience. The subject will be referred to again when treating of his theology. But here it may be said that this letter stands to his theology somewhat as the letters of his father, in regard to carrying politics into the pulpit, stood to his general attitude as a preacher. He was a loyal son, even when forced to differ from the parental injunction.

Another instance of the parental anxiety was displayed when the book "Ecce Homo" appeared, creating bewilderment through its unusual treatment of the person of Christ. Phillips Brooks sought to allay the anxiety which his enthusiasm for it had created in the home circle by appealing to the authority of Dr. Stone, who was regarded as a safe guide, "I am happy to report to you that Dr. Stone is an enthusiastic admirer of 'Ecce Homo.'" But any concern which the mother may have felt because of the son's divergence from those opinions to which she rigidly adhered ceased to exist after he came to Boston. His preaching entirely satisfied her soul in its most exigent demands for the bread of life. This confirms what has already been said, that he had now taken up her mission and was fulfilling it after her heart's desire. Sometimes he himself or his friends would seek to tease her by speaking of his tenets as not in harmony with her doctrinal system, but she was no longer annoyed. She kept the counsels of her heart about intellectual difficulties and new developments in theology. It was enough that he was preaching the Christ whom she knew and loved with a power and insight she had never known before.

Both father and mother felt the natural human pride in such a son. At the time when the services of Trinity Church were held in Huntington Hall, the father is remembered as going to the robing room, before the service began, and leaving there his hat and overcoat before entering the hall. The mother sat with a rapt countenance, leaning slightly forward as her son was preaching. She would often come up to him

in her shy, gentle way, saying, "Phillips, that was a beautiful sermon." She had fears, sometimes grave anxiety, lest his popularity and success would injure his character. "Do you think they are spoiling him?" she once asked in her pleasant but abrupt way of a young clergyman whom she casually met. She did not like the new style of Evangelical preaching which came in with the younger generation, with its finical play upon the letter of Scriptures, the finding of surprising meanings in the absence or presence of grammatical particles. She also refused to believe that there were any "Romanizing germs" in the Prayer Book. Thus she wrote: —

Boston, May 7, 1869.

My dear Philly, — I hear that you are to preach the Convention Sermon next week. Do stand up with all your strength for our dear good Prayer Book. Plead that not one jot or tittle of it be altered. It never was the cause of that hateful ritualism, and our Faith and our Church will go when our Prayer Book is changed. Let us show we can defend our good old Mother when she is in danger. I trust in your power and will to do it, and may God help you to defend the right.

Anxiously, your Mother, and earnestly.

The mother is also remembered for that peculiar power of sympathy which was illustrated so amply in her son. A lady who had given up her religious home among the Unitarians to attend Trinity Church, and who felt still as a stranger in the new position, recalls how Mrs. Brooks introduced herself once after service, alluding to her own loneliness when she made the transition to the Episcopal Church. Another lady says of her, "I never saw her without feeling a desire to be better." When her sister went to Washington during the war to serve as a nurse in the hospitals, she writes that she wishes she could go herself. For many years she taught a class of boys in a mission Sunday-school on Purchase Street. But her main work was at home, caring for her household and her children. There she revealed her greatness. Of the devotion of Phillips Brooks to his mother much might be said, and especially in those last years of her life, when he seemed to live for her in constant acts of thoughtfulness for

her comfort and happiness. She came to wonder at his goodness. She grew deeper into the childlike spirit. Gratitude and humility were the graces of her character. Her favorite hymn was one of Bonar's, called the "Everlasting Memorial:"

> Up and away like the dew of the morning,
> Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
> So let me steal away gently and lovingly,
> Only remembered by what I have done.

The reputation of Phillips Brooks as a preacher had now extended into England and Scotland. To trace the process of his growing fame abroad would be only to repeat the story of his first appearance in the pulpit of the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia or of his coming to Trinity Church in Boston. Abroad as at home he awakened the same interest in himself as a man, as well as overcame his hearers by his power in the pulpit. It had been through Dean Stanley that his first introduction to England had come. Then Dean Stanley's friends had become his own, speaking of him among themselves. This was the first beginning of his English fame. When his first volume of sermons appeared, it reached a wide circulation in England, because those who read it spoke of it to their friends as something which had left a rare impression on their minds. Beneath the thought they penetrated to the man, and felt the same desire to know him that had been felt at home. A pathetic interest attaches to this first volume because Dean Stanley read it by the bedside of his wife in her last days. A distinguished dignitary of the Church of England wrote to a friend who sent it to him: —

January 21, 1879.

. . . The volume you so kindly sent me to look at is a treasure, and it has already been brought under my notice by Canon Spence, of St. Pancras, who was introduced to it by Canon Farrar. I have ordered a copy for myself, for I had already dipped into the volume and seen what wealth it contains. Canon Spence said, "The man who wrote those sermons is a *giant*," — little knowing that his words applied *physically* as well as *intellectually!* I must say that Phillips Brooks is of all living divines

the one with whom I feel I have most in common, — whose view of Christianity and the Christian life appears to me to be the wisest and the healthiest. I wish I had the chance of "sitting under" such a teacher. If we could import him into a stall at Westminster what a gain it would be! Our Dean says he considers the last sermon he preached at the Abbey the best he ever heard there.[1]

The knowledge of the sermons came to the Queen, who read them with deep interest, and made them a gift to the Dean of Windsor. Her Majesty having expressed a desire to hear him preach when he next visited England, the invitation was conveyed to him by the Dean of Windsor, and on Sunday, the 11th of July, he preached in the Chapel Royal at Windsor Castle. The text of the sermon was Rev. iii. 12: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God . . . and . . . my new name." As it was the first instance in which an American clergyman had preached before the Queen, Dean Wellesley was naturally interested in the result. Writing to Dean Stanley the next day he says: —

Phillips Brooks was a complete success. The Queen and —— who were here admired him very much. His word-painting — if one may use the expression — was very fine, clothing matter most lucidly arranged and with much unction. I do not remember having heard a finer preacher; and with it the man himself, most simple, unassuming, and agreeable.

To Phillips Brooks Dean Wellesley wrote, July 19, 1880: —

I received with great pleasure your letter of the 18th, more especially as it gives me the opportunity of letting you know that the Queen is most anxious to have a copy of your sermon. She has twice asked for it. If it is not giving you too much trouble, you would have it copied in a fair round text, although she would certainly prefer it in your own hand. It would be very nice, if on your return to Boston you would include the sermon preached before the Queen of Great Britain in your next volume of printed sermons.[2]

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. i., for the sermon referred to, under the title, "The Symbol and the Reality."

[2] The request was complied with, and the sermon is given in *Sermons*, vol. ii. p. 60.

To Mrs. Messer, a daughter of the late Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, living in England, Mr. Brooks wrote the following letter describing his visit to Windsor: —

Caledonia Hotel, Edinburgh, July 18, 1880.

Dear Mrs. Messer, — You took such a kindly interest in my going to Windsor that I know you will allow me to tell you about my visit, and how pleasant an experience it was. I went down on Saturday evening and spent the night at the Castle. Everybody was most hospitably cordial, and curious and new as it all was I enjoyed the evening very much. Sunday was a delightfully pleasant day, and the service at noon was full of heartiness and spirit. The place was not, as I had feared, too small to preach in; and the people, Her Majesty and all the rest, were good enough to listen, so that the twenty minutes of preaching was not disagreeable. After the service the Queen sent for me, and I had a short interview with her. She was kind and pleasant, and I liked her. In the afternoon I went to service in St. George's Chapel, and in the evening came back to London. It was all a very enjoyable experience. I shall always look back to it with much interest. We left London early the next morning, and have been in and about Edinburgh ever since. I have been trying hard to understand what the Scotchmen are saying and how their very queer and complicated Ecclesiastical System is working, and I make some little progress in both. It rains most of the time, otherwise everything is most pleasant. To-morrow morning we are off for the Highlands.

I thank you for all your kindness, and with all good wishes, I am, Ever sincerely yours,

Phillips Brooks.

Besides preaching before the Queen and at Chester Cathedral, Mr. Brooks preached at Westminster Abbey, delivering his famous sermon, "The Candle of the Lord." As the Sunday fell on the Fourth of July, many felt that the Dean had given a very difficult task to an American in asking him to preach on that day in such a place. The Dean himself felt some anxiety about the result. Lady Francis Baillie, a sister-in-law of Dean Stanley, has contributed an interesting incident in connection with the occasion. After the service she slipped out into the deanery by the private door, and reached the drawing-room before any of the guests

who were to come in from the Abbey. She found the Dean with tears running down his face, a most extraordinary thing for him; and as soon as she appeared he burst out with expressions of the intensest admiration, saying that he had never been so moved by any sermon that he could remember, and dwelling on the wonderful taste and feeling displayed in the passage at the end. This is the passage referred to, appended to the sermon in order to commemorate the day: —

My Friends, — May I ask you to linger while I say a few words more which shall not be unsuited to what I have been saying, and which shall, for just a moment, recall to you the sacredness which this day — the Fourth of July, the anniversary of American Independence — has in the hearts of us Americans. If I dare — generously permitted as I am to stand this evening in the venerable Abbey, so full of our history as well as yours — to claim that our festival shall have some sacredness for you as well as for us, my claim rests on the simple truth that to all true men the birthday of a nation must always be a sacred thing. For in our modern thought the nation is the making-place of men. Not by the traditions of its history, nor by the splendor of its corporate achievements, nor by the abstract excellence of its constitution, but by its fitness to make men, to beget and educate human character, to contribute to the complete humanity, the perfect man that is to be, — by this alone each nation must be judged to-day. The nations are the golden candlesticks which hold aloft the glory of the Lord. No candlestick can be so rich or venerable that men shall honor it if it holds no candle. "Show us your man," land cries to land.

In such days any nation, out of the midst of which God has led another nation as He led ours out of the midst of yours, must surely watch with anxiety and prayer the peculiar development of our common humanity of which that new nation is made the home, the special burning of the human candle in that new candlestick; and if she sees a hope and promise that God means to build in that land some strong and free and characteristic manhood, which shall help the world to its completeness, the mother-land will surely lose the thought and memory of whatever anguish accompanied the birth, for gratitude over the gain which humanity has made, "for joy that a man is born into the world."

It is not for me to glorify to-night the country which I love with all my heart and soul. I may not ask your praise for any-

thing admirable which the United States has been or done. But on my country's birthday I may do something far more solemn and more worthy of the hour. I may ask for your prayers in her behalf. That on the manifold and wondrous chance which God is giving her, — on her freedom (for she is free, since the old stain of slavery was washed out in blood); on her unconstrained religious life; on her passion for education and her eager search for truth; on her zealous care for the poor man's rights and opportunities; on her quiet homes where the future generations of men are growing; on her manufactories and her commerce; on her wide gates open to the east and to the west; on her strange meeting of the races out of which a new race is slowly being born; on her vast enterprise and her illimitable hopefulness, — on all these materials and machineries of manhood, on all that the life of my country must mean for humanity, I may ask you to pray that the blessing of God, the Father of man, and Christ, the Son of man, may rest forever.

Because you are Englishmen and I am an American; also because here, under this high and hospitable roof of God, we are all more than Englishmen and more than Americans; because we are all men, children of God waiting for the full coming of our Father's kingdom, I ask you for that prayer.[1]

These words of international amity, which if they could be realized would put an end to jealousy or suspicion or hostility between England and America, were rendered memorable by the sublime associations of the place and the day as well as by the preacher who uttered them. The occasion becomes representative, impressive to the historical imagination. It has in it the element of the picturesque, in which Dean Stanley delighted. The accessories of the moment have been described by an eyewitness: —

A vast congregation filled the grand old Abbey, the most striking scene of Christian worship in the world. There was the presence, too, in spiritual communion of the great dead whom the Abbey commemorates, the men of renown in English history, — statesmen and warriors, poets and philosophers, men of letters, of science and of arts, who have made England great, and in whose greatness America claims a share. The noble anthem of Mendelssohn, "I waited for the Lord," resounded through the arches of the vener-

[1] *Sermons*, vol. ii. pp. 20, 21. Cf., also, *Essays and Addresses*, p. 354, for a reference to the occasion by Mr. Brooks.

able fane. Dean Stanley, the most eminent ecclesiastic of the century, read for the first lesson the story of Absalom's death in pathetic, almost dramatic manner. While Keble's hymn, "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear," was being sung the American preacher in his black gown mounted the pulpit. There were many in the large congregation who had come attracted by his fame. The eyes of all fastened upon him as he spoke. He held their attention by the freshness and suggestiveness, the beauty and spiritual power, with which he invested his theme. He was cultured and classical in his style; there was also noted the absence in the voice of any American peculiarity which grates upon English ears. But yet he reminded in some subtle way of the wide prairies, in the largeness and freedom of the atmosphere which enveloped him as a garment. There was one common verdict on the sermon, — it was worthy of the pulpit of Westminster Abbey. From that time the fame of Phillips Brooks was established in England. He had the royal approval in having preached before the Queen; it was but a short step to the confidence and love of the English people.

There was an event in ecclesiastical circles while Mr. Brooks was in England which was making no slight commotion, — the renunciation of the Church of England by the Rev. Stopford Brooke in order to join the Unitarians. In this event there came to a focus some of the conditions of religious thought which characterized the moment. Mr. Brooke left the Church because he no longer accepted the miracle, joining the Unitarians because among them he was free to preach a non-miraculous Christianity. The question was raised whether he was justified in leaving the Church on this ground. As the national establishment of religion, the Church of England, it was said, might reflect the passing phases of religious opinion in the nineteenth century, as in the eighteenth, without detriment to her spiritual constitution or effectiveness. It must be remembered that at this time the scientific presumption against the miracle was so strong that it almost amounted to an intellectual proscription of its adherents. To scientific minds the miracle had become impossible and unthinkable. To a friend in England who asked for his opinion on the questions at issue, Phillips Brooks wrote this letter: —

233 Clarendon Street, November 4, 1880.

Dear Mrs. Messer, — I must thank you in a single hurried word for your kindness in sending me the account of Stopford Brooke's Sermon. I differ from him very deeply. To me the Incarnation and the miracles which Christ Jesus is said to have wrought seem to be sublimely reasonable, and contradicted by no knowledge of man or of the world which God has given us. I believe that they are true historically and most natural philosophically.

But as between Mr. Brooke and those who blame him for leaving the Church of England, I cannot doubt which is right. Of course *he* is. He could not stay in justice to the Church or to himself. The "Spectator" had an article upon his action a few weeks ago with which I thoroughly agreed.

Ever sincerely yours,

Phillips Brooks.

Mr. Brooks was accompanied on this visit by his youngest brother. Leaving London after a few delightful weeks, they went to Scotland.

Scotland, July 25, 1880.

Dear Arthur,— . . . Here are John and I, way up in the Highlands, with everything redolent of heather and broom and gillies and pibrochs and burns and tarns and the "Princess of Thule" and that sort of thing. Your letter reached me at Oban a day or two ago, and it was pleasant to learn about Commencement up among those wretches who never heard of Harvard. The Highland journey has been very beautiful and everything has gone well, the weather being exceptionally well behaved. We had almost a week in and about Edinburgh with a little visit to St. Andrew's, where we saw Shairp and Tulloch and the little Divinity School over which the author of the "Rational Theology" presides. One gets quite interested in theological quarrels here, and listens to the battle which is raging over Robinson Smith and his articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" with a curious sort of sense that he is hearing the roar of an out-of-the-way skirmish of the same battlefield that he is so familiar with at home. The Kirk and the Free Church and the U. P's keep up a perennial turmoil, and divide the people of every little county town among them. . . .

In London everything was very pleasant. Stanley was very devoted, and put us in the way of seeing lots of pleasant sights and people. I preached for him in the Abbey on the Fourth of July, and was quite shamed with the way in which Farrar in the

afternoon outsaid everything that I possibly could have said about America. Then I went down to Windsor and preached. . . . Last Sunday we spent in Edinburgh and heard their great man there, a certain Dr. MacGregor. . . . John spent at Boston the Sunday which I spent at Windsor, and preached in old St. Botolph's there.

Mr. Brooks returned to Boston with the prospect of taking possession of the new house, No. 233 Clarendon Street. It was intended, of course, as the rectory of Trinity Church, but was built primarily for him, the architect Richardson advising with him in regard to the plan. Mr. Brooks had at first protested against the purpose of building him a fine house, which should be a permanent home. So long had he been accustomed to transient residences in hotels or hired houses that it seemed to him inappropriate to live in any other way. But he acquiesced in the arrangement, and soon appreciated its advantages. The house on Clarendon Street became very dear to him as to all his friends. It was part of his recreation to adorn and beautify it with pictures and relics and souvenirs of travel, till it took on a personal character and seemed the expression of himself. Among the relics which he valued and gave an honored place were an old chair from the house in North Andover, and a cabinet richly carved, for which he had a peculiar reverence, as associated with the generations of the Phillipses. He writes to his aunt Susan that it is a perpetual pleasure, asking for information about its history.

Among the letters of this year there is one to his college friend, the Rev. James Reed, pastor of the New Church in Boston: —

April 29, 1880.

My dear Jim Reed, — It has not been carelessness or ingratitude that has kept me from acknowledging your book before this. But I wanted to read it first, and I found no time until a few days ago, when I went to New York and took it with me. Then I read it all carefully, and I want to tell you how much I enjoyed it.

I am not a New Churchman in the special meaning which the words have for you, but I hope still that I have some small part and lot, as I certainly have the deepest interest and delight, in

the great New Church which one feels moving everywhere under the crust of sects and dogmas in these days: the New Church which comes down from heaven and not up out of the earth, and whose power of life and unity is love and loyalty to the personal Christ.

I thank you with all my heart for your Book, for it has shown me how much there is that is dear to both of us alike, and has helped me I know in faith and life.

May God bless you always.

Your old friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In the fall of the year he participated in the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church in Boston, where his ancestor, John Cotton, had been a minister, and again at Watertown in the commemoration of the founding of the town and church in 1630, in which his ancestor, Rev. George Phillips, had been an important factor. "I am afraid," he writes to his aunt Susan, "that my ancestors would not approve of the people who are celebrating them."

To his brother in bereavement by the death of a child he writes this letter: —

December 2, 1880.

DEAR JOHNNY, — I hope that you will feel like coming down on Monday. I am sure that it will do you good; you know what a simple, quiet time it is. All the fellows will be glad to see you, and you know what a treat it will be to me.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and hoping that you were happy, and that everything was going well with you and H——. The Sundays must have been hard enough, and yet I know the work has helped you. I am sure it is a blessing to a minister that the work to which he has to go when he is in sorrow is not a foreign thing which vexes and chafes him, but he is busied with the thoughts which he needs most, and which bring him into the presence of God where he most wants to be.

I am so glad that I was with you those two days, and that I had part in choosing the pleasant spot where the body of your little child and my godchild was to be laid. I shall always be thankful for it. How beautiful it must be out there this bright winter morning!

To the Rev. W. N. McVickar he writes in reference to the consecration of the Church of the Holy Trinity: —

RECTORY OF TRINITY CHURCH, 233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 4, 1880.

My dear McVickar, — Your good letter came yesterday, and I am glad to be able to clap you on the back at this long distance, and rejoice with you in the Church of the Holy Trinity. Long may you live to flourish there, dear fellow, and may each year be happier and brighter than the year before it.

Thank you for wanting me to come. I 'll tell you what I 'll do. If the consecration should be on the 11th of January, I 'll come and spend the 9th with you and preach all I know how on that day and stay over the Consecration day. But I won't preach the Consecration sermon. Dr. Vinton is expecting to do that, and I have n't a moment between now and then to preach a consecration sermon. Get him to come and give the occasion the proper solemnity and dignity which neither you nor I, old boy, are capable of giving.

If you 'll do that I will be with you on the 9th and the 11th. I don't see how I could possibly be there on the 13th, for I must lecture here upon the evening of the 12th, and the 16th is our Foreign Missionary Sunday, when I must surely be at home.

Now think of all this; ponder and digest it well, and when your mind is clear write to me all about it, and I will make a big mark in my Almanac, and when the day comes so will I.

My best remembrance to your sister and to you. Oh, William, what more can I say than that the longer I live I am more and more,

Yours respectfully and affectionately (if you only would n't cross your letters),

Phillips Brooks.

CHAPTER XIV

1881

THE CALL TO HARVARD UNIVERSITY, AS PREACHER AND PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN ETHICS. EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE

One of the features of the ministry of Phillips Brooks was its adaptation to all classes of men. He spoke to all alike as though in some way he had bridged the gulf which divides the people. He touched the common humanity. But, for the most part, it was his mission in life to preach to people of intellectual culture; nowhere was he more eagerly welcomed than in colleges and universities where the standard was intellectual. Like Schleiermacher in his famous appeal to the educated people of Germany, he made thoughtful men and women realize the power of religion in an age when the current of tendencies ran strongly against religious faith. It is all true, so he seemed to be constantly saying,— this old religion; it has a deeper, larger, grander meaning, and a diviner beauty than you knew. It only needs to be seen as it really is and you would receive it again with enthusiasm. His temperament was intellectual, and therefore he met the human intellect in all stages of its development. Had he been free to follow his natural bent he would have pursued the lines of intellectual research and activity in which his age was interested. But the preparation for the ministry and the experience of the pulpit had forced upon him the conviction, that if the intellectual appeal was to be effective it must come from an intellect fused in organic relationship with the heart and will, — the whole man on the one side reaching forth to meet a simple humanity on the other.

It was through his power to meet the needs of those who were seeking to connect intellect with life that he became the

favorite preacher to young men in that stage of their progress where the intellect is supreme. To an age of over-intellectual refinement and subtlety, where the reason was defeating its own end, he brought a mind which had been subjected to special training in the logic of life. Educational institutions recognized his mission and asked for his aid. While in Philadelphia he had been called to the presidency of Kenyon College, in Ohio. He felt an attraction for such a call, but declined on the ground that he would not be free to carry out his purpose in his own way. He had been invited to take the chair of Church History in the Philadelphia Divinity School, and, as we have seen, his impulse had been to accept it. In 1880 he was requested to consider the question of the provostship of the University of Pennsylvania. To Dr. Weir Mitchell he then wrote: —

> I must not think of the provostship; though if I were free there is no place in the country that would attract me so. I think the work of a provost there, should it be thoroughly and in the best way successful, would be so fine, that nothing I could think of would compare with it. But I am a preacher to the end.

But there came a call which shook his resolve to abide exclusively by the pulpit. In the early spring of 1881 he was invited to accept the position of preacher to Harvard University and professor of Christian Ethics. It was an opportunity that strangely realized the dreams of his youth, when it had been his ambition to become a great teacher, when his highest hopes would have been fulfilled if he had been offered a position in Harvard College. It was a characteristic of the man that what he had once loved he had loved forever, and to Harvard his whole heart had been given. The call came as the natural sequence of his devotion to it during his ministry in Boston. On coming to Boston he had been at once elected to its Board of Overseers, and when his first term of service had expired was reëlected for a second term. In this capacity for twelve years he had now served the College.

> In his position as an Overseer [says President Eliot] he supported all changes which enlarged the freedom of the students,

simplified regulations, and tended to develop in the young men the capacity for self-control. In his judgment of character and of conduct, he was generous without being weak. He was tolerant of all religious, philosophical, and political views and opinions, — so much so that I never heard him raise a question on any such matter when the appointment of a teacher was under discussion; but he had a strong dislike for the pessimistic or cynical temper, and in a few instances he expressed distrust of College teachers on the ground that they exhibited this quality, in his judgment so injurious to young men.

His first connection with the College as a religious teacher was indirect, through the chapel of the Episcopal Theological School. The most noticeable feature of these Sunday evening services for the seven consecutive years he had preached there was the large number present of its officers and students. It was something unusual for students in such large numbers voluntarily to crowd a place of worship in order to listen to a sermon, and the spectacle awoke reflection as to the place of religion in the College. During those years the attendance of Harvard students never slackened. They knew that the service was intended for them, and the feeling grew that Phillips Brooks was devoting himself to their interest. When this arrangement came to an end in 1877, a petition was sent to him from the students, with a large number of signatures, asking that he continue to preach in the chapel. But for various reasons it was not possible to comply with the request, and there came the feeling of a void, which could be only partially filled by his occasional appearance at the college chapel. In 1881 came the opportunity to bring him into an official relationship, through the resignation of Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, who for many years had held the post of preacher to the University. To this vacant place Mr. Brooks was at once invited.

The call of Phillips Brooks to Harvard produced a widespread and intense excitement. There was much speculation as to its import and possible consequences, — deep searchings of heart when one considered all the issues involved. In the minds of some the consideration was foremost that the University was breaking with the traditions of its history in

handing over the responsibility for the religious training of its students to an Episcopal clergyman, a representative of the Church of England in America. And again for several generations the College had been identified with Unitarianism. To call a minister of another denomination must mean at least that the University was swinging away from its old position as a sectarian institution. But if this meant calamity to Unitarians it must mean jubilation to Episcopalians, as though there were a possibility of their ultimate possession and control. Or, still further, there was ground for the sinister suspicion that Mr. Brooks had changed his creed, and under some tacit understanding with the Corporation had been called to the high position. In the absence of definite information, and in the intense interest and excitement which prevailed, unnatural rumors were magnified into facts. Mr. Brooks himself was so stirred by these reports that he went to President Eliot, and asked if it were understood by those in authority that he was a Trinitarian in his belief. The answer was definite and satisfactory that he had been called with full knowledge of his theological position. Thus the religious history of more than two hundred years seemed to be condensed in this simple issue.

Whether the President and the Corporation of Harvard had foreseen these things or not, they could not have realized how profound and widespread would be the interest which their action would awaken, how it would stir the city of Boston, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and become a question of importance to the country at large. But in the midst of the excitement and the confusion, one thing stood out with great clearness, from which there could be no dissent, — the Corporation of Harvard University in calling Phillips Brooks had performed an ideal act which was above all criticism; they had asked for the one man in all the world whom they most wanted, who if he came would fill the vacant place, and bring increasing honor and confidence to the institution. They had called him not because he belonged to any one religious body rather than another, but in spite of his denominational affiliation. They had supreme confidence in the man

himself, that under all circumstances he could be trusted to do that which was right and honorable and beautiful in the eyes of all men.

It was understood from the first that Phillips Brooks not only felt free to consider the offer, but that he was strongly inclined to accept it. He had freely said so when the offer came to him. It would seem as though this were a question which a man was entitled to decide for himself, and above all that such a man as Phillips Brooks would insist upon this simple prerogative of his manhood. If he had done so, all would have admitted that he had acted conscientiously and from the highest motives. But here we touch an extraordinary phase in this most important of the experiences of his life. He was not to be allowed to decide it for himself. The issues at stake were so vast and so momentous, he represented so much more than himself, that he was compelled, as it were, involuntarily to submit the question to be determined by the people while he waited for the verdict. Such is the impression made when the full picture of the moment is gathered in. There came a month of waiting and suspense, filled up with personal interviews, when anxious letters flowed in upon him daily from all parts of the country, from all classes of people, from the governor of the Commonwealth and the president of the University down to the humble serving woman who had found him her support and consolation in the struggle with the hard necessities of life. As one studies this mass of letters, where the question of his going to Harvard is discussed frankly and in all its bearing by scholars and statesmen and thinkers, by lawyers and men of business, by the clergy of all denominations, by women in all ranks of life as well as by men, by those who were his closest friends and by those who had never seen or heard him, there is conveyed to the mind a rare and intimate vision of how people are feeling at a certain moment in life, such as one never gets from books or history.

To Phillips Brooks it must have proved a strange revelation. In his simplicity he had thought he could act in such a juncture as did other men. Now it was borne in upon him

that he did not belong to himself and was no longer living for himself. Others were claiming him for their possession, each for his own. It reminds one of that earlier experience when the spirit of the world also recognized him for its own, and blocked his way when he was seeking to direct it for himself. The spirit which then sent him into the ministry was now at work to prevent the defeat of its design. To this end it invoked methods that were almost weird in their effects. Those who wrote and spoke to him broke the customary reticence of life, and told him all they thought and felt. It was like listening to a long eulogy while he was yet alive. It must have had its effect. It humiliated him to the very dust. He could never again be quite the same that he had been. There was from this time a change in his face and bearing, as of one who had seen a vision of things unspeakable.

It may be interesting to review, now that twenty years have gone by, the history of that critical moment in the life of Phillips Brooks. He was the object of a controversy, almost a battle, between contending parties, not unequally matched. In the first place the cause of the University may be presented. And from the first it had this advantage, that Mr. Brooks felt a strong inclination to accept the call. He liked young men and the associations of student life. Throughout the years of his ministry he had not discarded his early ambition to do some scholarly work. Amid the pressure of duties in a large parish he felt at a disadvantage when issues were at stake which could be solved only by intellectual research. To this research he could bring a mind that had learned how to connect abstract ideas with life. He may even have felt that he had for this reason a special mission to young men at the age when the intellectual is too apt to be divorced from the moral and the spiritual. There was a possibility that he might help them to a more complete culture. He was at this time forty-five years of age, not too late to betake himself again to the distinctive work of a student, — the moment in a man's life when all his powers have reached their perfection. But it was manifest enough

that he had no time to lose. If anything were to be done in this direction it must be begun now, or he must abandon the dream forever.

And still further, he was beginning to be wearied with the burden he had so long been carrying. For twenty years he had stood in the pulpit, Sunday after Sunday, preaching his matchless sermons. To exert the influence he did was to take the life out of him. With the constant drain on his vital powers it was a marvel that he had endured so long without the breaking down of his health. People had come to think of his work as calling for no effort or preparation, welcoming and rejoicing in his appearance as in the sun shining in its strength. In the rich endowment of his nature, he seemed to work with such absolute spontaneity that no one thought of a possible exhaustion, or if they did, postponed it to years in the remote future. Yet there were signs already that he had overtaxed his strength. He said nothing of them, perhaps did not consciously recognize them as warnings. Yet he knew that he needed some great change, and the opportunity was here presented to him.

These personal considerations were reinforced by the most earnest appeals from the University, its officers and its students, and by others throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever the interests of Harvard were cherished. The late Professor J. P. Cooke wrote to him: —

> Of the great opportunities for influence which the College offers, you need no one's testimony; but I doubt if you appreciate how very great they are. I have had an intimate knowledge of the facts for some thirty years, and I speak of what I do know when I say that your power here at this time would exert a greater influence over the educated minds of the country than in any other position however prominent. As is the case with all planting, we are obliged to wait long for the fruit of our labor, but it is a noble harvest when it comes. This is a place where conviction at once leads to action, and you know this is not the case where men are engrossed in the cares of the world. The one place in the country to fight and overpower the agnosticism which is weakening the religious faith and sapping the manhood of the community is just here. You have a wonderful power, and I do hope you can view this field of labor as I do.

The College is offering you [wrote a prominent educator] the very finest chance for working "Christo et Ecclesiæ" that has ever before been offered to any man in this country.

The greatest religious opportunity in this country [wrote another distinguished teacher] will be lost if you say No.

And who knoweth [were the words of Scripture quoted to him] whether thou art come to the Kingdom for such a time as this?

You can touch [says a Unitarian clergyman] the young men at Harvard. I will not say "you know to do it," for I doubt if you do know how you do it. But God helping you, you do it.

Allow me to express my very earnest desire and hope [wrote the late Dr. Ezra Abbot] that you will accept the call to Harvard, where I am sure your influence would be a power for good hardly to be measured.

No other man [wrote one of the younger professors in the College] has such a hold on the young men as you. No matter what the explanation is, you do, as a fact, hold their ear and their whole confidence. . . . I believe you can do with these thousand young men practically anything. . . . People of every church would welcome you, without distinction of creed and with open arms.

Among the clergy, as among the students, the sense of religious divisions was subordinated when they thought of Phillips Brooks at Harvard. Yet in some of the letters there is the consciousness that religious changes are impending, not without significance. Most of the clerical opinion was in favor of his remaining in Trinity Church. But there were some exceptions. The late Rev. J. F. Garrison, a learned and thoughtful Episcopal divine, not so widely known as he deserved to be, writes: —

My acquaintance with you is too slight to give me any right to express an opinion to you upon so weighty a matter, but my sense of its vast importance is so profound that I shall let it override conventionalities. I feel that no congregation in this Union can give you such a mighty field of work for God, just where it is most needed, as there. To be the privileged teacher of thousands of men, themselves well-nigh all to be in their future life in

some high sense teachers, and of such an institution, will enable you to do a work for the cause of Christ such as is seldom offered to a man. And in this age, when there are such intense mental awakenings and so much silly orthodoxy quailing under them, to have a man who knows how to be true to the essentials and yet not bound in the grave clothes of dead formulas, seems to me one of those providences of God you ought not to regard in any other light or on personal grounds.

Among other letters which came to him was one from the late Rev. John Henry Hopkins of Williamsport, Pa., the son of the Bishop of Vermont with the same name, an ecclesiastical controversialist all his life, devoted to High Church principles, but also capable of seeing the larger bearings of religious problems. He writes: —

Your election to succeed Dr. Peabody at Harvard is the most *stunning* fact in regard to religious changes that our country has seen since the Cutler and Johnson tempest in the "good old colony times." It means more than dozens of Rectorates or even Episcopates. *Accept by all means.* There ought not to be one moment's hesitation, unless merely to enhance the *effect* of your acceptance. Your acceptance will do more to leaven the intellect of the land than can well be conceived of. Rejoicing with all my heart in the wonderful field thus opening before you for widespread good, I am, etc.

This following letter was from the late Dr. George E. Ellis, who was watching the career of Phillips Brooks with an interest deep and undisguised: —

110 Marlborough Street, Boston, April 5, 1881.

Dear Mr. Brooks, — With inexpressible satisfaction do I read in the papers that the Corporation of the College have invited you to the office of the College Pastor. Allow me to say frankly that I can think of no other minister of any denomination whom I would so gladly see in that office, and whose accession to and occupancy of it would be so grateful to our whole community, and so hopeful of good to the College.

And I shall find this satisfaction in the call to you whether your judgment and conscience decide on its acceptance or otherwise, for I know that your decision will be made upon most thoughtful religious deliberation on the way of duty. Hard indeed it must be for you to weigh the alternatives presented to you.

In talking confidentially to one of the Corporation recently, I said I did not believe they could find an able, earnest, and self-respecting man who would be willing to accede to the office held by Dr. Peabody on the conditions under which he had exercised it. I think you yourself would exert a mastery over those conditions. One might perhaps suppose that I should feel something of a shock at the thought of the old Puritan College being ministered to by an Episcopal clergyman. But I feel nothing of the sort. Circumstances and relations, coming with the changes of time, modifications of opinion and the expansion of the College, I will not say *reconcile* me to the result, but dispose me to welcome it. Nothing will ever lower my sense of the profound indebtedness of the obligations of this especial community to that class of persons, clerical and lay, of the last generation, who were known as Liberal Christians, devout, serious, earnest Bible Christians. Their works and services have left an enduring benefaction to this good city and to the College. But with existing so-called Unitarianism I have for many years had no concern. It has left no authoritative basis for religious instruction and institution common to preachers and people. The preacher has for his stock and capital his own individualism of opinion and belief, and his utterances are like notes, dependent on his own credit and integrity and resources, instead of current coin of Divine or human realm.

Of course, I am wholly ignorant of any conditions offered or required of you or by you in reference to the acceptance of the discharge of the official duties proposed to you.

I have written these lines solely from the promptings of my own loving respect for you, and in view of the gleam of a bright way of relief for the College from what I feared would be an almost hopeless difficulty. Excuse me if I have in any way trespassed upon delicacy or propriety.

Most sincerely yours,

George E. Ellis.

There were many other things said in connection with the call by those who favored it, but the burden of the argument has been given. It was well summed up in the Christian Register (Unitarian), "Phillips Brooks would not be lost to Boston, but would be gained by the whole country." Nor could anything nobler in spirit be found than the attitude of the Unitarians, who while they felt that the College was to be no longer identified with the religious body which they repre-

sented, could yet rejoice in the call to Phillips Brooks, and yield their support to the comprehensive and far-sighted policy of the President of the University, as he sought to give religion the foremost place among the agencies and influences in the college world.

Among the incidents of the campaign, as it may be called, was a mass meeting of Harvard students, where speeches were made and a petition signed, expressing not only the hope that he would come, but the conviction that he could not refuse. Accompanying the petition was a letter from the late Mr. Frank Bolles, afterwards secretary of the College, whose untimely death is still lamented: —

You will receive to-day the signed copy of the resolution passed at the great meeting of last evening. It was probably the largest spontaneous meeting of students ever held here. The Chapel was packed (it holds over three hundred), and more were turned away than could find seats or standing room. The speeches, all made by students, were so earnest, so full of confidence in your coming that I wished you could have heard them and seen for yourself what Harvard thinks of your coming. Of the speakers, certainly seven to one were not churchmen, and throughout the whole meeting not one word was said which did not show, not only the deepest regard for you and admiration for your work, but the fullest confidence that you would decide to come, and that it was wise for you to come. I mail you a copy of the "call" for the meeting, which was posted at eleven o'clock yesterday afternoon.

And now, my dear Mr. Brooks, I can only say a word or two more of the much that I think about this matter.

I beg of you to remember in all this clamor, that we all knew that you were doing a great work in Boston, that we all knew how Boston valued you; and yet when you were asked to come here, we believed we were asking you to a more useful field, and to a congregation of hearts whose devotion to your teaching would bring forth even better fruit than that of Trinity parish.

Your coming here will be the opening of the new reformation in thought and faith of American manhood. It will give the needed example to all our great universities, and show them that in calling to their chairs the great preachers of the day, they will be laying the foundation of a revived faith among *men*, — a faith, which equipped with all that modern learning can afford, will have a strength and vigor unknown in any earlier age of the Church.

From the situation in Cambridge we turn to Boston and to Trinity Church. The letters that came to Dr. Brooks urging him to remain at his post were no less positive and exigent in the expression of convictions than those advising his acceptance of the call, but in number they exceeded them in the proportion of ten to one. What he had been to Boston in the twelve years of his ministry at Trinity Church it is impossible to describe; it must be left to the imagination to conceive. He had become one of its foremost citizens, so identified with the city that he had given it a new lustre and reputation. Visitors to Boston from all parts of the country and from abroad thought of it as the home of Phillips Brooks. To see him or to hear him was one of the inducements which led strangers to remain over Sunday, or brought pilgrims as to some sacred shrine. Trinity Church during these years had been like an open cathedral, the common property of the people; or, to change the figure, it had become a vast confessional for human souls, whose spiritual directorship was bringing strength and consolation, faith and hope, to the thousands whom no man can number. At first there had been symptoms of coldness, suspicion, or uncertainty in the reception given to Phillips Brooks, but all that was long gone by. Boston had taken him to its heart as well as to its head. He had no superior, no rival in its affections. It had been impossible, even had he wished it, to confine his influence to the limits of his parish. He spoke to all, and his heart went forth alike to all, without regard to distinctions of class or religious sects. He had the freedom of the city and its many suburban towns, and he had the freedom of all religious denominations.

The devotion to Phillips Brooks, it need not be said, rested upon solid foundations at a very peculiar juncture in the history of religious faith. He had risen up as a deliverer from the causes that were shaking religious opinion and undermining or destroying religious belief. There was no illusion about it; it was most real. The people are not mistaken about these things. And yet there was danger of its becoming a fashion to worship him. A distinguished clergyman,

who knew Boston well, remarked that so long as Phillips Brooks remained there, it was impossible that any other clergyman should be estimated at his true merits. The remark was not meant to be disparaging, but only to state the simple fact. It had reached such a point that the veriest commonplaces of religious thought or sentiment when uttered by him were received on his authority as true, or as if they had never been spoken before. Those who listened to him wrote down his remarks to send them away to their friends as what Phillips Brooks had said. They treasured up his sayings as the first principles of religion. He was the standard of comparison by which others were judged. The clergy of Boston knew better than most the deeper significance of Phillips Brooks's position. Nor was there a better test of their manhood, or of their Christian character and power of intellectual and spiritual appreciation, than when they asked him to remain in Boston. There were some who thought it would have been a gain to every one of them had he left. They did not take this view. They knew, and they said to him, that every church was the stronger for his presence in the city, that they themselves were stronger to do their work, that every agency for good was more effective under the stimulus of his inspiration.

It had been one of the arguments for inducing him to go to Harvard that he would influence the future teachers of others as they passed through the College on their way into the world. He was now reminded that he was doing this work at Trinity. Teachers in the public and private schools of Boston and the vicinity were drawn there in large numbers by his magnetic influence, living by his strength, for somehow he spoke to teachers of every grade, from the highest to the lowest, as if teaching were his profession. And then again, he was reminded that he need not go to Harvard to meet young men, for there was a university in his own parish, drawn in part from the College and from all the higher institutions of learning and professional schools in and around Boston. Theological students came from their seminaries in every direction to listen to the sermons on Sunday after-

noons, — from Boston University, from Newton, and from Cambridge. And they came also with the knowledge and approval, even the recommendation of their teachers. It would not, therefore, do to assume, as some had done, that it would be no loss to Boston if he went to Harvard. In this discussion the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts took part. He, if any one, could speak for the city and the State, and the value of his testimony is enhanced in that he was not a member of the same religious communion: —

April 13, 1881.

My dear Mr. Brooks, — May I add my sincere word in behalf of your remaining in Boston? It seems to me in the interest of the Commonwealth, with its population accumulating and its young men gathering in its capital, that your close relation to them should not be lost. The Harvard boys do not need you so much. They have everything already. If they develop some wild oats, yet the general surroundings of their college life lead them to higher opportunities and standards sooner or later. But your reach in Cambridge will be nothing compared with what it is in Boston, extending to homes, families, the shop, the counting-house, and every fibre of the city. I cannot help feeling that to change would limit and not enlarge your work. I know your own judgment is best, but I think you will pardon my suggestion which is certainly sincere.

Very truly yours,

John D. Long.

The call had been given to Mr. Brooks in the latter part of March, and by the middle of April the excitement had grown to an unprecedented extent. The daily newspapers in Boston teemed with communications, representing every point of view. Throughout the country the conflict was watched in its varying phases and commented on as having some strange import for all the higher interests of life. It may be said for Phillips Brooks that he was now waiting to give his answer, not of his own volition, but because he was earnestly besought to wait until the question should have been discussed in all its bearings. Only in the multitude of counsellors was there safety. Both parties in the conflict felt secure, if only time could be taken for the fullest consideration.

One effect of the discussion was to make men realize as they had not done before the unique greatness of the man in whom the interest concentrated. In the history of pulpit oratory, it was asked, who was there to compare with him? He was to be ranked among those most eminent, whose fame had come down through the ages, the few who came first to the mind. Great names were recalled, St. Gregory Nazianzen and St. Chrysostom, in the ancient church; St. Bernard, St. Francis, Tauler, and Savonarola, in the Middle Ages; Jeremy Taylor and Bossuet, in the seventeenth century, — that age of great preachers; Chalmers, or Tillotson, or Beecher, in the modern world. What one among them all was greater than he, especially when one took into consideration the vast growth of the modern day, and recalled that he was now moving by his voice or by his writings the English-speaking world, with its colonies in every part of the globe?

There were those who took these things into consideration and were impressed and awed as they revolved in their minds the issue. This gift of inspired speech, so divine and so rare, had he any right to endanger its possession for the world by any experiment? All the conditions of his place at Trinity Church had favored its expanding power. What would be the result if he were to withdraw himself into the seclusion of the University town? He was reminded that his power as a preacher must in some real though subtle way be dependent on conditions which would be lost if he were to abandon the pulpit of Trinity Church. Mr. Robert Treat Paine wrote to him with these thoughts in his mind.

April 14, 1881.

My dear Brooks, — Let me too pour out my heart to you, about what is filling all our hearts. I know how you are overwhelmed with counsels from all sides.

Take it in patience, and let it at least convince you of the Love and Respect of the whole city for you, — your hold on the heart of the whole Community — their terrible earnestness that you should remain doing your grand work among them — and their pain at the thought that you may think it a duty to go.

What a sight this is! A great city stirred at the fear of losing you, and many sects, forgetting all sectarian ties, men as well as

women, youths as well as strong men, uniting to speak out to you, not only their affection, but their strong sense of how you have brought to them and the whole city the Blessings of God.

Boston is just the city to-day for ideal work — large enough for a vast work to be done — bad enough to be almost hopeless — good enough to fill us with hope passing into certainty. Boston has a certain great privilege among the great cities of this country. She holds an influence second to none. Work done here has a potency and value multiplied all over the land.

College life is full of fun and froth and frolic and frivolity and scurrility. It is acutely critical. It turns into sport everything, sacred and profane. Life is free there first — full of joy and sparkle, full of study and sports, absorbed and preoccupied. Entire absence of variety in experience; death, marriage, children, business, failure, sickness, suffering, danger, all that makes adult life so full, — none of all this enters the life of the student. Gather them together into a single audience, and it is the hardest in the world to hold in constant interest to religion. Scatter them into their own churches and it is far easier. Compel them to attend at Appleton Chapel and some will be studying for the Lampoon, and their spirit is contagious on all around.

Surely this is the least impressible part of life. It is not responsive, it has no magnetism in it. The power of the Preacher rises to the need. Great need is great inspiration. Life in a great city with all the sufferings and joys and anxieties of the infinitely varied lives of a multitude of men and women and children crowding upon a minister's sympathies keep him full of fire, and make him surpass himself.

The secluded life of a college minister, with boys critical and cold and free, and so simple in their relations to life, lacks almost every inspiration except Duty, *stern* Daughter of the Voice of God. Others might go there and do as well as they could elsewhere, but surely you feel the magnetic influence of responsive numbers too powerfully not to know the danger of settling down as the permanent, regular college preacher and professor. Not that I make light of such important work, but the question is where you can find the Great Field for those transcendent powers which God has poured out upon you in such full measure. You, the great Missionary to the Masses of the People! You, who have let us build a splendid Temple, full of beauty and art and lavish outlay, — because all unto God and a joy to offer — this splendid Temple not only, nay not so much, for ourselves, as for the masses of the people, now and hereafter, setting a grand example of rich and poor, of favored and unfavored, meeting to

worship God! Can you, the people's leader, go apart to the favored few, the sons of wealth, present or prospective, — the sons of culture, and leave the Great World behind?

Among others who did much to clear up the issue and bring all its aspects before Mr. Brooks was his friend Colonel Charles R. Codman, who studied the situation with the keen and practised eye of a man of affairs. He pointed to a few actual facts which afforded the basis of a conclusive deduction. Trinity Church was so near the University that its students could attend there freely if they wished. In case he went to Cambridge he would have only a fraction of its students for an audience, for a large proportion of them spent Sundays at their homes, and went to their various places of worship. A large part of the University, indeed, the Medical School, was in Boston. And more important still, it had been in and from his place in Boston that he had already exerted such an influence upon Harvard as to lead to his call, and it was not necessary to go there to reside in order to retain or increase his influence. It was also pointed out what many felt, that the sectarian feeling really constituted an element in the problem. There would be jealousy of him as an Episcopalian. Already in the communications to the press this cry had been raised. The Episcopalians, it was said, were "working like beavers" to secure the transformation of Harvard College into an American Oxford and to make it as far as possible an Episcopalian institution. If he went to Cambridge he would have to suppress his own convictions and would not be as free as at Trinity. The doctrine of the Trinity, the liturgical worship of the Prayer Book, the method of the Christian year, he could not keep these colors flying for fear of some sectarian protest. The truth was simply this, that the University had outgrown the possibility of any longer being ministered to in its spiritual life by any one clergyman, no matter to what denomination he might belong.

The Episcopal clergy for the most part were agreed that the Church would suffer a greater loss by his removal than the College would gain. Those more especially who looked

to Phillips Brooks as a leader, leavening the Episcopal Church with the elements of a more comprehensive theology, and weakening the ecclesiastical stringency which separated it from other Protestant communions, were unanimous in the expression of their conviction that it would be nothing short of a calamity if he abandoned the parish ministry. He would gradually lose his identification with the Episcopal Church altogether.

There were still other considerations which had their weight. "The aptitude of the student mind," wrote the Rev. C. C. Tiffany, "to sheer off from the direction of official teachers, especially preachers, gives me the conviction, that in your present position you affect these students more positively than you could from the University pulpit." The Rev. William R. Huntington fastened upon a point which no one else had urged. The post to which Mr. Brooks had been called carried with it not only the preaching in the University pulpit, but the work of a teacher in the chair of Christian Ethics. "A sophomore," wrote Dr. Huntington, "is not likely to be the more interested in your preaching on account of your having given him, the week previous, a poor mark in his examination paper."

There were letters from representative business men in Boston pleading in behalf of those who were neither scholars nor teachers, but that large class of young men who would influence the business interests of Boston in the future. One of them, from an old schoolmate and dear friend, will be read with interest: —

Boston, April 12, 1881.

Dear old Chap, — Forty years is it since we began learning Latin and mischief together — you the Latin and I the mischief? Since which we have never had a cross word, and so I will run the chance of one by impertinence.

Folks say that the College is asking for you; and it is true, I know. Since you took your course for life, you have gone on steadily and enthusiastically until you 've won a great place. Just think of the empty old church and of the present full church! Just think of the men and women of the intelligent and educated classes whom you 've drawn into your fold! Think what these

men will do for the less fortunate people of our city, and still more think how your women work! We have not seen the like for a great, great while. It has fallen to you to do this thing, and I will not pass on your deserts, but merely on your luck to have done something in this life worth doing. Is not that what we all are after, and what goes far to save us from remorse or despair? How can a chap be content for a day, unless he is aiming at something of a serious kind? It is the only theory on which one can explain this life, is n't it? And how many of our comrades have made a success of their lives? or how often does it occur in our experience to see it?

You have, — no matter how or why; and still more the future for you is greater in promise than the past has been in performance. Don't dream of leaving your own field. Your personal contact with all these folks is a necessity, if you will go on. How can you then think of Cambridge and the dear old University? You can't work on those boys in the same way, simply because they are at the questioning, critical, restless age. The worst of them are not bad, but frivolous or idle-minded. The best of them are seeking for the truth everywhere, and had better seek by themselves. Let them ferment. Of course you can help many a restless spirit, when he *wishes* to be helped — but you can do it as well here as at Cambridge. You certainly can talk to or preach to or teach them at Cambridge occasionally — as in Boston. But, for Heaven's sake, don't leave your stronghold for this new field. It would be the mistake of your life — and you will rue it deeply and forever.

Now how do I know? I do not know, and yet I feel absolutely sure of it. I 've talked to some of the middle-aged and some of the younger folk of it, and listened with much interest — to but one reply.

You know that personally I get nothing from your being in town. We both are too busy to meet often unless at church; and there I do not go. So I am free from bias. But I can't but feel much interested in your work, and glad of your great influence. Don't risk losing it — don't go away until your sun sets.

This letter calls for no reply. If it annoys you, burn it and forgive me for the sake of old times. I know that it is presuming, impertinent, arrogant even. It has not one word of praise or admiration for you. Such a word is not called for or needed, but no one can value work and enthusiasm more than I. You know full well how I feel about your life.

God bless you, old fellow.

Henry L. Higginson.

As the time went on the forces that multiplied against the call were stronger than those in favor of it. If the students of Harvard had a mass meeting to urge his coming, so also a mass meeting was held in Boston in Huntington Hall, at which hundreds of young men raised their voices in protest against his leaving. The entire membership of the Young Men's Christian Association signed their names to a request that he should remain in Boston. There came the same request in a petition from the large business establishment of C. F. Hovey & Co., signed by more than fifty names. Other petitions there were, with the names of prominent business firms appended. It was no slight consideration with Phillips Brooks that the members of his own family were opposed to his going. The wise counsel of the Rev. Arthur Brooks, in whose judgment he placed great confidence, condemned on the whole what seemed a doubtful experiment. The bishop of the diocese asked him to remain. Trinity Church spoke in its organic capacity through the wardens and vestry: —

Boston, April 11, 1881.

To the Reverend Phillips Brooks, D. D.,—We, the Wardens and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, feel it our duty to address you on the invitation that you have received to become the preacher to the University at Cambridge.

As individuals, we have expressed our personal wishes that your relations to the Parish may continue for many years, but we have not hitherto felt called upon to take official action.

We were confident that you thoroughly understood our feelings, and we have desired not to embarrass you by any act of ours.

But we cannot forget that we are the chosen representatives of the Proprietors of Trinity Church, and we feel that we should not be acting justly to them, nor to the large number of worshippers who are connected with the Parish, if we did not in their behalf affectionately, but most urgently and earnestly, beg you to consider well, not only what may be your duty to them, but to the larger community to whom you have ministered. We speak not only for ourselves, but for the highest spiritual interests of those whom we immediately represent, and chiefly for the city in which we live, to great numbers of whose inhabitants our Parish, altogether from your connection with it, has been and is a blessing. We beg you to remember — and this with no desire to pain you

by saying anything that may seem extravagant, but solely from our regard for what we believe to be the simple truth — that the pulpit of Trinity Church has given you the opportunity, which you have improved with results altogether unparalleled, to exercise an influence for good upon the people of this city, including all classes and both sexes, — the young and the old, the poor and the rich. Parents are thanking you for the blessing to their children of growing up inspired by you, and they cannot see the possibility of your going from them without speaking out to you their sense of loss.

The mothers, wives, and daughters of our great congregation have seen under your ministry new visions of life and love and work and devotion to Christ. Business men, full of the sense of life and power, are moved mightily by your words to consecrate their lives to the service of God.

The young men of the city, of our schools, our colleges, our stores and homes, know the way to Trinity Church, and go there at the critical moments of their lives, when perhaps for years before they have been unimpressible, and go away inspired and consecrated, and carrying your power widely through the land.

Those of our community who are not the favored ones of the earth in education or worldly circumstances have received from your words comfort and courage, and many of these would sadly feel the loss of your presence from their homes and families, in their hour of sorrow or distress.

The work that you are doing is one of transcendent importance. It is steadily growing and cannot be left to suffer or halt. We solemnly believe that if you will appreciate this work and its infinite needs, you must come to our conclusion, that no other place can give you so much power for good.

Trinity Church, with its open doors, its generous welcome, its great congregations, its varied audiences gathered from every sect and section of the city, attracting the men and women of thought and influence from all parts of the country as they pass through Boston, — Trinity Church as a means of carrying your power and inspiration into the hearts and lives of the whole people, far surpasses in our judgment any other possible field of usefulness.

Your parishioners have not believed it possible that you could take a different view; and if they have seemed silent, we who know their strong and unanimous feeling can assure you that it has been from a conviction that a separation was impossible, and because they have shrunk from believing that such a thing could be seriously contemplated.

The grief which all your people feel at the suggestion of your

withdrawal from the Rectorship cannot adequately be expressed by any words of ours. They do not dare to contemplate the effect of your departure upon all the activities and missionary work of the parish already vigorous and rapidly developing; still less, its effect upon the Parish itself.

We beg you to allow them ample time and opportunity to express their feelings and wishes before you come to a final decision. We ask you to determine nothing until you have heard the representations that will be made by many persons of whose deep and personal concern in your decision you are possibly not now aware; and when you have heard all that can be said by those for whom we speak, we trust and believe that it will be given you to see that it is your present duty not to abandon the field in which God has made it manifest that your power and influence can do a great work for the souls of all conditions of men.

CHARLES HENRY PARKER }
CHARLES R. CODMAN } *Wardens.*

Thomas C. Amory, John C. Ropes, Stephen G. Deblois, C. J. Morrill, B. F. Nourse, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., William Amory, Jr., Edward D. Peters, Samuel Eliot, Robert M. Cushing, *Vestry.*

Phillips Brooks had sometimes doubted whether his work at Trinity were successful, judged by the higher standard of success. He had longed for some response, which he did not get, which indeed it was almost impossible to give, to those impassioned, exalted appeals which he poured forth, Sunday after Sunday, year after year. But from this time he could have had no doubt as to his place in the hearts of his congregation. Into the sacred confidences of personal letters, where he was told what he had been to the hundreds of families in his congregation, we must not enter. They have one common feature, — a determination that he should know at last, not merely in a general way but by the unveiling of individual experiences, that his work at Trinity had been the agency under God of illumination and consolation, of moral reformation and of spiritual life.

There is still one point to be mentioned, as the vision gradually faded from his mind, of the possibilities involved in the call to Harvard. In one of the letters which came to him there is this remark: —

There is one other thing that I hardly dare to say. I cannot

believe, as some people do, that you care only for your work with men. It would be too ignoble a thought. But I do believe that you think women by nature more religious, less needy than they are. You do not feel always that triumph and joy in helping them that you do in helping men. But when you give up a mixed congregation, do you realize what a tremendous indirect influence upon men you lose, men who never care for church or preacher but who have homes? You spoke not long ago of the queenly power in the household as the most subtle though the least manifest. Only to-day some one said to me, "Our home is utterly different since we went to Trinity Church; we are different people." And this is only one.

A gentleman in his congregation wrote to him with reference to the same point: —

I think more Harvard students hear you preach every Sunday in Trinity Church, brought there mostly through the influence of women in one way or another, than would hear you on Sundays in Cambridge; for most students that live in Boston and vicinity spend their Sundays at home. I believe women are the minister's strongest support in religion and all other good works, and the great secret of the power of the Roman Catholic Church is its influence over and *through them*. Most men, in my belief, that join the Church do so directly or indirectly through their influence, and the best way to reach young men is through them. It seems to me that in losing the direct aid and support of women, you would be losing more power than you have any conception of.

No words except those of the writers of these letters can adequately portray the "terrible earnestness," the "intense anxiety," the "severity of the shock," the "fearful strain," the "sorrow and the gloom," of that long, agonizing day at Trinity Church when this question was pending. But it was also a day not wholly dark, for the trial cemented more strongly the already strong bond of unity in the parish. People and minister alike were impressed anew with the reality of the religious life. If the people realized what the ministry of Phillips Brooks had been to them, he too was made to know, as he had not known before, what was the work which it had been given him to do. He did not forget the lesson. There was to follow still another epoch in his life, when its fruit would become manifest. It might seem

233 Clarendon Street.
Boston.

April 12. 1881

My dear Mr. Parker,

I want to acknowledge at once with the profoundest gratitude the letter of the Trustees & Vestry which I have received. I wish that I could tell them & you how deeply I feel their kindness. While I can put no such estimate upon my work at Trinity as they have done I am ready enough to believe that it has not been useless & to thank God for every suc-

cess which He has given to it.
I certainly shall not bring
it to a close lightly, nor hast-
ily, nor without great re-
luctance. I am sure you
will all believe that I shall
not go if I can help it. And,
whether I go or stay, to have
received in any small de-
gree to have seemed to de-
serve such a letter as my
friends of the Vestry have
written to me will always
be one of the deepest sat-
isfactions & happiest recol-
lections of my life. I will

by not to tax your patience any longer than seems to be absolutely necessary. And I ask your prayers that we may all be led to do what is right.

Believe me always, my dear Mr. Parker, Your faithful friend

Phillips Brooks

as if he had now exhausted the line of ministerial experiences, or as if he had reaped the highest earthly reward for which a man can hope in this world. He appeared to be standing on the highest pinnacle of fame. But yet he was to be called to take another step in the way of self-renunciation, before the sacrifice should be complete.

The letters of Phillips Brooks relating to this incident in his life tell us but little of what he thought or felt. Yet in this very circumstance a light is thrown on his character. He was bewildered and hardly knew what to think. His mind was rent with contradictory impulses. There was something in him of the feminine mood which led him to go where he was wanted. He would like to have gone to Cambridge, but he also wanted to remain at Trinity. To go, or to remain, meant some inward suffering. These are a few of his letters: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 31, 1881.

Dear Arthur, — I have been elected by the Corporation of Harvard College to be Preacher to the University. . . . I wish you would tell me when you have a leisure moment what you think of my resigning Trinity and going there. I am much puzzled. Many things about it attract me very much indeed. Tell me perfectly frankly what you think. But don't mention the matter till you hear it in some other way, for it is not "out" yet. I count much on hearing your judgment about it.

Boston, April 4, 1881.

Dear Arthur, — I want to thank you right off for your kind letter. It stated both sides very satisfactorily and I think on the whole inclined towards "Go to Cambridge." I incline very much that way myself, more because I don't see exactly how it is possible to decline the call than because I particularly want to go. But I think it will come to going, unless you write me speedily to tell me some overwhelmingly convincing reason why I should decide otherwise. . . .

To the Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis he writes: —

233 Clarendon Street, April 5, 1881.

My dear Dr. Ellis, — I must thank you at once and with all my heart for your letter. I thank you for its friendliness and for its wisdom. Both will help me. While I feel, of course, that the difficult question which is given to me must be answered

by myself, it is very good indeed to know how those whom I esteem and honor feel about it, and how my acceptance of the place, if I should venture to accept it, will be regarded by them. I am in no danger of underestimating the interest and importance of the work in Cambridge. I am much more likely to err by being afraid of it than by being indifferent to it. It would offer the most delightful and satisfactory life that any mortal minister could live. I shall always thank you, my dear Dr. Ellis, for your letter and for the kindness which made you write it.

Most faithfully yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To the Rev. Percy Browne he writes: —

Fast Day Morning, April 7.

I can't thank you as I wish I could, dear Percy, for your letter. It makes me feel frightfully ashamed of myself when I hear that you really care so much about what I decide to do. I feel like a horrible fraud. I know it is not a great matter for the Church or the world whether I go or stay, but I do want to make what life I have still to live tell as much as I can, all the more because I honestly feel every year more and more how poor it is. I think now that this feeling will carry me to Cambridge, but it is far from settled, and you and my other friends must have patience with my hesitation. Only, my dear Percy, don't talk as if the going to Cambridge would break or even strain the friendship and intercourse which has been growingly one of the greatest treasures of my life here. If you are going to give me up, why that settles it. I won't go. No, we will have Monday morning somewhere in Cambridgeport, or if you won't come there I 'll come to Millmont Street.

I thank you more than I can say.

To the Rev. John C. Brooks he writes: —

April 13, 1881.

DEAR JOHNNIE, — A thousand thanks (in a great hurry) for your kind letter and your good sympathy. I am getting to feel just as you do about it all, and I don't believe that I shall go. The work at Trinity looks more and more. The chance (though not the need) at Cambridge less and less. It is n't settled and probably won't be for a week. . . .

One of the earliest and most important of these letters is addressed to Dr. Vinton, at Pomfret, whose counsel and blessing on all the changes in his life he had invoked hitherto, without which no event was complete: —

DEAR DOCTOR, — You won't forget that you are to come and spend Passion Week here and go to church all the time and preach as much as you can, will you? Let me know just when I may meet you at the station and you shall have the cordialest of welcomes.

I want to see you very much. I want to talk with you about Cambridge, whither I have been called and whither it seems now as if I might go. Don't fail to come. It will be the last chance perhaps to get you under this roof.

Affectionately yours, P. B.

Dr. Vinton came up from his retirement at Pomfret, — it was to be for the last time. For several days he remained the guest of Mr. Brooks at the Clarendon Street rectory. Then, as we know, the question was turned over in all its aspects, with calmness and dignity and the sense of repose after the excitement. To Dr. Vinton he sent this letter, announcing that he had declined the call to Harvard: —

April 18, 1881.

DEAR DOCTOR, — I write to you at once to say that the thing is settled and I am to stay at Trinity. President Eliot was very courteous, said that he was sorry and didn't know where to look; and then I came away. It was the quietest death of the pretty little project that you can conceive of, and the pretty little project never looked so pretty as it does now in death. Just at this moment I feel as if I would rather be Preacher at Cambridge than Rector of fifty Trinities. But I think it 's all right, and I cannot thank you enough for the kind patience with which you listened hour after hour to the endless talk about it all. You must have been badly bored, but it was very good of you and I do thank you. . . .

Well, on Thursday we meet in Philadelphia and Sunday we are in New York. Till then adieu.

Gratefully yours, P. B.

To another friend on the same day he wrote, "I hope it 's all right, but I 'm awfully blue about it." His call on President Eliot had been a severe ordeal; his face was pallid during the short interview, as of a man who saw egress denied him at a critical moment and his life shut up, for his future years, to a work from whose limitations and its fearful strain on all his vital powers he had dreamed for a moment of

escaping. It was the old story with which we are familiar already in his history. There was not the time in his parish ministry to read, or study, or think. Under these conditions the task of preaching began to loom up more formidably before his eyes. From this time he began to forecast the future with misgivings and an occasional touch of despondency.

What, then, shall be said upon "the merits of the question"? In view of his own profound silence, one's words must be brief and cautious for fear of error. We may believe that if he had accepted the call to Harvard, he would have made no failure. He was wise; he would have committed no mistake by attempting too much; he was under the restraints of sobriety of judgment; he knew what was in men and how to address them. President Eliot saw that, amid the conflicting variety of opinion, this was the point to be kept in the foreground. He went to the friends of Phillips Brooks who were doing their utmost to keep him in Boston, and in answer to the question whether Mr. Brooks could exert an ideal influence at Cambridge, he received from them all the testimony that he could desire. "As they testify with reluctance," he wrote to Mr. Brooks, "their testimony is the more trustworthy." We may also believe that had he given his remaining years to study, he would have surely left a student's mark upon the thought of the world.

And again, he did not like the exceptional position which he held. In going to Harvard he would have passed from the glare of publicity into the simple quiet life which he coveted. He could do there his work as a teacher with at least the same success as any man. He alludes to this feeling as possibly a touch of the boyish morbidness which had led him to feel that in going into the ministry he was crawling into obscurity. There was a certain contradiction in his being, as though two lives were struggling within him for the ascendency. He would have liked to lead the life of his father, doing an honorable man's work without ostentation. He might have married, he was a man who could have given himself to and lived for one woman. He was torn by an

inward contradiction. For when he was living so publicly, for all the world, confiding to the sermon his most intimate feeling and thought, he could not belong to any one in the same interior way. It may then have seemed to him like a last chance to reconstruct his life.

He acquiesced in the verdict, knowing that an opportunity had been lost which would not return. Yet was he convinced that he had done the right thing. The voice of God and the people assured him. There seems to be here something of supernatural direction. A call had come to him again with renewed force to give himself in more complete self-surrender to the larger number who wanted him.

There came another series of letters after the decision had been announced, for the most part of a congratulatory character. Among them is one from the president of Haverford College, in Pennsylvania, who had been watching the situation with deep interest: —

April 25, 1881.

Dear Mr. Brooks, — I am not surprised by your decision, which the newspapers announce this morning, nor can I blame it, for it is a serious thing to leave a post of great usefulness, however strong the inducements to enter another. But will you not, even more than before, be an unofficial pastor and teacher for those Harvard boys, and help them to find the substantial reality amidst the fogs and darkness of our times? You would certainly be welcome at any time in the College pulpit; and, regarding it as a simply Christian and undenominational position, can you not occasionally address the students from it? Can it not be understood, too, that there will always be a seat at Trinity for any Harvard boy?

But wherever you speak, I beg you to feel that you are privileged to command the attention of men at a very critical period in the history of Christianity. Religion and morality itself are menaced by wild and one-sided speculations; but you will continue to teach that there is an eternal, unchangeable moral law, a God in whom we can trust, a Saviour to whom we can cling.

I had pleased myself with a day-dream of you at Cambridge as a better Newman, leading the intellectual hope of the country, not, like the Oxford preacher, into the lions' den, but to the promised land. It may be, however, that you will be almost as influential in the University from Boston as from any "Appleton Chapel,"

however enlarged, at the same time that your influence over the whole country will be wider from your present post.

Let me tell you that I have often read your printed sermons here, on Sunday afternoons, with great satisfaction both to them and myself.

Ever very truly yours,

THOMAS CHASE.

There is a sense, then, in which Harvard University gained in the struggle. The whole subject of religion came up for discussion, and the old arrangement was abandoned by which one man ministered to the miscellaneous body of students. A body of chaplains was constituted, of which Mr. Brooks was one, who, coming in from outside, with a wider range in the observation and experience of life, could bring their spiritual force to bear upon the college life. This plan which Harvard was the first to adopt was gradually introduced into other colleges. During the next ten years of his life, Phillips Brooks seemed to have at his command the open door to students' life, throughout the leading colleges in the country. It was an additional burden, but he thought of it as a glorious privilege. It was Harvard University that was sending him forth with this mission. She had placed her seal upon him as the great University preacher.

CHAPTER XV

1881–1882

MEMORIAL SERMON ON DR. VINTON. DEATH OF DEAN STANLEY. SPEECHES AT CHURCH CONGRESS. SECOND VOLUME OF SERMONS. THE STANLEY MEMORIAL. DEATH OF DR. STONE. REQUEST FOR LEAVE OF ABSENCE FOR A YEAR

On April 26, 1881, Dr. Vinton died at the age of seventy-four. The eulogy which Phillips Brooks pronounced upon him in a memorial sermon preached at Emmanuel Church, Boston, and again in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, was published by request in pamphlet form, but deserves a permanent place among his writings, for it is the description of an ideal which had been before him from his boyhood. For nearly forty years these two lives had been intertwined. A few extracts from this sermon will show what the relationship had been, how profound had been the influence of the older man upon the younger, but incidentally they show us what manner of man was Phillips Brooks. Thus he describes Dr. Vinton as the great presbyter, to whom the episcopate would have been no gain. He is interpreting the working of the organization of the church by his own experience when he says: —

> And so he was in his true place in that degree of the ministry where preaching is the constant duty. Once or twice they talked of making him a bishop. But it was well in his heart, I think he knew that it was well, that they who formed such plans for him did not succeed. So far as it would have separated him from the pulpit where he belonged, it would have been a loss and not a gain. The great work of the church lies with the presbyters. The deacon saves the presbyter from some details of work

that he may be the freer for his tasks. The bishop watches the ramparts of the church and secures for the presbyter the conditions of peaceful and effective labor. But the great work of the church is in the presbyters. And this was our great presbyter. That is his name and honor. A bishopric could never have increased his dignity, while it must have weakened his power and fretted his life out with minute details. He was our great presbyter, the elder, the brother, with a special experience and education, but still the elder brother, telling his brethren in brotherly simplicity and earnestness the truth of God.

Here follows a description of the pastoral office as embodied in Dr. Vinton, always before the mind of Phillips Brooks as his own ideal: —

I stop a moment and think of that great pastorship, of all it meant to countless souls; and to have lived in it and carried it on as he did seems to me to be an indescribable, an inestimable privilege. A great pastorship is the noblest picture of human influence and of the relationship of man to man which the world has to show. It is the canonization of friendship. It is friendship lifted above the regions of mere instinct and sentiment and fondness, above all thought of policy or convenience, and exalted into the mutual helpfulness of the children of God. The pastor is father and brother both to those whose deepest lives he helps in deepest ways. His belonging to his people is like the broad spreading of the sky over the lives of men and women and little children, of good and bad, of weak and strong, on all of whom alike it sheds its rain and dew. Who that has ever known such a pastorate can believe that death, which sets free all the best and purest things into a larger spiritual being, ends the relationship of soul to soul which a true pastorship involves?

It is with profound respect that he goes on to speak of Dr. Vinton's theology, from which he had diverged. Many and earnest had been the discussions between them on this subject, as they maintained their differing views, but always with mutual deference and toleration: —

He won in the community where he lived a profound respect for the theology which he preached; not necessarily an acceptance of it, but a respect for it. No people listening to him could think that the theology of the Incarnation and the Atonement was irrational or absurd. There never was a pulpit which more

clearly uttered a definite truth than his, and yet there never was a pulpit more respected. . . . Many of us who listened to Dr. Vinton thirty years ago have seen truth differently now from the way in which he showed it to us then, but we have seen it still with eyes that he helped to open; and many a vision which he never bade us see, but which is now our joy and feast and inspiration, we owe still to his ministry, and may thank him for it, next to God.

The change in the religious outlook which comes to every new generation is a trying experience to the older men, who would fain have the world abide by the conclusions they themselves have reached. Dr. Vinton bore himself well under this ordeal — a model to young men who in their turn must encounter the same difficulty.

Those years from 1858 to 1861 were interesting years to any minister of our church, because of the new drifts and tendencies of Christian thought which were beginning to become pronounced. Ritualism and rationalism were claiming their places in the church. Especially in the latter of these two directions the movement became vigorous and prominent about that time. The famous "Essays and Reviews" were published in 1860, and the whole liberal or broad church tendency attracted the interest of thinking men. It would not be right to try to sketch the life of Dr. Vinton, and not to tell how he regarded that movement in which he was, through all the last years of his life, so deeply interested. He mistrusted it and feared it. He disagreed with many of its processes and most of its conclusions. At the same time he never withheld his friendship and his love from those who were most earnestly in sympathy with it, nor ever gave them anything but help and godspeed in their work. He never recoiled from it with horror. And his own spirit, which, above the spirit of any other man I ever knew, was devout without the slightest taint of superstition, had much to contribute, both in the way of check and in the way of stimulus, to the new thought of the younger men in whose society so much of the years which still remained to him was passed. . . . For my part, I thank Dr. Vinton for many and many a word even of protest against what I thought was true, which, while it made me more anxious and careful to be sure that what I thought was truth was really true, made me also more earnest in holding it as I became convinced that I was not mistaken. And I am sure that his great soul would not grudge me that gratitude. And I think that it is one which

many others share with me. . . . He has been the Socrates to many a poor boy's unborn power of thinking. He was never shocked at honest heresy, however earnestly he argued to disprove it and dislodge it. He has set many a glad soul free from the constraint of what it thought it ought to believe and sent it out to the delight of a real faith.

There came a letter in response to this sketch of Dr. Vinton from a distinguished Congregational clergyman, which forms part of the record, showing that Dr. Vinton's power continued to be felt through the influence of Phillips Brooks's portrayal: —

Boston, September 13, 1881.

My dear Brother, — I can address you by no other name since reading, as I have just done, your Memorial Sermon on Dr. Vinton. Never by anything you have before written have I been so profoundly stirred as by parts of this noble discourse. I am not ashamed to tell you that tears have fallen on the pages where you describe a great pastorship as "the noblest picture of human influence," and where you tell of Dr. Vinton's work in the national judgment day of this generation.

Rebuked and humbled have I been by the vision you have given me of a great life, the humbling I trust to be followed by new inspirations to a higher service of Christ. Indeed, I now believe that no such moral quickening has come to me for years as I have had on this blessed morning.

Within a few weeks I am to go from my work here to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago. In the one happy year of my ministry in Boston, I have felt the inspiration, not only of your words, but of your nearness, and I cannot go away without telling you of it.

There creeps into the correspondence of Phillips Brooks at this time the evidence of some physical weariness. He found, so he writes, the sermon on Dr. Vinton one of the hardest things that he had ever undertaken; and he mentions that while he was writing it the weather was atrocious. He declines an invitation to take a journey, which would call for physical activity or endurance, on the ground that he is no longer good for such things. On hearing that one of his clerical friends proposed to take a long rest of more than a

year, he says: "It is getting to be kind of tame and vulgar to plod right on. But it is pleasant nevertheless."

It was a novel event at Harvard, creating a deep interest, when the "Œdipus Tyrannus" was given in Sanders Theatre. No one was more interested in following it than Phillips Brooks, for the Greek tragedies had formed an essential part in his education. He speaks of it as a "most tremendous success."

Among the important books which appeared in 1881 was Dr. Mulford's "Republic of God." It was important because it broke the long silence of the younger men, speaking for them on the religious issues of the day. Mr. Brooks was asked to review it for "The Atlantic Monthly," but declined. He read it, however, despite its philosophic terminology, against which he rebelled. To a lady who wrote to him a few years later, after Dr. Mulford's lamented death, asking his opinion of the book, he wrote: —

> Dr. Mulford was a most interesting man, and his book is one of the most inspiring and exasperating things that anybody ever wrote. It is as bright and deep and vague as the sky. It will never be much read, but a few men will get out of it what they will interpret to the world. He was not a man for the ecclesiasticism of the Church to make much out of, but he was felt, and his loss nobody can make good.

Mr. Brooks took no vacation from preaching during the summer of 1881. Every Sunday found him in his place in the pulpit of Trinity Church. But he gained some relief from the burden of pastoral cares in visiting his parishioners in their summer homes. It was a summer long to be remembered because of the assassination of President Garfield, when for weeks the country was in suspense waiting for the fatal issue. To the Rev. James P. Franks he writes: —

> Boston, 233 Clarendon Street, July 3, 1881.
>
> Dear James, — . . . This week has been Commencement and Φ. B. K., and we have been revelling in Wendell Phillips and George William Curtis. It was very beautiful, and made eloquence seem as easy as breathing. Arthur and John were both here, and we had a very beautiful time and sentimentalized about the lapse of

time in a very maudling sort of way. Then, when that was over, I went yesterday and spent a day with Charles Parker, the Senior Warden of Trinity, who has just returned from Europe, and when I came home from there this morning, we were met with the President's assassination. How it brings back that awful Friday sixteen years ago, only this is more wretched because it is not connected with any great issue and has no more dignity than must always belong to death — if it is to be death. The assassin seems to have been the most miserable moonstruck vagabond — and his object nothing more than disappointed spite. I met —— on the street just after we had heard of it this morning, and he told me of an article he had been writing upon the folly of allowing the President of the United States to go about without a bodyguard! Every goose will sting his own sermon into the dreadful tragedy. I saw ——, and he had several delightful and subtle theories about it. But the one thing to do now is to hope that Garfield will get well and that we shall be spared the infliction of Arthur as President. We shall pray for the President to-night at the "usual meeting previous to the Communion." Well, all this is to tell you why I have n't come to Beverly to thank you for asking me to come. And now, though I am to be in Beverly twice next week, I am afraid I shall not tread your hospitable piazza before our Mountain tour. The truth is that the Summer looks as if it were going to use itself up in a sort of parish visiting on a big scale. . . . It is the old struggle of duty and desire, and, of course, with you and me duty conquers. But it 's only a week from next Monday when we start under William's care for the Mountains — that will be the *Cor Cordium* of the Summer. Till then we 'll think of one another, and you will give my Love to S—— and the chickens.

Ever affectionately, P. B.

The summer brought another sorrow, in the death of Dean Stanley, which took place July 18. On first hearing the sad intelligence he wrote to Rev. Arthur Brooks: —

July 22, 1881.

The suddenness of the Dean's death is most startling and seems to flash all that was lovable and beautiful about him upon one with a terrible sense of loss. We shall not see another such interesting man in our day, and I have a sort of feeling as if the Abbey and the Deanery could not possibly be standing there in the old way we used to know them, now that he is gone. Well, it is a good thing that he has lived and a delightful recollection to have known him.

To Lady Frances Baillie, a sister-in-law of Dean Stanley, he wrote: —

233 Clarendon Street, July 23, 1881.

My dear Lady Frances, — I hope that I shall not seem to you strangely intrusive if I try to tell you something of my deep sympathy with you and of the deep thankfulness with which I think of our dear friend's beautiful life. It seems to me as perfect a picture of human living as the world has ever seen, — and what it suggests and promises for his great future, for the other life (as we blindly call it) which he has begun, is past all expression. My first thought is all of him, of the rich and sacred delight which has come to that insatiable appetite for truth and that deep love for God.

But when I let myself think of all his kindness to me, of how he has welcomed me with that beautiful welcome of his which was like no other man's, of how England has been bright and tempting to me, most of all because he was there, the world seems sadly altered now that I shall never see him again.

I remember so perfectly the first time I saw him. Lady Augusta was with him in the Library of the dear old Deanery, and before we had loosened hands, it was as if she and he had given me the right to count them friends forever. That was in 1874, and from that day on, with all his cares and interests, he was so full of thoughtful kindness, that he did not even let me think how little right I had to any word or thought of his. But I did give him, and I will give him always, that love and gratitude which is all that such as I am can give to such as he is.

Surely we cannot lose him. We have not lost him. We are with him in the love of God in which he rests at peace.

I wish that I could tell you what he was when he was here in America; what friends he made, what a memory of him remains, and what a multitude of hearts are mourning for him, as if he was their friend.

But more than this is the blessed work that he has done for Christ and for the Church. That cannot die. It will be part of the great future for which he kept such an unfaltering hope, and which we may believe he now discerns with perfect clearness. And it is sweet for us all because he believed in it so.

Will you forgive me if I ought not to have written, for his sake. I send my kindest remembrance to your daughter, and I am, with truest sympathy,

Sincerely yours,

Phillips Brooks.

Phillips Brooks now for the first time broke the rule to which he had hitherto invariably adhered, and in response to a call from the editor of "The Atlantic Monthly" wrote his article on "Dean Stanley."[1] For two months he gave himself up to the task, collecting material enough in the preparation for it to have made a considerable volume. Only a fraction of what he desired to say could find room within the required limits. The article glows with devotion to Stanley, to whom he felt deep personal indebtedness. "The life of Stanley when it appears, if it is worthily written, will be one of the richest records of the best life of our century and one of the most attractive pictures of a human life in any time." He reviewed Stanley's career so far as it was known to the world. He delineates his characteristics with loving appreciation, for, as in the case of Dr. Vinton, he is describing the ideals of his own youth and manhood. He speaks of Stanley's love of right, his desire to look facts in the face and to know the exact and certain truth. He remarks on his method of approaching all truth through history; of his dislike and inability for metaphysics and for abstract thought. Stanley loved men for the sake of man; special arts and occupations in which he had no personal interest were to him full of the great human drama, full of divine meanings. The world was full of poetry to him. There is need of other methods for the entire mastery of truth, but there is great value and beauty in the historic method which Stanley followed: —

> In the turmoil of *a priori* reasoning, in the hurly-burly of men's speculations about what ought to be, let us welcome the enthusiastic student of what is and of what has been. The gospel in the ages must always be part of the same revelation with the gospel in the Bible and the gospel in the heart. We cannot afford to lose the softening and richening of opinions by the historic sense. The ecclesiastical historian and the systematic theologian must go hand in hand. "The word of the Lord which was given in the Council of Nicæa," says Athanasius, "abideth forever," but the personal History of the Council, which Dean Stanley has so won-

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 340 ff.

derfully told, is part of the word of God which comes from that memorable assemblage to all the generations.

Stanley's last volume on "Christian Institutions," Phillips Brooks especially admired for "its wonderful clearness and power," and as "making Christian faith and worship stand forth in calm and majestic simplicity." In an age of perplexity and disbelief Stanley stood high among the faithful souls who refuse to despair of the Church of Christ. As we read his "Christian Institutions" —

> it is as if we heard the quiet word spoken which breaks the spell of ecclesiasticism, and the imprisoned truth or principle wakes and stands upon its feet and looks us in the eye. The flush of life comes back into the hard face of dead ceremonies, and their soul reveals itself. Bubbles of venerable superstition seem to burst before our eyes; and we feel sure anew, with fresh delight and hope, that not fantastical complexity, but the simplicity of naturalness, is the real temple in which we are to look for truth.

He dwelt upon the work of Stanley in making the Bible live to a great multitude of readers. He had not only invested it with a fascinating interest, but he made it the Book of Life. Thus his work was constructive. As an American Mr. Brooks did not sympathize with the idea of an established church; but he refused to believe that there was any low Erastianism in Stanley's interpretation of the church-and-state theory. "It combined the view of Dr. Arnold with Maurice's inspired and glorified doctrine of the kingdom of heaven. His volume of 'Essays on Church and State' is a book which every religious student should read."

He recalled Stanley's personal charm, the charm also of his preaching, — a point on which he could speak with authority: —

> Apart from the beautiful simplicity of his style and the richness of illustrative allusion, the charm of his sermons was very apt to lie in a certain way which he had of treating the events of the day as parts of the history of the world, and making his hearers feel that they and what they were doing belonged as truly to the history of their race, and shared as truly in the care and government of God, as David and his wars, or Socrates and his

teachings. As his lectures made all times live with the familiarity of our own day, so his sermons made our own day, with its petty interests, grow sacred and inspired by its identification with the great principles of all the ages.

Of Dean Stanley's visit to America, and his first sermon in the New World, at Trinity Church, he says: —

He had been but a few days in America. It was the first time that he had looked an American congregation in the face. The church was crowded with men and women, of whom he only knew that to him they represented the New World. He was for the moment the representative of English Christianity. And as he spoke the solemn words, it was not a clergyman dismissing a congregation: it was the Old World blessing the New; it was England blessing America.

The article brought to Mr. Brooks gratifying letters from relatives and friends of Stanley. Dean Plumptre writes: "It is, I think, the truest and fullest presentation of his character that has yet appeared." Lady Frances Baillie thanks him for giving "such a living picture to the people of your country and to us all. . . . How *she* would have thanked you!"

After Stanley's death, the English friendships grew dearer and more intimate, — with Lady Frances Baillie, Sir George Grove, who had accompanied Stanley to this country, and with Archdeacon Farrar, through whom he kept his connection with the sacred Abbey unbroken, always preaching within its precincts at St. Margaret's whenever he visited England. Another friendship in England was formed at this time with Dr. Thorold, Lord Bishop of Rochester, afterward translated to the See of Winchester. On failing to find Mr. Brooks at home when he called upon him in this country, Bishop Thorold had written: —

You are so well known to me by your sermons and have so blessed me by them, I wanted to thank you face to face. They are my constant companions. Some of them, — the "Consolations of God" and the "Soul's Refuge in God," I almost know by heart. This morning I read the one on "Humility." As life

goes on I am always trying to grow new blood in the shape of new friends, and I had dreamed such a dream of a cup of tea with you to-night, to which I had meant to invite myself; and we should have soon found out that we had much in common. . . .

But I write chiefly to say, when you next come to England you must be my guest. I am very near London, Selsdon Park, Croydon; and I shall rely on your proposing yourself.

Part of the summer was spent in New Hampshire, where he recalled old associations connected with the familiar tour of the White Mountains. He speaks of the visit as "pleasant and pathetic. We have been watching the telegraph just as we used to do in the old war times, and the last thing we do before going to bed is to go down to the village and see what the President's pulse and temperature are. After a short stay at Mount Desert he returned to Boston.

The effect of the call to Harvard was to bring Mr. Brooks into closer relationship with the University. A temporary arrangement had been made by which he was appointed one of several chaplains, who were to take their turn in preaching at Appleton Chapel and in conducting morning prayers. Had he accepted the call to be the sole chaplain, he could not have felt more keenly the responsibility for the spiritual welfare of the students. In his devotion to the students he did not begrudge the claims upon his time. But the tax was none the less severe. "I am chaplain this week at Cambridge," he writes to Rev. Arthur Brooks (November 6, 1881), "and go there every morning for prayers. It is very pleasant, but it takes lots of time. I have to leave here at eight o'clock and do not get back till ten."

At the seventh Church Congress, which was held at Providence, in October, Mr. Brooks was one of the appointed speakers on the subject of "Liturgical Growth." It was a subject full of interest at the time, for it had been brought before the General Convention in 1880 by Dr. William R. Huntington, then rector of All Saints' Church in Worcester, and a committee had been appointed to consider the question of the enrichment of the Prayer Book. For long and weary

years the leaders of the Evangelical school had been asking for changes in the way of omissions, and also for greater flexibility in the use of the various services. These demands had been refused. There had grown up in the minds of many the feeling that the Prayer Book was too sacred to admit of alteration or change. Dr. Huntington's motion, however, had passed the convention and the subject was before the Church. It was distinctly understood that the purpose in view was not to alter the Prayer Book in the interest of any school of opinion, nor to make changes for the sake of change, or in order to adapt the Church to any changed condition of the time; but to enrich the worship by additions from the great treasury of devotions. There were some things which all alike would have been glad to see incorporated in the Book of Common Prayer. Whether this could be done without also making doctrinal changes, or without invading the Communion Office, was the question which agitated many.

To the Church Congress at Providence Mr. Brooks went with a determination to speak his mind on the subject of changing the Prayer Book. Others were suggesting what changes were desirable, and he, too, had changes to recommend. What he chiefly wanted was the formal recognition in the Prayer Book of the liberty of extemporaneous prayer. In his paper on "Liturgical Growth"[1] he pleaded for this permission on the ground that in a comprehensive church such as the Episcopal Church claimed to be, this element of power and flexibility should be included. It was not enough that a clergyman was already at liberty to make the extemporaneous prayer at the close of his sermon, — a liberty of which he freely availed himself. So long as the rubrics did not authorize it, he felt bound to refrain from indulging his preference, for he was scrupulous in adherence to the prescribed form and order. Yet it may be told here — for there are many who will remember it — how in saying the beautiful prayer which was a great favorite with him, — "O God, Holy Ghost, Sanctifier of the Faithful," he always included

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 96.

himself with the congregation, and changed "them" to "us:" "Visit *us*, we pray Thee, with Thy love and favor." He also changed the abstract expression "the truth" to "Thy truth:" "Graft in *our* hearts the love of *Thy* truth." Slight changes, but bearing witness to his passion for the personal relation of truth and his avoidance of the abstraction. Whether he were conscious of these innovations may be doubted. In some nervous impressible moment, on informal occasions, when he was quite at liberty to make such changes, they may have been stamped upon his memory, and grown unconsciously into a habit.

The paper on "Liturgical Growth" shows that he keenly felt the restriction which made it impossible to pray with an open heart at critical moments, when the freedom of the soul should be granted. Thus he was indignant, and also amused, that when the city of Chicago was in flames the General Convention, then in session, showed its sympathy and asked for the Divine aid by reciting the Litany, while the name of the city and the awful occasion were passed over in silence. Even the Roman Church possessed flexibility in striking contrast with this hard conservatism and immobility. To this defect in the Church he called attention in vigorous speech, denouncing the conservative habit as showing lack of faith in the principles of liturgical worship.

Upon one other topic he volunteered to speak at this same Church Congress, — a thing unusual with him, for when people were met to talk it was his custom to be silent. The Revised Version of the New Testament was one of the subjects for discussion. He listened to the objections to it by the various speakers, — its sacrifice of rhythm in style and of familiar expressions which had become dear. He listened till he could bear it no longer, and rose in his majestic presence to make his way to the platform.

The thing that is really upon trial, he said, is not the Revised Version but the Church. If a man is going to translate a book for me, the one thing I demand is scrupulousness, — the most absolute fidelity to details, the absolute binding of themselves to the simple question how they could most completely represent the

Greek in English, letting the question of literary merit take care of itself. That is the one great evidence of faithfulness to their charge which we had a right to ask of those men who undertook this responsible work, which work so far Christendom has stamped with its approval as to its accuracy. If a man came to me to-morrow, and wanted to know what Christianity was, to understand the words of Christ, I should be absolutely bound to give him the New Version and not the old one.

The great body of new Christians are reading the new book. God grant that our Church may not condemn us to read the old and faulty book in our churches, to the exclusion of the new and corrected one, and so lag behind, as we have done again and again, and only with a tardy run by and by come up abreast of the great dominant sentiment and the prevailing convictions of our fellow Christians.

This instance of his volunteering to speak without special preparation is not a characteristic one. Mr. Brooks was a man that usually weighed his thoughts and his words in long meditation beforehand. He was accustomed to qualify his utterance by considering the other side. He was quite alive to the truth which the late Master of Balliol had expressed in such perfect form, — that there might be more inspiration in the received version than in the original Greek. Nor was Mr. Brooks aware of the importance which others attached to his words, how he spoke now to the country at large, and not merely to his own religious fold. The consequence of these speeches at the Church Congress, especially of his remarks on the subject of Liturgical Growth, was an editorial criticism in "The Churchman" which sharply resented his strictures upon the ecclesiastical conservatism, not mentioning him by name, but referring to him as "a brilliant and popular preacher" who had recently been making some rash remarks. The use of the Litany, when Chicago was burning, was defended as the most appropriate thing to have done. How Mr. Brooks regarded the criticism is shown in a letter to his brother: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 6, 1881.

Dear Arthur, — I thank you very much indeed for your kind sympathy. The brutal attacks of "The Churchman" have kept

me awake o' nights and I have thought several times of either writing a reply or else committing suicide — but I have n't yet done either. The only consolation I have is that "The Churchman" seems to enjoy it, and that I have no doubt —— congratulates himself that the Church is still sound. One serious injury that the articles do me is that I don't feel quite as much at liberty to abuse "The Churchman," which has been one of my chief amusements. I am afraid now that people will think I am spiteful.

In the fall of 1881 Dr. Brooks published his second volume of sermons, under the title "The Candle of the Lord, and other Sermons." It met with the same reception accorded to the first volume, reaching a sale of over twenty-one thousand. The titles of the sermons are felicitously chosen, and linger in the memory. Most of them had been written in the seventies in the ordinary course of his preaching at Trinity Church. Out of the twenty-one sermons which the volume contains, the texts of nine are from the Old Testament, which is a large proportion. If this circumstance has any significance, it lies in showing his gift of the poetic imagination applied to the interpretation of life, the continuation of the spirit of his Philadelphia preaching. Phillips Brooks indignantly repelled the insinuation, that the Christian pulpit lingers too long among Jewish antiquities. He found in the Old Testament perpetual inspiration, the disclosure of the process by which God reveals his life to the world. These texts of sermons in his second volume recalls some of the most abiding impressions of his preaching: "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord;" "The good will of him that dwelt in the bush;" "And he said, Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee;" "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help;" "Curse ye Meroz, saith the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty;" "Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;" "Behold he smote the rock that the water gushed out and the streams overflowed. But can he give bread also? Can he provide flesh for his people?"

As we read these words of Scripture the preacher stands forth again in his strength with his insight into the deeper meanings of life. The bush which burned and was not consumed stands for the continuity of one's years; the joy of self-sacrifice is typified in ancient ritual, as when the "song of the Lord began with trumpets" at the moment of the burnt offering; to lift up one's eyes to the hills is to see all lower sources of comfort and consolation as having their origin in the highest, which is God; the curse which was upon Meroz is the curse upon human inactivity in any age whenever the crises of life are upon men; the accumulation of faith makes it possible to believe that God is as powerful in the present as in the past, — "He could overcome the worldliness of the eighteenth century, He can overcome the materialism and fatalism of the nineteenth century; as in ancient times He not only smote the rock that the waters gushed out, but He also provided bread for his people."

It is hard to speak of some of these sermons without speaking of all. But a few must be specially mentioned. There is the sermon on the "Manliness of Christ," which strangely touched the conscience of every one who heard it. The keenness of psychological analysis is here, going beneath the surface to the depth of the consciousness, as he probes it for the reason why men have failed to see the strength of Christ, who in his human personality was the manliest and the mightiest of men. The defect, and the cause of the defect, felt in the traditional portraits of Christ, is here made apparent.

The sermon on the "Law of Liberty," delivered many times, has in it a reminder of Chalmers and Bushnell, but does not suffer by comparison. No one who heard it can forget the closing passage, where he describes the judgment day as simply taking off the restraints of education and of social order, at last leaving each man free to seek his own place.

The sermon on the "Mystery of Light" gives a contrast between the two kinds of mystery, that of light and that of darkness. It is no more possible to measure the depths of

one than of the other. The object is to show that current popular objections to the doctrines of the Trinity are mistaken in considering it as a mystery of darkness, when in reality it is the dazzling, bewildering mystery of light.

This second volume of sermons, like the first, bears witness to that moment in the history of religious experience when, according to the familiar comparison, trite indeed but always most expressive, there was a storm on the ocean of life and much wreckage of faith. Then Phillips Brooks had stood forth as a commander to the people, pointing to the haven and the way by which it was to be gained. Thus on Thanksgiving Day, when his church overflowed with hearers who anticipated the value of the message to be delivered, he took for his text the words of the prophet Ezekiel: "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee." His subject was the need of self-respect as a condition for hearing the voice of God in revelation.

There are many passages in the Bible which describe the servants of God as their Lord's messages came to them, falling upon their faces to the earth, and in that attitude listening to what God had to say. . . . There is a great truth set forth in all these pictures. It is that only to human humility can God speak intelligently. . . . But in the passage which I have taken for my text this morning, there is another picture with another truth. "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee." Not on his face but on his feet; not in the attitude of humiliation but in the attitude of self-respect; not stripped of all strength, and lying like a dead man waiting for life to be given to him, but strong in the intelligent consciousness of privilege and standing alive, ready to coöperate with the living God who spoke to him; so the man is now to receive the word of God. . . . The best understanding of God could come to man only when man was upright and self-reverent in his privilege as the child of God.

If this be a truth, is it not a great truth and one that needs continually to be preached? The other truth is often urged upon us that if we do not listen humbly we shall listen in vain. But this truth is not so often preached, nor, I think, so generally felt, — unless you honor your life, you cannot get God's best and fullest wisdom; unless you stand upon your feet, you will not hear God speak to you.

With this introduction the preacher turned to pessimism, whose prophets were vehemently declaring that "human life is a woe and a curse, that the will to live is the fiend which persecutes humanity." Because unphilosophical men, who have no theory of life, are practically accepting this teaching, he proposes to show what the "will to live" must mean.

I am sure you know whereof I speak. In large circles of life, and they are just those circles in which a great many of us live, there is an habitual disparagement of human life, its joys and its prospects. Man is on his face. It seems to me that he must hear God's voice calling him to another attitude, or he is hopeless. "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee."

The year 1881 as it came to a close brought the usual commemoration days with their inevitable reflections. The friends of Mr. Brooks continued to insist that his birthday should be observed, though in the swift passage of time the years were coming which made it no more a pleasure. He was confused a little with the transition of life. A birthday should be a day of rejoicing. But as he entered the forties he began to sigh for the youth that was passing, and to realize that something had been lost. He was now forty-five. When he was reminded of the increasing wealth that came with maturity, the larger vision, the mature ripeness of the powers, he declared there was in them no compensation for that which was gone. There was a conflict going on in his soul as he measured the significance of the changes in the life of man, and out of this conflict were to be born some of the most valuable truths which it was given him to reveal to the world. Let the reader turn to his sermon on the "Manliness of Christ" and he will find him brooding upon this issue: —

It would seem, then, as if this truth were very general, that in every development there is a sense of loss as well as a sense of gain. The flower opening into its full luxuriance has no longer the folded beauty of the bud. The summer with its splendor has lost the fascinating mystery of the springtime. The family of grown-up men remembers almost with regret the crude dreams which filled the old house with romance when the men were boys.

The reasonable faith to which the thinker has attained cannot forget the glow of vague emotion with which faith began. . . . Who is not aware of that strange sense of loss which haunts the ripening man? With all that he has come to, there is something that he has left behind. In some moods the loss seems to outweigh the gain. He knows it is not really so, but yet the misgiving that freshness has been sacrificed to maturity, intenseness to completeness, enthusiasm to wisdom, makes the pathos of the life of every sensitive and growing man.[1]

This is but one of the passages scattered through his sermons where Phillips Brooks is telling the congregation before him what he would not speak of in the intimate intercourse of friendship. It was when these moods were on him that he took them to the pulpit, as to some Horeb or mount of vision, to test them there. What he could not tell to his people out of his own experience which would prove a source of strength and elevation and joyous triumph could not be true. Let the reader then turn to his sermon on the "Symmetry of Life," preached on Advent Sunday, where he gives the corrective of all depressing moods. His text was from the Book of Revelation, in whose mystic imagery his soul delighted, "The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, Christmas Eve, 1881.

Dear Johnny, — How many Christmas Eves we have spent together! Do you remember how we used to go up to St. Mark's and then come back and wander through the toy shops and look up children's presents, and then how you would go home and find father nailing up Christmas wreaths? Well, that 's all over, and here I am all alone with the Christmas festival safely over and the Christmas sermon done, and cheering myself up by looking at the mighty pretty little vase you have sent me, and by thinking how very kind you were to send it. I do thank you, and I do think it just as pretty as possible. It came quite safe and has taken its place among my treasures, and every club the fellows will see that the study looks a great deal brighter than it used to look, and will wonder what it was that did it. I do indeed thank you for all your kind thoughts of me.

Give H—— my very best love, and for you, dear Johnny, you know how truly I am your affectionate old brother,

Phillips.

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. ii. pp. 258, 259.

Watch Night had been kept as usual at Trinity Church, and on returning to his house in the first hour of the New Year he found a gift awaiting him from the members of the Clericus Club, — a bronze statue of John Baptist in the attitude of preaching. In this letter he describes one of the familiar meetings of the Club and speaks of the gift he had received: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, January 5, 1882.

Dear Johnny, — A Happy New Year to you and Hatty and Josephine and the Baby! I have been meaning to write you a beautiful letter, but somehow the sermons have got all my time and all my lovely thoughts. What a lot of them (the sermons) there have been! Thank you for sending me your Advent sermon, which I enjoyed exceedingly. It was a delightful sermon, and I envy the people who hear such sermons always. Pray send me everything of yours that goes into the papers. The Club went off first-rate. There were sixteen men here and Bradley's paper was capital. Parks and Percy got a foul of one another in the discussion. Willie Newton turned up when we were halfway through. Charles Richards stayed here all night, and altogether we had a first-rate time, barring your absence which was very bad. Did you know that the Club made me a splendid New Year's present of a bronze John the Baptist, who stands upon my centre table now? It came in just after the watch meeting on Saturday night. We have called Kidner to succeed Killikelly and he has accepted. Jim was up yesterday and Parks is going to preach in Appleton Chapel next Sunday morning. You will come down and spend a night or two soon, won't you? But send me word beforehand or I 'm awfully likely to be away.

Good-by, Johnny.

Affectionately, P.

In this month of January Mr. Brooks undertook with enthusiasm the task of soliciting subscriptions for a memorial of Dean Stanley to be placed in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. The subject had been first suggested at a meeting held in the Chapter House on December 13, 1881, to commemorate Stanley's birthday. At that meeting the American minister, Mr. James Russell Lowell, had been present, making one of those felicitous speeches which pleased the hearts of Englishmen. It had then been suggested that

the opportunity be given to friends of Stanley in America to contribute to the memorial already determined upon in England, — the completion of the Chapter House, — by supplying one of the great windows, for which Stanley had already furnished the designs. With reference to this point Dr. Bradley, the successor of Stanley, wrote early in January to Mr. Brooks and a few others, asking that the amount required, £1000, should not come from three or four rich persons, but from a large number. So quickly did the response come in to Mr. Brooks's appeal that by the month of March some three hundred persons from all parts of the country had sent in subscriptions whose total amount exceeded what was called for by several hundred dollars. In a letter to Dean Bradley, in which was enclosed a bill of exchange for £1064 9s. 10d., Mr. Brooks requested in the name of those subscribers whom he had been able to consult, that the surplus, if there were any, should be given to the Westminster Hospital and Training School in which the Dean and Lady Augusta were so deeply interested. To Lady Frances Baillie he wrote: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 15, 1882.

Dear Lady Frances. — I want you to see one of the small tokens of the way in which our dear friend was honored in America. So I send you the list of names of the people who, without urgency, have contributed most gladly and often most eagerly to the window in the Chapter House. It has been most delightful to see the feeling with which people have sent their small or large sums. The subscriptions have ranged from one dollar to one hundred, many of the givers not being able to afford more than the single dollar.

You will know many of the names: Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Adams among our oldest public men; Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier among the poets; Parkman and Bancroft among the historians; Emerson, the philosopher, who was most glad to make his contribution; the Bishops of Massachusetts, New York, Michigan, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Nebraska; clergymen of all sorts, Episcopalians, Unitarians, Baptists, Congregationalists; men of business, college students, and professors, and then a great many who have simply read the Dean's books and have personal gratitude for him. You will no doubt recognize more than

one who have enjoyed the delightful hospitality of the Deanery, which nobody ever forgets.

I hope that you are well, and I know that the months must bring you more and more of peace and thankfulness. I wish that I could hope to meet you this summer, but, though I probably shall go abroad, I do not think that I shall be in England.

Will you remember me most kindly to your children and to my kind friends at Megginch Castle, and believe me, dear Lady Frances,

Always sincerely yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

On January 13 Dr. John S. Stone died at the age of eighty-six, almost the last of the great leaders of the Evangelical school. To his death Phillips Brooks refers in the following letter: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, January 28, 1882.

DEAR COOPER, — You know, I suppose, that dear Dr. Stone has gone. Last Friday afternoon he took his dinner as usual and very shortly after had a stroke of paralysis from which he almost immediately became unconscious. He lingered through the night, and the next forenoon at about eleven o'clock without any return of consciousness he passed away. He has been pretty feeble lately but very bright and happy. I saw him about two weeks ago, and he was lying on the sofa in his study, as cheery and full of fun as ever. He spent his days there, without pain, till the stroke came, and I believe he died in the study where you and I saw him a couple of years ago.

It was a beautiful old age and death. On Monday the funeral service was held in the Chapel and his body was taken to Greenwood.

What good old days those were which it brings back, when he used to come down to Race Street and when he used to come and sit in the chancel of Holy Trinity. Well! Well!

He was very fond of you and always talked of you when I saw him. I wonder what he will be like when we see him again.

Ash Wednesday fell on the 22d of February. It had been the custom of Mr. Brooks in the earlier years of his ministry to confine the Lent services to Wednesday and Friday of each week. That was then the prevailing usage. But a change had taken place; there was multiplication of ser-

vices till they were held every day of the week, and in Passion week each day was observed by two and even three services. Mr. Brooks accommodated himself to the change, but with some misgivings. He humorously remarks in a letter that he is wearing out the bricks between his residence and "the meeting-house." He writes to Mr. Cooper accepting an invitation to preach at the consecration of the Church of the Holy Apostles in Philadelphia, and expressing his doubts about Lent: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 2, 1882.

Dear Cooper, — Of course I 'll preach at the Holy Apostles on the evening of the Second Sunday after Easter. That 's half the fun of coming to Philadelphia. I am depending immensely on my visit. When the services get a little thicker than usual I say to myself, in six weeks I shall be in Cooper's study. . . . That cheers me up and I go on with the services again. I do believe you are right about Lent. We have got the thing a great deal too full and complicated. No one service amounts to much in the way of exciting thought or feeling, and the whole long stretch of services grows tame if not tiresome. Besides this there has got to be a sort of rivalry between Parishes, as if the one which had the most services were the most Godly flock and shepherd. Men get each other's "Lent Cards" and compare them, to see who is doing the most "work." There 'll be a great collapse some day. Meanwhile we are keeping on with two or three services a day and counting on the Second Sunday after Easter. When that comes we 'll talk things over and set the whole world right. . . .

After Easter Mr. Brooks showed signs of physical weariness. He continued to say of himself that he was as well as ever, but he knew and admitted that he needed a complete change, and a long one. The subject was mentioned to the wardens and vestry of Trinity Church. He had not yet made up his mind definitely how long he should wish to be absent from home, but intimated that he might possibly conclude to ask for an entire year. The answer of the Proprietors of Trinity Church was prompt and generous. These were the resolutions they adopted, drawn up by the late Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, and presented by Colonel C. R. Codman: —

Resolved, That the Proprietors of Trinity Church, deeply grateful for the invaluable services which have been rendered us by Mr. Brooks, during the more than twelve years of his rectorship, and fearing that he may be in need of a longer and more continuous rest from his devoted labors than he has even yet been willing to allow himself, desire to express their sincere wish that, in going abroad this Summer, he may not feel bound to limit his vacation too narrowly, but may be at perfect liberty to linger in other climates for the Autumn, Winter, and following Summer, if he shall deem such a stay more likely to bring him back to us with invigorated health and strength for the work which we count upon so earnestly in future years.

Resolved, That the Wardens and Vestry be instructed to communicate the foregoing Resolution to Mr. Brooks, with full powers to make any arrangements which may be agreeable to him, and to assure him that much as we should regret even a temporary loss of his services, we should still more regret to deprive him of the rest and recreation which he needs, and which he has so richly earned.

Boston, April 10, 1882.
Easter Monday.

Just before sailing for Europe Mr. Brooks wrote this letter to Mr. Cooper: —

June 20, 1882.

Dear Cooper, — While I am waiting for the carriage which is to take me to Europe my last letter shall be to you. I got your good kind letter yesterday, and it was like the Benediction I had been waiting for, the last blessing, which I had half hoped to get on board the Servia at New York, but your dear old handwriting is the next thing to it.

What lots of good times we have had together! Race Street and the mountains and the lakes and the Tyrol and Switzerland and Paris and Boston and Spruce Street for twenty-two years. And now it seems as if you ought to be going with me. The journey does n't look lovely or attractive this morning, but of course it will all brighten up by and by and there will be lots to enjoy, but the best of it all will be getting home again. So keep well and young and strong so that we may have still a lot of talks together.

Thank you, dear Cooper, for your long friendship and unfailing kindness. May God be good to you as you have been to me.

Well, well, a year from next September.

Good-bye, Good-bye. P. B.

CHAPTER XVI

1882

PLANS FOR THE YEAR ABROAD. GERMANY. CORRESPONDENCE. RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS. EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOK AND FROM JOURNAL OF TRAVEL

It seemed to Mr. Brooks a simple and natural thing to do when he asked for a year's leave of absence from his parish. It was the rule at Harvard to grant its professors this privilege once in seven years. And among the clergy it was not uncommon, especially in large city parishes where the strain of labor was severe, to seek this mode of relief. But when it was known that Phillips Brooks was to be absent for a year, that his voice was to be silenced during all that time, people wondered, and were amazed, and even alarmed. They were asking of him and of one another why he should go away. It seemed inexplicable that he should stop preaching when the world was waiting to listen. How great the work was which he had been doing he did not realize, nor was there any one then who could tell him. In reality he had been leading people in all the land through one of the darkest, strangest crises in religious history. The popular gratitude and devotion to him seemed overwhelming in its length and breadth and depth, but it must have been only in proportion to some service of immeasurable value he had rendered. That at such a moment he should withdraw himself seemed unreasonable. There were fears that something was wrong. Vague rumors were in the air. An interruption like this of his unprecedented work seemed to portend disaster. In the forecast of the future, it was feared he might not return. When he was asked, as he often was, why he was going, he answered to some that he wanted a change;

or to others that he had been giving out for a long time and he would like to stop for a moment in order to take in. But his answers seemed unsatisfactory. No one felt that it was necessary for him of all men to be in such need. He had made them realize the meaning of the words that it was more blessed to give than to receive. But there was another side of the truth, that one must first have received in order to give; and one must continue to receive if one would have the reward of giving.

A few words of comment upon the situation are required. They must take the nature of surmise, for he was silent while all were talking, as he had also kept rigid silence during the public discussion of his call to Harvard, and at every other turning point in his life. It must then be said that his health was in danger from the severe and prolonged strain of his twelve years' ministry in Boston. There were no impending signs of physical collapse, but the danger was real. He had no misgivings about his health, and when the subject was alluded to would simply remark that he wanted a change. But he had been undergoing a strain during these years, to which flesh and blood were not equal, no matter how perfect their organization in the human body. People marvelled sometimes at his powers of endurance, but for the most part were content to accept the fact and to rejoice in it, as in the regularity of natural phenomena.

When we stop to think of what he had gone through, we recall the unbroken line of wonderful sermons, each one better, so it seemed, than the last. It was no slight task for him to be always equal to himself. Those who thought that it was as easy and natural for him to preach great sermons as it was for the sun to shine are now seen to have been mistaken. Others could not have done it at all, but neither could he accomplish it without the life going out of him. To this must be added that he usually preached three times every Sunday, that he preached once a week beside in the Wednesday evening lecture, and in addition to this very often on other days in the week as the call came to him. There were also the occasional addresses of which it is useless to attempt

the record. But they were numerous, for he was wanted in every direction, and where he was wanted he went. He was accustomed to go abroad for his vacation; he had gone six times in these twelve years, while the other six summers he stood in his place in Boston, preaching to the strangers that were passing through the city, or to the toilers who stayed at home because they were unable to leave. He carried the responsibility of a large parish, involving innumerable calls on his time and strength. This was the inevitable strain under any or ordinary circumstances. But it must be remembered that those years of the seventies were also no ordinary years. He was watching the trend of thought and discovery, as it necessitated changes in his own attitude to meet the spiritual need of the hour. Those who lived through the seventies realize, now that they have passed away, the trial and strain to faith and to life which they brought. Materialism, fatalism, pessimism, agnosticism, were words which describe the moment. To lift the world above them into the light of faith was the task which had been assigned him. To this end he must cultivate the larger faith in himself. He lived through the strain, but the virtue which went out of him was a drain upon the vital powers. For multitudes of people he had been living vicariously; they were content so long as he believed.

Then again, he had suffered, and it cost him to suffer, from the loss in such rapid succession of his father and his mother, and at last of Dr. Vinton. The world was changing to him. There was inward agony as he adjusted himself to the new stage of his life when he was to be henceforth without a home. The situation was the harder because he was not married, and would be forced to realize what loneliness meant. Had he been married he would not have felt as keenly as he did the changes of this mortal life. They would indeed have gone over him, but with compensations which he never knew. His large heart, with its vast capacity for affection, was hungering for human love. He should have married, and yet perhaps he knew that if he had now attempted to give himself to one, the spirit of the world which held him for its own

would have resented the attempt and made it impossible. He realized that he was losing the richness and the consolation and the gift which God so freely bestows on others, but did not vouchsafe to him. But he pondered the more deeply on what it was to lose these gifts divine, which constitute the joy of life, and out of his musing came comfort and hope for others.

It is evident that the health of Phillips Brooks was now in danger from the lack of exercise or some method of relaxation from the incessant strain of life. He felt the need of it the more as the opportunities for it diminished. He clung to the Clericus Club as offering freedom to an overburdened man; where there was no danger that he should be misunderstood as he unbent himself in the amusement which some of its members, himself among them, were wont to furnish. He was a member of the Saturday Club. He took an active part in the formation of the St. Botolph Club in 1880, whose object was social, artistic, and musical. For a few years after its establishment he went occasionally to its weekly gatherings.

But there was no diminution apparent in the seemingly boundless vitality of Phillips Brooks. He will be recalled at this time as carrying that manner of boisterous mirth which has heretofore been mentioned to an almost abnormal extreme. If he suffered at all, or were lonely, or ever knew what depression meant, the world would not have guessed it. He seemed to be the very soul of joy. His coming was always and everywhere the signal for an outburst of wild hilarity. His very presence on the street seemed to have power to carry happiness and content to hearts that were heavy. "It was a dull rainy day, when things looked dark and lowering, but Phillips Brooks came down through Newspaper Row and all was bright." This was one of the items in a Boston daily paper.

His presence in a house was so exciting that it seemed to penetrate every part of it, and the effect was long in subsiding after he had left. When he took his journeys, the tumult began from the moment he landed at the station. He walked

up the street, the observed of all observers, though he did not know it; people turned to look at him and stood and watched while he stopped at the windows of shops and made humorous comments on their display, or paused at posts or signboards to read notices and to detect or fabricate some absurdity or incongruity which provoked his laughter. When he reached the house he threw family discipline to the winds. He would call in a loud voice for the children, regardless of considerations of convenience, and when they came their elders passed into the background and the scene of revelry began. He would incite, or seem to do so, the children to revolt and disobedience, as though law and order in the household were a sham; but he deceived no one, least of all the children. To them it was some fairy scene, some picture from "Alice in Wonderland," where all things were reversed or lost their normal relations. To considerations of personal dignity of bearing he would become oblivious, as when he would romp on the floor or stand as Goliath for some small David of a boy to use his sling. This was his amusement and recreation, so far as he had any. But at times there seemed to be something almost desperate about it all, as though he were striving hard to escape from his influence for a moment or to throw off the burden he was carrying.

But the worst of the situation was that he had little time for quiet reading or thinking. Only by the strictest economy of his opportunities could he have managed to read as much as he did. This diligent improvement of the casual hours, coupled with his power of taking in so quickly the purport of a book, still enabled him to do what to others seemed a large amount of solid as well as of discursive reading. Thus he placed books before him and read while he was shaving. Twice, as we have now seen, he had endeavored to obtain for himself a mode of life in which there would be leisure for thought and study, — in Philadelphia, where he wished to accept the offered chair in the Divinity School, and again in Boston, when he was called to Harvard. "The years," he would say, "are not so many as they were." Time was flying and there was much that he wished to know. He admit-

ted there were great questions which he wished to think out for himself. He may have fondly recalled that second year in the Virginia Seminary, when the intellectual world in all its splendor first opened to his view. We may surmise all this and other things to fill in the picture. He seemed to tell nothing when he answered those who asked him why he was going, but in reality he told all there was to tell. Some deep instinct impressed him with the necessity for a change which should be as prolonged and as thorough as opportunities in this world would allow, and he would fain secure one long year for study and reflection.

The plan for spending the year abroad included a sojourn in Germany, India, and England, giving some three months to each country; and it also provided for a short tour in Spain, to glance at its monuments and churches. It was a plan for study, but he proposed to study from life as well as from books. He wanted to know for himself, by personal inquiry and observation, how the world was thinking and living at a moment so significant in its history. He found it hard at first to realize that he had a long year before him.

> And so the year of wandering has begun. It is not easy yet to realize that it is more than a mere summer's journey, but every now and then it comes over me that the gap is to be so great that the future, if there is any, will certainly be something different in some way from the past. I don't regret that, for pleasant as all these past years have been, they don't look very satisfactory as one reviews them; and although I am inclined to put a higher value on their results than anybody else would be likely to do, they have not certainly accomplished much. I should like to think that the years that remain, when I get home, would be more useful. There is surely coming, and it has partly come, a better Christian Day than any that we or our fathers for many generations have seen. One would like to feel before he dies that he had made some little bit of contribution to it.

He went attended by his friends Rev. W. N. McVickar and Rev. James P. Franks; Mr. Richardson, the architect, and Mr. John C. Ropes were also fellow passengers. The appearance of three such men together as Brooks, McVickar, and Richardson, all of them far above the average in their

stature and physical proportions, was the occasion of humorous anecdotes, in which the humor ran beyond the actual fact. Their stay in England was brief, and Mr. Brooks preached but once, at St. Botolph's Church in old Boston. He was invited to speak at the English Church Congress and his name was advertised, but owing to some delay in the mails, there was misunderstanding which prevented his keeping the engagement. In London he went to Stanley's grave and had much talk about him with Lady Frances Baillie. He called upon Burne-Jones, the artist, and William Morris, the poet. The arrangement was here made with Mr. Richardson to visit southern France and Spain. Architecture under these circumstances must be the main interest, but "art, life, and scenery," he writes, "shall not be forgotten." The journey was a delightful one, including Provence, with its wealth of old Roman remains, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, Bologna, Ravenna, and then Venice. "I think that I enjoyed," he writes, "the re-seeing of old places almost, if not quite, as much as the discovery of new ones. The deepening and filling out of old impressions is very delightful." At Venice the delightful party began to break up, Richardson and his friend Mr. Jaques, then a student of architecture, of whom all became very fond, taking their way toward Spain. With McVickar and Franks he went to Paris, and after a few days together, he was left alone to follow out his plan of study. On August 28, 1882, he writes: —

> After three pleasant days together in Paris, they have gone this morning, and I am all alone. It has been a delightful summer, and now I feel as if my work began. A week from to-day I hope to reach Berlin, where I shall stay for some time. I am very anxious to study, and the prospect of unlimited time for reading opens most attractively. I do not feel as if it were a waste of time, or mere self-indulgence, for all my thought about the work which I have done for the last twenty years, while it is very pleasant to remember, makes it seem very superficial and incomplete. I do not know that I can make what remains any better, but I am very glad indeed of the opportunity to try.

How he felt on being left alone is evident from this letter to McVickar: —

August 29, 1882.

I tell you it was a lonely fellow that walked back in the rain all the way from the Gare du Nord to the Hôtel de l'Empire last Monday morning. It seemed all wrong that I had n't got in with you. I had a sort of feeling of having missed the train. I felt like a fool, and I have no doubt I acted like a fool, and so I called myself a fool. It is better now, and I am looking forward to a very pleasant winter. But did n't we have a good time? I like to sit and think about it all, and one by one the queer, delightful scenes come up, and I find myself laughing all alone at the Brionde kitchen or the St. Nectaire Church, or the night on board the Indian, and then to think that it 's all over and poor little Jimmie is already crawling sideways down the channel in the Malta. I never shall cease to thank you for coming.

Before leaving Paris he wrote this letter to Mr. Robert Treat Paine: —

Paris, August 29, 1882.

My dear Bob, — I have come to a sort of a way station on this long journey and it seems as if it were time for me to report myself. Besides I want to have a talk with you, and if you were in Mt. Vernon Place and I in Clarendon Street, I should come up and spend the evening with you. This is a very poor substitute for that, but it is all I can get.

To talk about myself, then: the summer journey is over, and you have no idea how good it has been. We went down almost to the gates of Rome, and saw the beauty of northern Italy at its most beautiful. My eyes swim with light and color now. We went also into southern France and saw a great deal of soberer beauty, — quiet old towns, and queer, quaint churches, and kind, dirty people. Richardson was with us till we reached Milan, and then went off into Spain, where he is now. You should have seen the man in Venice! The wonder is that any gondola could hold such enthusiasm and energy, or that he ever, having once got there, came away. Fortunately he has been very remarkably well all summer, and has been most capital company. McVickar and Franks are both old friends, of whom I am very fond, and they made the summer even more delightful, and Mr. Richardson's small friend Jaques was always pleasant and kept the money accounts. We sent you a counterfeit presentment of the party. Did you get it? You will find Richardson glowing with splendid projects for Trinity. A front Porch, a Chapter House, and the great Piers to be covered from top to bottom with mosaics. You

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will listen with interest, and dream as I do of how more and more beautiful the dear old Church may be made from generation to generation.

Now I am going to Germany, and for a good while to come I mean to be very quiet in or about Berlin, certainly somewhere in Germany. I still mean to start as near the 1st of December as possible for India. . . .

Well, my dear fellow, I think of you all constantly. What a good time we have had together for the last thirteen years. For myself, I am almost scared when I think how happy my life has been. And now, when it seems as if a new period of it were beginning, I have no wish except to go forward and trust the same good God. Your life, too, has been very bright, I know, and in the heart of your deepest sorrows there must lie some of your brightest hopes.

My best love to your wife and children.

Your and their friend, P. B.

To the Rev. Percy Browne he commended the interests of the Clericus Club while he is away: —

You won't let the Club flag this winter, will you? It seems to me that we all owe so much to it; and while we have grown used to it and don't think so much about it as we used to, it has never been better than in these last years. . . . You don't know how pleasant the old life looks from this distance, when one understands that he is to get nothing of it for a year. What good times we have had! and how few the dull and disagreeable spots have been! May the winter be as bright as possible, and yet I hope you may find room to miss me a bit.

One other pleasant incident remained, however, before the real work should begin. At Cologne he met his brother Arthur travelling with his wife; and of this he writes: —

HANOVER, September 4, 1882.

The great event of the last week was the meeting of the waters. Two Brooks boys, Arthur and I, came together in the ancient city of Cologne. It was Thursday evening when it happened; Arthur had started that morning from Mayence and come down the Rhine, — the way you know, — and I had started from Paris, at an awful hour, and come all the way through by rail, and we met in the hall of the Hôtel d'Hollande at about eight o'clock P. M. We had a long talk that evening, and the next morning we went

through the sights of Cologne once more. Then we took rail to Aix la Chapelle, and I saw that again in this new company. I had been there once before this year with James and McVickar.

Then we went to Maestricht, where we spent the night, and saw a queer cave. Then we came to Brussels, with various experiences on the way, and once more I found myself in that very familiar town. There we spent a very quiet, pleasant Sunday, went to church, and talked to each other a great deal. Late last night we bade each other a long, long farewell. This morning I was called at half past four, and have come to-day (passing through Cologne again) as far as here. . . .

I have started my journey three or four times already. Now to-day it really has begun. I have said good-by to my last relative, and there is nobody else whom I have any engagement to meet until I land in New York a year hence. I am quite alone. To-morrow I am going to Hildesheim and Magdeburg, and the next day to Berlin.

While Mr. Brooks was in Germany and India he wrote a large number of letters, many of them long letters, in which he spoke much of himself, giving expression to his thought and feeling in a most unwonted degree. He seems to have felt at last, in his separation from home and friends, the absolute necessity of letter-writing for his own satisfaction. Not since he was at the seminary in Alexandria do we get such a complete picture of the man. In the twelve years of his life in Boston, his letters had been comparatively few, short, and conventional, so that only through what was said of him by others, or by what personal allusion might be read in his sermons and other published writings, do we get any strong light upon his character. Some of these letters, which he now writes, but mostly those of a lighter character, have been included in his "Letters of Travel." Even these, however, are always characteristic in their quality. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said of these published letters that only after reading them did he feel that he knew the man. In them we see the great child-heart and the exquisite humor, as he writes to little children, — his nieces Agnes, Gertrude, and Susan, who were to him as his own children, or the other little nieces in the home at Springfield. While he was away he carried all the interests of his life at home close to his

heart, — the Clericus Club, Trinity Church, the households of his friends, and the varying phases of ecclesiastical life. Many of his friends at home charged themselves with the duty of writing to him often, so that he could easily follow the familiar stream of the things he loved.

So voluminous is the correspondence and other material during this year abroad that it would require a considerable volume to contain it. Only a small part, therefore, can be given here.

To the Rev. Reuben Kidner, one of the assistant ministers at Trinity, in charge of St. Andrew's Church, he writes: —

BERLIN, September 9, 1882.

I am sorry to know that the ecclesiastical world of Boston is being stirred up again by troubles at the ——. It seems sometimes as if the world outside the Church must get to think of it solely as a field for the scramble of small ideas, and small men for prominence and precedence. We know how small a part that plays in church affairs. The —— people have worked conscientiously and faithfully. Their ideas seem to me to be vastly fantastic, and their whole conception of Christianity is one that I cannot enter into at all. But I think it is a great pity when anything happens which would make these people seem what they are not, — partisans ready to quarrel with each other for personal preëminence.

But I am talking about all this at a distance and quite in the dark. Very likely I do not understand the case at all. At any rate there is nobody here in Berlin whom I can ask about it. The people in the streets look as if they had never heard of the ——, many of them as if they had never heard of Boston. They are discussing whether the Jews have any right to live here, and whether there ought to be such a thing as property, and whether there is a God. There is plenty to interest one here, and having settled myself quietly after a summer of hurried travelling, I shall probably be here for some time.

Early in September Mr. Brooks had reached Berlin, taking up his residence there for some two months, but in the mean time visiting other university towns, Giessen, Leipsic, and Heidelberg. For Heidelberg, where he spent two weeks, he felt a strong fascination, as combining beauty of scenery with history and with thought. It was unfortunate that the

universities did not open till the middle of October, so that he missed in consequence conversations with many distinguished men to whom he carried letters. Thus he writes from Berlin, September 17: —

I am going out to dine at Wansee (which seems to be a sort of Berlin Brookline) with Baron von der Heydt, who is going to have some of the Court preachers to meet me. A good many other people have called on me, and talked about German things and people; so that I see all I want to see of folks, and the days are only too short. Unfortunately, the university is closed, and the professors are all off on vacations, so that I miss many men whom I should like to see.

Here are some hints of how he passed his days, of the effect upon him of being for a moment associated with men whose whole time was occupied with speculative thought and learned investigation.

I get up in the morning and breakfast at eight o'clock; then I go to my room, which is very bright and pleasant, where I have a lot of books and a good table, at which I am writing now. Here I stay until eleven or twelve, reading and studying, mostly German; then I go out, see a sight or two, and make calls until it is two o'clock. Then I go to Dr. Seidel, my teacher, and take a lesson, reading German with him for two hours. Then it is dinner time, for everybody in Berlin dines very early. They have North Andover fashions here. Four o'clock is the table d'hôte time at our hotel, and that is rather late. After dinner I get about two hours more of reading in my room, and when it is dark I go out and call on somebody, or find some interesting public place until bedtime. Is not that a quiet, regular life?

This week I have been like a college student, going to hear what the great men have to say about theology and other things. I have German enough now to follow a lecture quite satisfactorily, and you do not know how I enjoy it. Of course I have not taken up any systematic course of attendance. My time is too short for that. I only roam round and pick up what I can and fill it out with reading from the books of the same men, a good many of which I have. There are four thousand other students here in Berlin, so that one can go and come in the great university quite as he pleases, and be entirely unnoticed. . . .

It is very pleasant to see how quietly and simply these scholars live, and what cordial, earnest folks they are. I have also seen something of the ministers, but I do not think I like them so much as the scholars. German religion seems to be eaten up with controversy, and is hampered everywhere by its connection with the state. There is much work being done here, and the thoroughness of their real scholars makes me feel awfully superficial and ashamed.

To Rev. Arthur Brooks he writes more fully of what he is doing: —

October 12, 1882.

Dear Arthur, — I have been as German as I could, and while I have no revelations to make about the tendencies of German theology, I have been quite successful in seeing what I wanted most to see, and if we could sit down and talk about it all together I think I could be very interesting, but I shall not try to put it in a letter. I will only say that every one who seems to know best gives strong assurance that there is indeed a strong awakening of religious thought in Germany, and while very much calls itself Christian here which would puzzle the House of Bishops and makes even the broadest of us open his eyes, yet still a candid and respectful interest in Christianity and a decided disposition towards a theistic explanation of the world and man have largely gained, and are still gaining, among men who think about religious things at all. In Berlin everybody says that Lotze is the truest representative of the prevalent tendency in Metaphysics, and his death so soon after he came there to teach is almost pathetically lamented.

That he had been greatly impressed by reading Lotze is evident from the following important letter: —

Berlin, October 29, 1882.

Dear Arthur, — I got a real good letter from you yesterday, which told me all the things that I liked most to hear and made me feel as if we were very near indeed together. And I wanted to write off at once and tell you so and report myself to you, but I am only at it now after your letter has been almost two days with me. For this morning I went to preach at the American Chapel, and after service I met your friend Evart Wendell, who is a very nice boy, and he came home to lunch with me; and then he wanted me to go home with him and see the photographs that he had bought, and so the whole afternoon got used up, and

here it is Sunday Evening. Understand that Wendell sent his best love to you, which I hereby give. I am now back something over a week here in Berlin, and my time here draws to a close. Just think of its being two months since we parted in Brussels! Of that time about half has been spent in Berlin and the rest in other parts of Germany. On the whole I have been as successful in carrying out my rather vague plans as I could anyway have hoped. I have been only unlucky in being rather too early for the universities, which did not begin their lectures till last Monday; so that I have not had much of that sort of life, and the vacation time also prevented a good many men whom I should have liked to see from being at home. On the other hand I have found people everywhere most accessible, and although very few of the theologians speak English they mostly understand it, and the study I have had here makes their German quite intelligible. Both in such lectures as I have heard here in the last week and in the conversations which I have had with men in various places, I have found no real difficulty. In Halle and Heidelberg and Leipsic I have found interesting people and got pretty good ideas of what theologians were at. A thoroughness of Exegesis which is beautiful, and an inquiry into the Old Testament History which makes it very living, and a rearrangement of dogmatic statements in philosophical systems: — these are their great works. The books which I have read with considerable struggle are the new "Life of Jesus" by Weiss, of Berlin; the "Life of Luther" by Köstlin, whom I saw at Halle, which is the last great work on the Reformation; the "Christian Belief and Morals" of Pfleiderer of Berlin; and, above all, the lectures of Hermann Lotze on the "Philosophy of Religion" and on the "Foundations of Practical Philosophy." Then I have dipped into Schleiermacher, of whom I knew nothing before. But Lotze is the most interesting of men. I wish you would get somebody to translate his "Grundzüge der Religionsphilosophie," — somebody who knows German well. It is a little book, the mere notes of one of his students from his lectures, which has been published this year in Leipsic. If I knew enough German to be quite sure that I was n't making him say just what he did n't mean to I would translate some of it myself, for it is full of as rich sound meat as any book I ever read, and with my poor German knowledge I know I have got at the gist of it. The way that people speak of him here is very impressive. I have heard one or two lectures from his successor Zeller, who is also an interesting man. It is the jolliest thing, this University. There it stands wide open and anybody can go in to any lecture that he chooses. I have heard Dillman and Weiss and

Pfleiderer, who are the best of the theological people here except Dorner, who is the Nestor of their faculty, but is now very ill and off at Baden-Baden. The city preachers, of whom I have seen several, seem to be very earnest but not very inspiring men. On the whole I feel as if there were not in Germany just the type of man whom we have in England and America, — the really spiritual rationalist or broad Churchman, the Maurice or the Washburn. Their positive men are dogmatists and their rationalists are negative. Such men there must be somewhere, — successors of Schleiermacher on his best side, — but nobody seems to be able to point them out, and except in vague and casual approaches I have failed to find them. Outside of theology I have made some very pleasant acquaintances. I have seen a good deal of Baron von Bunsen and his family. He is the son of the Bunsen of many books, the Chevalier, and is a very charming man, and his house is always full of pleasant people. Lately I have seen something of Hermann Grimm, the translator of Emerson, and the author of Goethe's Life and of Michael Angelo's. Then there is a most hospitable doctor (Abbot) who has been here for many years, and whom I knew when I was here seventeen years ago, whom I have found a kind friend and at whose house I have seen lots of nice people. All this about my Berlin life, but I hoped you would care to know what had come of my venture. Now I leave here on Wednesday for Dresden, and then Prague and Vienna and so to Venice, whence I am booked for the Poonah, which sails for Bombay on the 1st of December.

Is your new church coming on to your satisfaction? How I should like to be where I could hear all about its details and know what all the knotty points are which you will have to settle. Do get in a bit of La Farge glass somewhere. It is too splendid a chance to be neglected now when you have such a wonderful genius living at your doors who may die any day. The more I see of what work in glass is being done abroad, the more remarkable his work appears. Just think of Trinity Church, Boston, being on fire the other day! Do you know young Peters, the son of your friend the Reverend Doctor in New York, who came to see me the other day in Leipsic? He seemed to be a fine fellow, an enthusiastic scholar and a wise broad Churchman. Surely, there ought to be some place for such a man in some one of our seminaries.

To Professor A. V. G. Allen he writes, with reference to an article on the "Renaissance of Theology in the Nineteenth Century:" —

VIENNA, November 13, 1882.

MY DEAR ALLEN, — I have been reading this evening your article in the "Princeton Review," and before I go to bed I want to tell you how deeply I am delighted with it. Its great idea, the distinction between the *extra*-mundane and the *intra*-mundane conceptions of God's revelation, has happily grown familiar to multitudes of us in their own thinking under the half-recognized influence of the disposition of our time. Little by little we have awaked to the knowledge that we had attained to such a richer and worthier idea of our relationship to God. Not least among the delights which it has brought has been the sense of how with it belonged all the best, the most characteristic work of the human mind in our time, from Emerson's essay on the Oversoul to Darwin's teaching of the constant presence of live, creative force in nature. Of course this truth, as opposed to the Napoleonic conception of Deity, verges toward Pantheism. All the Orthodox ministers of Germany say that Schleiermacher was a Pantheist, as some Englishmen say of Coleridge. But it has been a great joy to find how in such a more intimate knowledge of God a nobler and realler sense of His Personality has ever come.

All this has been familiar to many of us. But to trace the history of the Christian thought upon the subject, and to show that in the knowledge of God that is true which the Alt-Katholiks have claimed so barrenly to be true of Christian institutions, that the youngest is the oldest, and the last the first, — this you have done beautifully in your essay. Henceforth I am an old Greek. I wish that you would develop that part of your Essay, the presence of this better theology before Augustine, into a book. It would be a flood of light to many souls.

But I only wanted to thank you, and to say how glad I am with all my heart, away off here, that you are teaching our youngsters in Cambridge. God bless your work.

I hope that you are all well and happy. You ought to be.

In two weeks now I am off for India, but I shall think of you from the Ends of the Earth.

With best remembrances to your wife and boys.

Ever your friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

It is interesting and important to note that Phillips Brooks was impressed by Lotze's philosophy. We have seen that in his youth it was the philosophy of Lord Bacon which influ-

enced him. For the abstractions of speculative thought he felt no attraction. There is no evidence that he ever made any effort to understand the purpose of Hegel, though one sometimes encounters in his sermons thoughts which are akin to those of the Hegelian philosophy. But they may have an independent origin. There are also traces in his sermons of the influence of Plato, as in the sermon on the text, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount" (Hebrews viii. 5).[1] On this sermon, which was preached in England, at old Boston and at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, an English clergyman remarked to him that it was not what was wanted in England. The influence of Lotze was to raise the question whether the intellectual formula at any moment was adequate for the full and final expression of the content of human soul, of human faith and belief. That one did not come to the truth solely by the intellectual process had always been one of the ruling ideas of Phillips Brooks. But in the first stages of his development, he has assigned the lead to the reason. In his lectures at Yale College on the "Teaching of Religion" he had assumed that truth came first to the reason, then from the reason to the feelings, and finally from the feelings to the will. In some degree that had been the law of his own growth. His temperament was predominantly intellectual, and in the early years of his ministry this tendency was prominent in his preaching. But as he passed through the struggle of the seventies, he found more and more that men must believe through the cognitive power of the feeling, — those deeper instincts of the human constitution which do not originate so much in the mind as in the heart, or in the experience of life. With this growing tendency in himself, he found Lotze in harmony, as also in another direction which he was forecasting, that the reason had been given a predominance in modern philosophy which obscured or subordinated the mighty function of the human will.

While Phillips Brooks was in Germany he seems to have been profoundly moved by the intellectual environment. It

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. iii.

was a time with him of most intense activity, affecting the whole man, as he was engaged in translating into terms of life the thoughts with which his mind was teeming. He appears as reviewing his experience, religious and intellectual, in the light of a more satisfactory philosophy. He enters in his journal a series of connected statements regarding his religious beliefs, prefacing it with the words: "I want to try to draw out in order and connection those personal convictions about religious truth which have slowly and separately taken shape in my mind." The paper was not exhaustive, and as these words quoted indicate, it was the working of his individual experience which he was seeking to trace. Upon this point something remains to be said in another chapter. It is interesting also to note how his mind assumes a devotional tone in dealing with theological problems. To this beautiful and impressive paper, the reader will now turn : —

1. GOD.

Man does not seem to reach the idea of God by any conscious process. All conscious processes appear to be either the subsequent analysis of what has gone on already unconsciously, or else the support which study and thought bring to a conviction which already exists on other grounds; very much as the filial impulse or instinct finds itself supported by many considerations of human nature and society, but was not *made* by any of them.[1]

If we look into this first idea of God, which seems self-born, a direct impulse of the heart of man, its origin, I think, will be found to lie in a transference by man to the universe of that one sole primal cause of which he has any knowledge, which is *will*. This is a very simple transference and is made almost unconsciously. Man finds only one stopping place in tracing back the claim of cause and effect in his own activity. That stopping place is in what seems to him to be truly an uncaused cause. When, then, he pictures to himself the stopping place of the chain of cause and effect in the greater world of active life, then, too, he thinks that at the beginning must lie *will*.

This seems to be to man a supposition to be verified by experi-

[1] Alle Beweise sind blos Rechtfertigungsgründe für unseren Glauben und für die bestimmte Art, in welcher wir dies höchste Princip meinen fassen zu müssen. Lotze, *Grundzüge der Religionsphilosophie*, § 5.

ence. God is first to the world, and to some extent to every man a Working Hypothesis. It is in the way in which this working hypothesis seems to meet, and abundantly cover, all the events of life and conditions of the world, that man finds himself justified in accepting it as true.

Of course for every individual this process is not merely in large part unconscious, but it is also complicated with *tradition*. Each man receives the result of the process as it has gone on in the minds of men before him, and often it is by the greater or less tendency to traditionalism (that is, to the acceptance of the testimony of previous men) which is in different men's dispositions that they are led to adhere to or react from the witness which this process bears to the existence of God in their own minds.

We must not understand *will* too narrowly. It includes the whole creative force in which there is an element of affection and desire, and so this testimony is not distinct from, but includes, the impulse which man feels to believe in a God, because he craves to be loved and to have some interested purpose outside of himself governing his creation and his life.[1]

2. REVELATION.

How does such an Idea of man arriving at the Idea of God by the examination of himself affect the doctrine of a Revelation?

In the first place, it *is* a Doctrine of Revelation. When man has thus reached the Idea of God he adds almost of necessity the notion that God *meant* that he should reach it. God's first revelation of Himself must be in human nature itself. All other kinds of revelation would be useless unless this lay behind them all. There is here the first appearance of the truth that man is the *Child* of God. Both the wish and the possibility of God to show Himself to man in man's own nature are involved in the Idea of Childship. To no being but a child could such a revelation from the Father come.

The traditional element, of which I spoke, makes the access to the knowledge of God seem all the more a revelation. God seems to the man to have been using not merely this man's own self, but the selves of other men and the great self of humanity, to make Himself known to this one of his children.

But with this first revelation (which is often not called a Reve-

[1] Im Gegentheil hat das religiöse Gefühl immer die *expansive Liebe*, die zur Mittheilung ihrer Seligkeit an andre Wesen drängt, als das Motiv der Schöpfung angesehen. Lotze, § 52.

lation, but is spoken of, by way of contrast, as a part of natural religion, — an unreal distinction) then the expectation of other revelations immediately follows. Man cannot think of God existing and creating *him* without thinking also of God making some effort to communicate with His creature.

The result is a searching curiosity to find God's communication, which, whatever fantastic form it takes, is still valuable as testifying to the fundamental conviction of man that there is a God and that He will speak. It takes form in the belief in Visions, Oracles, divinely written Bibles, and more vaguely in an undefined idea that at the origin of human life God must have said, in some way, things to man of which man has preserved the tradition.

The degree of truth in each one of these is a separable question from the fact of *a* truth being resident in them as a whole. In this, most religious men, however they may hesitate about each particular Vision or Bible, are always tending to believe.

Still in close association with what I said about man's finding God's first witness in himself (i. e., in man), there is always a half-consciousness that it must be *in human life* that the truest and fullest and deepest revelation of God is given. No other paper is fit to hold that awful writing. Hence all great religions, however they may rely upon their sacred books, have also their sacred *man*, their Prophet or Saint, in whom God is supremely shown.

This comes to its completeness in Christianity.

3. CHRIST.

The Principle of Christianity is that God was in Christ. Not a revelation by a *Book*, but by a *Being*. This the point to which all disturbances of literal faith in the Book are tending, and so in this there is no tendency to deny or to depreciate the true humanity of Jesus, but rather a necessity of exalting and emphasizing it.

The *Possibility* of such supreme manifestation of God in Jesus must lie in the essential nearness of humanity to Divinity. Such revelation in a person could not take place in any person which did not thus naturally belong with God.

Hence it is not strange that there should be much in the lives of the best men which seems to be identical with the life of Jesus. In them, too, there is the capacity to manifest God. In them, too, God is endeavoring to manifest Himself. Here is the true key to the inspiration of Thinkers, Poets, and Saints.

And this has been always and everywhere, so that Religion has been in all times and places. What we call the heathen religions

are thus real utterances of God. After man has passed beyond mere fear and the adoration of Power in the forms which seemed to him to represent it (as, for instance, the heavenly bodies), wherever he has tried to come into the genuine companionship and communion of a Great Father, there has been a vision of the same truth which became completely manifested in the Incarnation. Therefore we ought to welcome and not disparage every resemblance between heathen religions and our own, and find in them the point of approach to heathen minds. Christ certainly is to be thought of, not primarily as a revelation of God's will or intended *way*, but as a revelation of God's character.

This does not do away with the *separateness* of Jesus, but only shows the way in which His separate life becomes a possibility. His seemingly contradictory name, the "only begotten Son of the Father," seems to contain this double idea of the uniqueness of His life and at the same time its being the consummation of the life of man. The testimony to its uniqueness is in His own words as historically recorded (of which I will speak later when I come to treat of the Bible) and in the solitary strength of His influence.

His miracles are to us not so much the *proofs* of the separateness and superiority of His life (whatever they may have been to his contemporaries), as they are the natural and altogether to-be-expected utterances of it in its reaction upon the material world. Supposing such a special presence of God in any human life, it would seem altogether likely that that life would have a peculiar relation to nature, perhaps a peculiar mode of entrance on the mortal career and a peculiar mode of departure from it, as well as peculiar power over it during the intervening years. Thus the question of Christ's miracles becomes purely an open question of historical evidence.

In this view the higher power over nature which belongs to man as God's utterance in the world, compared with the lower power over nature which the brutes possess, is also of the nature of miracle. The recognition on our part of the means and processes of the exercise of that power seems not to change the nature of the case, and the miracles ascribed to other men than Jesus (using the word "miracle" in its ordinary sense) become the natural expression of God's superior life in them and are also pure questions of history. There is no antecedent presumption against their truth. The supernatural is only the manifestation of a higher nature and so is natural.

Hence, also, no man who believes in them can reasonably deny the possibility of present miracles.

I cannot but think also that the whole present tendency of

physical science, which, with its theories of evolution, dwells upon the presence in the world of nature of a continually active formative force, is in the line of Christianity. Christ not merely taught that the divine Power was always at work in the world. He *was* Himself that present active divine power, and so, in some sense, not merely made miracles seem occasionally possible, but made all events seem miraculous, which is not the abolition of the idea of the miraculous any more than the flooding of the world with sunshine is an extinction of the sun.

4. PRAYER.

The revelation in Christ of the intrinsic relationship of man to God furnishes the true ground for the Idea of prayer, the presence of prayer outside of Christian influence being, as in the other points mentioned before, an indication that the essential truth of Christianity is everywhere present in the world. Prayer, as Christ, not merely by His practice and precept, but by His nature, makes it known to us is the entire expression of loving and dependent sonship, — the complete resting of the life of man upon the life of God, of the child upon the Father. While Petition will be certainly included in the utterance of this, it will not be limited to petition. Confidence, love, sympathy, thankfulness, all will be part of Prayer. And when Petition comes it never will be absolute, but always conditioned on the higher knowledge and complete love of the Father to whom the Prayer is offered. See the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done," and the Prayer in Gethsemane, which is the pattern of all petitions.

In this view the so-called "difficulties of prayer" by no means disappear, but are seen to be identical with the difficulties of moral life in general. They are not involved in any relation of a subordinate to a superior will, one working within the other. They do not make prayer impossible or unmeaning any more than the difficulties of free-willed life make choice and action impossibilities or fictions.

The evidence of the reality of Prayer and of its efficacy must lie not in our recognition of its specific answer, but in our assurance of the nature of the Being to whom it is offered.

5. ATONEMENT.

Of such a revelation of God in a human life what should we say beforehand would be the results? First, Suffering to the Humanity in which the Revelation is made; and second, Recon-

ciliation or assertion and establishment of the essential oneness between God and man. The first of these is accidental, belonging to the special circumstance of human sin in the midst of which the Revelation must be made. In a pure, though imperfect humanity the Revelation by Incarnation might be painless. The second result is essential, and must come under whatever circumstances God thus showed Himself to man.

In other words Atonement by suffering is the Result of the Incarnation ; Atonement being the necessary and Suffering the incidental element of that result.

But Sacrifice is an essential element, for Sacrifice truly signifies here the consecration of human nature to its highest use and utterance, and does not necessarily involve the thought of pain. It is not the destruction but the fulfilment of human life.

Inasmuch as the human life thus consecrated and fulfilled is the same in us as in Jesus, and inasmuch as His consecration and fulfilment of it makes morally possible for us the same consecration and fulfilment of it which He achieved, therefore His Atonement and His sacrifice, and incidentally His suffering, become vicarious.

It is not that they make *unnecessary*, but that they make *possible* and successful in us the same processes which were perfect in Him.

The Vicariousness of Jesus is of the same sort with and has its distant repetitions and illustrations in the Sacrifices by which the men in whom God is most revealed open for other men the way to God and the divine life.

6. THE BIBLE.

If the true revelation of God is in Christ, the Bible is not properly a Revelation, but the History of a Revelation. This is not only a Fact but a necessity, for a Person cannot be revealed in a Book, but must find revelation, if at all, in a Person.

The centre and core of the Bible must therefore be the Gospels as the Story of Jesus. There is no necessity of supposing them to be other than the natural records of the events of the life of Jesus which they appear upon their face to be. The critical discussion of them has in the larger part confirmed their genuineness and authenticity. The Fourth Gospel has sufficient claims to be accepted as the work of John; but even if that were doubtful there would be abundant authority in it as issuing very early from the Church's consciousness and tradition and holding the Church's loyalty of faith.

The course of our thought with reference to the Gospels is this:

(1) They set before us the character of Jesus in such way as demands our supreme honor for His knowledge and His truthfulness. (2) Then *upon His own word* we accept His higher claims; there being, as I have already said in speaking of Him, no antecedent impossibility or even contrary presumption.

The Epistles have their natural value as the commentary of those most likely to know the mind of Christ, or what He was and did and said.

The Old Testament gets its value from the New. It is the story of the gradual shaping of the world for Christ. For the purpose of giving this story there is brought together the whole literature of the very peculiar nation in whose midst He came. That literature consists of History, Poetry, Biography, Essay, and Discourse. It was formed under the same laws under which all literature is formed, only made peculiar by the facts that (1) the Jews were under special divine training for a peculiar purpose, and that knowing this fact themselves they were (2) very careful of their national Records, and (3) very anxious to find signs of the divine interposition in their affairs.

There is in these facts nothing to prevent the occurrence in the Bible of mistakes or misconceptions; on the contrary, there is strong reason to believe that certain great tendencies (e. g., love of the miraculous) will distort special facts, while the great spiritual current of the story will be preserved more faithfully than that of any other ancient history.

Inspiration is primarily in the events with which the Bible deals; secondarily in the nature of the Bible writers; only through these in their literal words. It was a noble story told by noble men. So comes the nobleness of the narrative. The Bible claims nothing else for itself. We must not give it qualities which simply seem to us necessary. It is the word of God, speaking not through passive trumpets, but through living History and acting characters.

7. MORAL LIFE.

Taking the Bible thus, not as a series of oracles but as the utterance to the world of the Revelation of God in Christ, its treatment of man's moral condition and hope is clear.

Its great characteristic is that it is positive and not negative. The Idea of Jesus is of a true personal moral life for every man, which belongs to every man as the son of God, to which by his deepest nature every man tends, from which sin hinders him, into which he is to be set free. It is the need that every man should

thus fulfil his own true life which makes the obligation, and must ultimately make for every man the attractiveness, of *duty*.

While this is the distinctive New Testament Idea of Duty, the other Ideas of Duty have their true place. Always "mere morality," as it used to be called, is included and involved, not set aside by the Gospel. Such motives as the fear of the consequences of sin, the honorable gratitude to God, the regard for the well-being of humanity, the instinctive sense of the beauty of conforming to the moral law, are freely used to surround and sustain the central motive which comes of the soul's revealed possibilities. Indeed some of these motives may be considered only as other forms of this motive.

The entrance into this deeper consciousness and into the motive power which it exercises is Regeneration, the *new* Birth, not merely with reference to time, but with reference also to profoundness. Because man has something sinful to cast away in order to enter this higher life, therefore Regeneration must begin with Repentance. But that is an incident. It is not essential to the idea. A man simply imperfect and not sinful would still have to be born again.

The presentation of sin as guilt, of release as forgiveness, of consequence as punishment, have their true meaning as the most personal expressions of man's moral condition as always measured by, and man's moral changes as always dependent upon, God.

8. PERSONALITY.

Christ's whole conception of life is Personal. Every man is a true and distinct will and nature. There is no shadow of Pantheism or Fate in His teaching. It is the union of this clear sense of personality with the full declaration of God's all-pervading life which makes the greatest wonder and power of His life and doctrine. It is put forth in His teaching of the Father and the Son. Here is the strong irreconcilable issue of Christianity and Buddhism.

This personality of Christianity is involved in the fact of its being a moral religion, and not a system of ideas or a condition of feeling. It is in moral life, in responsibility and duty, in personal attainment of character and personal suffering for sin, that personality becomes clear.

We want to be very clear, in speaking of Christianity, about the real meaning of Salvation. Only when it means the release from sin and the attainment to holy personal *character* does it keep the essential peculiarity of Christ's teaching, which is personality.

9. THE CHURCH.

The struggle of man for personal character directly and consciously pursued must to some extent defeat itself. It must become self-conscious and selfish. Men's social relations giving birth to constant duties are provided for the training of character in self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness. Man forgets even to question about his own growth in goodness while he serves the souls connected with him and the great whole of humanity.

Although society gets its value from the individuals of which it is composed and has no existence apart from them, yet as made up of them it is capable of being conceived of as a Being, with duties, with rights, with character, able to be developed indefinitely in wisdom and goodness.

It is this ideal society which Christ contemplates when he established the Christian Church. In other words the Church is simply the Ideal world. A perfect church would be a perfect world. The church is imperfect so long as it is not coterminous with the world.

The church therefore possesses no real existence or character except those of the men and women who compose it.

The sacraments in their largest view are *human* rites, that is, they indicate the universal facts of humanity.

Baptism is the declaration of the universal Fact of the Sonship of man to God.

The Lord's Supper is the declaration of the universal fact of man's dependence upon God for supply of life. It is associated with the death of Jesus because in that, as I said, the truth of God giving himself to man found its completest manifestation.

10. DEATH.

The soul which has lived in society passes through death alone. Death is the point where it is reminded of its individuality and where the points of its life in society are gathered up. This is the real criticalness of Death, the way in which it becomes proper to speak of it as a Judgment Time and of the period which precedes it as Probation.

The continuance of Life *through* death is the natural assumption of humanity, conscious in itself of something which the apparently wholly physical phenomenon of Death seems not to touch. Man believes in continued existence because the burden of proof seems to him to be upon the other side and no one has proved that death ends all.

According to the strength and clearness of the sense of personality will be the strength and clearness of men's belief in Immortality.

The ordinary argument for immortality, like that drawn from the need of moral adjustments, of the need of rewards and punishments, never could create the Faith. They are only its occasional helpers in its weaker moments.

The Resurrection of Jesus has power in assuring our resurrection, in the fact that it confirms and illustrates that expectation which the consciousness of our own personality had produced.

Here, as in other cases, the sense of our own personality in some weak times will resort to and rest upon the sense of individual personal life which is strong in other men, and which, as I said, was supremely asserted first in Christ's own self-consciousness, and then in the way in which He treated the lives of other men. This is one of the deepest ways in which He "brought Life and Immortality to light."

11. ETERNITY.

The more natural Death seems the more truly the world beyond Death will seem to be one with the life on this side of it. Christ, therefore, in redeeming Death (which we must remember was a true *re*demption or bringing it back to its ideal self) redeemed also Eternity.

At the same time, death, while not the end of Life, must certainly be a very significant event *in* Life, and therefore there may well be a criticalness in it which will make it a true time of Judgment.

There is no possibility of logically denying the eternal continuance of sin and suffering. It is bound up with the continuance forever of free will.

On the other hand, there is no possibility of asserting it, for that, too, assumes a determination of men's free wills which has not yet been made and which nobody can know.

This life is probationary, but only as every period of existence is probationary with reference to the times which follow it. It is not ended in a fixed decree, but in a more strongly assured character.

Heaven is the soul finding its own perfect personality in God.

The activity of the Eternal Life must be intense. Stated philosophically, it will be the soul working without resistance or reluctance in perfect harmony with its surroundings. Stated religiously, it will be the child reconciled in perfect love to the

Father and serving Him in the delight of love forever. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast!"

The strong undercurrent of Phillips Brooks's life during the year abroad was religious. Natural scenery, art, architecture, historical monuments and inscriptions, everything relating to famous men, the customs and manners of people, the course of ordinary life — in these he was deeply interested. But beneath them all he was seeking for the spiritual meaning of human existence in this world. He took the opportunity which his leisure gave him to study the life of Luther, visiting every spot connected with his career. He made himself the possessor of many of the original editions of the great reformer's writings, surprised to find that they could be bought so cheaply. Köstlin's "Martin Luther," which had just appeared, was eagerly read. Next to Luther in his admiration stood Goethe. He studied the Second Part of Faust, and witnessed an attempt to reproduce it in the theatre, which he pronounces a failure. He devoted much of his time to Lessing. He had long been familiar with Lessing's ideas regarding the education of the human race, but he now gave himself up to a thorough study of that most suggestive work, "Die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts," writing out in his note-book an abstract of each one of its paragraphs.

Much of his time was given to writing in his note-book the thoughts with which his soul was glowing or the impressions he was receiving. Not for many years had he done such systematic work in recording what passed through his mind.

The lateral and terminal moraine, — that refuse of misconception, superstition, etc., which an old institution or faith throws off on its sides as it moves while it is still living, and that which it leaves as refuse at the end after it has exhausted itself and perished.

The heaven of Truth lies deep and broad and still,
And while I gaze into it, lo, I see
Some human thought, instinct with human will,
Gather from out its deep serenity.

Awhile it hovers, changes, glows, and fades,
  Then rolls away; and where it used to be
Naught but the heaven of Truth from which it rose
  Looks down upon me deep and broad and free.
So have I seen, shaped in the noontide blue,
  A floating cloud attain to gradual birth,
And then, absorbed in that from which it grew,
  Leave only the great Sky which domes the earth.
What are men's systems, thoughts, and high debates
  But clouds which Truth creates and uncreates?

Standing in the cloud and seeing the dew upon the mountain tops in front of us.

The sad story of the earnest minister who went to give himself to study so that he might be more useful. And as he learned more and more his faith more and more decayed, until at last he was a learned skeptic, and knew himself that he had destroyed the vessel in filling it with its true wine. The awful dilemmas which his life must have presented to his mind.

The truth and value of George Eliot's remark in "Romola," apropos of Savonarola, that it is not always the strongest spirits of a time who are most free from its superstitions. The illustrations in one's own time.

"Show thy servants thy work and their children thy glory" Psalm xc. 16 (Prayer Book version). One generation doing a piece of the work of God, and the next generation seeing how splendid it is.

The day returns, and street and lane
Throb with the human life again;
As if one poured the rich, red wine
In the dull glass and made it shine.

The mosaic work, whose pieces being long they can cut the mass across at various points and find the same figure or face less a quarter in size, but keeping the same expression. So perhaps of various ages in history.

"Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." The answer of Christ. The cry of dissatisfied men who only need more impulse and "go" for a complete change of thoughts and

principles; when what they want is only to put to use more conscientiously and vigorously what they have.

In Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," when Gessler's cap is on the pole the priest comes with the host and stands beside the pole, and the people bow themselves down to that and so avoid the appearance of disobedience.

As the one test of a well-tied knot is that it shall be so tied that the more the strain is put upon it the stronger it holds.

As when you fling your window open on the crowded street it seems as if the noises then began.

The way you sit in a great square in some foreign town (Erfurt) and see the monument of some dead local hero, but do not care to go and examine it, sure that you would know nothing about him; but yet you get a clear and deep and pleasant feeling of past life and history from it all.

The blessed little towns which have no *sights*, where you may just wander about the streets and take it in.

Herder's Wahlspruch, — "Licht, Liebe, Lehre." It is on his tombstone in Weimar and on the scroll which he holds in his hand in his statue in Herder Platz.

Text: "Living or dying, we are the Lord's."

Text: "And my people love to have it so." The final critical decision of what the preaching is to be is in the people.

Text: "And what shall be done in the end thereof?" The culmination of processes. The "entering wedge." The danger and duty of anticipation.

One of the old Heidelberg professors in the Jesuit days used to say, "wenn die Fragen der Schüler ihn in die Enge brachten, 'Unus asinus plus potest negare quam decem docti probare.'"

"No fine view to-day," says the guide who shows the castle; "there is too much cloud." And so the glory of the cloud view goes for nothing. His one idea is that the greatness of a view is measured by the distance you can see. Sometimes you can almost see Strassburg minster eighty miles away. So talk often the

guides into the regions of truth. But constantly it is the very clouds that make the landscape most worth studying.

In the old church which fronts the square,
By the third altar in the southern aisle
There hangs a picture radiant and fair,
The Virgin Mother with the heavenly smile.

Then describe the same picture standing there still, even in the dark with no one to see, but the same beauty in it all the while. The blessing of knowing it is there. So of God's unseen grace.

Comparison of the people to a fountain (Warzburg Schloss Garden, Sunday afternoon, October 15, 1882). The constancy of it, though its particles are constantly changing. The constant effort to go higher and yet the ever undiscouraged failure. The power proceeding from a mysterious and hidden source — the power telling on each separate particle, yet seeming to move the whole as one mass, etc.

The figure of the "Stream" of time (or life) is true not only in other respects but also in this, that it expresses the constant change along with constant *identity* which life possesses.

Text: "He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." This text in the light of the idea that original utterance of God's true prophecy had ceased since Ezra's time, and that since that, "Halacha, Midrash, and Hagada had become the forms of all literary effort." (See Robertson Smith, *Old Testament in Jewish Church*, p. 141.)

"A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me." Text for sermon on the passage through darkened periods of Life and Faith.

Lessing's "Der Junge Gelehrte" must be more than an amazing farce. In it we certainly can see two things, one temporary and local, the other universal and eternal. The universal teaching is that mere pedantry is not true learning, and that life, no less than books, has lessons for the learning man. The local application must be to a state of Germany in his time, when the studying people, filled with the new enthusiasm of study, were often using it foolishly, as if it were a valuable and noble thing for its own sake, — the crude condition of the ordinary German student in those days, of which we see many signs.

In all this travelling one is overcome and oppressed with the multiplicity of life. The single point where we stand is so small, yet it is the best and dearest of all. I would not for the world be anything but this, if I must cease being this in order to be that other thing. But I would fain *also* be these other things, — these College Students, these soldiers in their barracks, these children playing round the old fountain, these actors on their stages, these merchants in their shops, these peasant women at their toil, these fine ladies with their beauty; I want somehow, somewhere, to *be* them all! and the simplicity, the singleness of my own life, with its appointed place and limits, comes over me oppressively. Where is the outlook and the outlet? Must it not be in the possibility, which is not denied to any of us, of getting some *conception* of life which is large enough to include and comprehend all these and every other form in which men live, or have lived, or will live forever? And is not such a conception to be found in Christ's large truth of God the Father? Oh, to preach or hear some day a worthy sermon on "In Him we live and move and have our Being"!

This morning as I looked up at the castle [Heidelberg], the sun streaming through a vacant windowpane just caught a branch of autumn vine and made it burn so that it seemed as if the room within was glowing with the light of fire. All the rest was dull and brown and sombre. Only this one window shone like a lighted palace window on a winter night. It was as if Frederick and Elizabeth had come back to the Englishe Bau again.

Text: "Till the time of the restitution of all things." Acts iii. 21. Pointing to a great *return*, but not to a previously realized condition of things, which would be terribly disheartening — rather to that ideal conception of things which is the true "before," the antecedent of all intelligible being. Apply to Genesis.

You complain of the details of life and duty, but after all they are to the great principles what the countless objects of the Earth's scenery are to the sunlight, the points of manifestation. What a world empty of everything but sunlight it would be! That would be a life with noble principles, but no details of duty or lines of small events.

Oxenstiern's speech to his son, "See, my boy, with how little wisdom the world can be governed."

The present condition of our churches is something like an orchestra tuning up. Each instrument trying itself altogether by itself. Some time they must all strike in together and the great Symphony begin. The high unselfishness of the instruments in an orchestral piece.

The way in which each speaker in a play must make the situation ready for the player who is to follow him, prepare for his speech or action.

Text: "The Son of Man cometh like a thief in the night; watch therefore." The whole subject of suddenness; nothing is sudden and yet everything is sudden. Examples in history, Christ, Luther, Darwin, — the illustrations which you 'll find in your own life. The value of the knowledge of this in bringing about the true *poise* of temperament. Expectation without terror, a sense of naturalness and wonder together.

Sermon on the verse about the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day.

Text: "Sacrifice and meat offering Thou wouldst not, but my ears hast Thou opened." Ps. xl. 8. Sermon on God's love for intelligent worship and for a desire after the truth upon His people's part.

Text: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." The absolute creed that only by belief in something higher should man master the lower. Oh, the necessity of *loving* purity and great thoughts about great things, not merely being *driven* to them. This the child's salvation from brutal vice and infidel cynicism. Point also to the men who are overcome by the world for want of Faith.

In connection with the above think of the great danger of abolishing that for which we give no substitute. Sometimes it must be done, and the development or discovery of the substitute must be left to wisdom and power greater than ours, but there is always terrible danger.

We in America have no complete substitute for the military training which we rejoice to be free from. The mercantile rivalry is not a substitute. It lacks the possible self-devotion and nobleness.

The "Rundschau" for October, 1882, contains a most interesting address delivered by Professor Haeckel, of Jena, in September, 1882, at the meeting of German naturalists and physicians in Eisenach. It is called "Die Naturanschauung von Darwin, Goethe, und Lamarck." It is really a eulogy on Darwin. It opens with an allusion to the place of meeting and a claim that the New Era which Darwinism opens is a fit successor to that with which Eisenach and the Wartburg must always be associated in connection with Luther. It is interesting to think what degree of truth and what amount of fallacy there is in this. Luther's protest in behalf of freedom was indeed the opening of a new world, but its real value was measured by the worth of the positive authority to which he appealed. Darwin's protest against the crudeness of popular Creationism must be his real claim to remembrance in spite of the very striking letter from Darwin to one of Haeckel's pupils, which the Professor quotes, in which Darwin says that "Science has nothing to do with Christ." It may perhaps turn out after all that Science has wiser teachers than the Great Scientist knew, that Christ's truth of the Father Life of God has the most intimate connection with Darwin's doctrine of Development, which is simple, the continual indwelling and action of Creative Power.

I do believe that it is a real test of men's character to ask yourself whether you can think of them in connection with their mothers and fully realize the association. The greatest, the wisest, the oldest, if only they have kept simplicity and freshness, if they have genuine reality and truth, will easily enough allow such thoughts. But the sophisticated, the unreal, the vicious and untrue, repel them. You cannot bring the mother thought home to them. It does not seem as if they ever had mothers. Try it with the thorough-going man of the world and you will see.

Some people seem to have almost exactly the influence of *Music*. It is an inarticulate influence. It does not communicate ideas, but it creates moods. It is incapable of analysis. Men ask you to give an account of these people's power over you, and you cannot. You tell your story and the listener asks, "Is that all?" and wonders at your delusion. All that you can do is to say, "Come and see," as after vainly trying to describe the power of a piece of music you take your friend to hear it. All influence of man over man, however rich it may be in the imparting of ideas and the awakening of the moral sense, seems to be incomplete unless there is in it something of this musical power of creating moods.

Stein had great contempt for what he called *metapoliticians*, who are, as Seeley in his "Life of Stein" defines it, "those who stand in the same relation to politicians as metaphysicians to the students of nature." The same feeling which crudely and coarsely breaks out in our time against the "scholar in politics," those "damned literary fellows." There are reason and unreason in it both.

Text: "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." Spoken in perfect honesty. A naïve expression of the worldly man's sense of the difficulty of life and of the inadequate equipment of merely spiritual natures to cope with it. "I really do not see what the world would come to if all men were Christians." Let us see.

Text: 2 Cor. v. 11. "We are made manifest to God and I trust also to your consciences." The two great objects of the true man's appeal.

Text: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." A sermon on the need of essential purity, unselfishness, and loftiness of purpose as a condition for all special entrance into the Reality of Things, which is *God*.

The beasts in a zoölogical garden always trying to get out; their pathetic, brutal inability to be convinced that it is hopeless. You come back after years, and there is that same bear walking up and down just as you left him, trying the same bars, and never giving up the hope that somewhere he may find a gap. It is the dim memory of savage free life — nay, see how even the beasts born in captivity, who have never known by experience the freedom of the desert, they too are at the same endless undiscouraged effort to escape.

Apply to man's everlasting working away at the problems of existence. (Berlin Zoölogical Garden, October 27, 1882.)

Like the bear in his disgraceful humiliation begging for nuts.

The remembrance which we leave behind us when we die only like the blue smoke which floats off from the candle for a moment or two after you blow it out.

Launce, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," says, "Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable." So some people give out their new ideas about religion.

What was the dream which long ago
  Filled this sweet face with pensive pain?
What pity at some tale of woe
  Or longing for some hopeless gain?

Gone are the dreamer and the dream,
  Yet still among the things of earth
The pensive pain, like sunset's gleam,
  Outlives the sun which gave it birth.
  (Picture by Bronzino, in the Dresden Gallery.)

In the palace of the Countess Nostitz, at Prague, is a most curious picture by Van Eyck which singularly illustrates the way in which mysticism opens on the one side into coarse materialism, as we see so constantly in the history of the church. Christ stands literally in a winepress. On His bent back the great board is crowded down by the great screw, and out of the gash in His side the pressure drives a torrent of blood which flows into the vat in which He stands. Out of mouths in the sides of this vat the blood comes flowing in smaller streams, and angels catch it in cups and hand it to the faithful all about, who are drinking it before one's eyes. Yet there is nothing in all this horrible realism which is not easily enough matched in the writings of Calvinistic and Romish theologians.

The Franz and Carl of Schiller's "Die Räuber" is another illustration of that disposition to disparage respectability as against vagrant generosity which is always appearing. It is the same thing whose real key we have in the parable of the Prodigal Son.

The nature of the cause in which heroism is shown does not affect our honor for the heroism itself. We do not like confession, but the constancy of this St. John Nepomuk, who would not reveal to Emperor Wenzel (1383) what the Empress had told him in the confessional, wins our honor nevertheless.

In the old castle at Prague the Bottle-Shaped Dungeon, where they put victims for starvation, has in its floor a hold leading to a lower cavern still. When any prisoner was put into the horrid place the dead body of the last occupant was thrust into this hole and there decayed, the new wretch dying in the horrid stench of his predecessor's corpse. So sometimes with doomed Ideas and Institutions.

The English minister at Prague compelled every week to send his text to the police authorities; sometimes compelled to send his whole sermon too.

Like a bell buoy got adrift and ringing wildly all over the ocean.

The conversation of Jesus with the woman of Samaria comes out very strongly as the type of the narrowness of orthodox conservatism (in this case combined with a life of sin) set over against the breadth which had its root in first principles. "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain, and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship;" "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, a woman of Samaria?" How often I have heard this sort of talk from the true sectarian. And then the richness and depth of Jesus, "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

As when the music of the organ suddenly stops and leaves only the solid, stolid tramp of outgoing feet.

We are not called upon to set in opposition the two great conceptions of the results of conduct, one of which thinks of them as inevitable consequences naturally produced, and the other as the rewards and punishments meted out by the superior insight and justice of a ruling Lord. Each conception has its value, which we cannot afford to lose in seeking for the total truth. The first gives reasonableness and reliability to the whole idea. The second preserves the vividness of personality. The time was when the second conception monopolized men's thought. In the present strong reaction from the second to the first conception it would be a great loss if we let the second be denied or fade into forgetfulness.

When St. Francis Xavier had been buried at Goa, "le corps du saint fut officiellement déclaré vice-roi des Indes et lieutenant général; et c'est de lui que le véritable gouverneur était censé tenir ses pouvoirs; encore au commencement du dix-neuvième siècle, il allait les demander en grande pompe à Bon Jesus avant de prendre possession de son gouvernement." (Reclus, *India*, iii. 447.) A picturesque illustration of the way the living are ruling by the work the dead have done. The great dead still really rule.

The Ten Commandments based on the idea of liberty. "Thus spake Jehovah who brought you out of the house of bondage," and issuing in the injunctions of duty and righteousness "Thou shalt and thou shalt not;" so Liberty and Duty lie together here. (See Robertson Smith's *Prophets of Israel*, pp. 40, 41.)

It seems to be almost an indication of the incompleteness of each thing by itself, and of how each needs all the rest to make a whole, that we find the full illustration of the qualities of each in other things than itself, — often in those things which are its opposites. Thus we say of the frank man that he is "simple as a child," and then we bid the boy "behave like a man." The hero is "bold as a lion," and the strong voice rings "like a trumpet." It is in the individual and the host coming to their several completenesses together that the final completeness of the whole must be attained.

I read in a religious paper, "Nothing short of this can difference the gospel from any other ethical system in kind." Do we, then, want to *difference* the gospel from the ethical systems of the human soul? Is the impulse which makes us want to do so the highest impulse of the soul? Is there not yet a higher and a truer impulse whereby we may rejoice to see the gospel sweep into itself all of man's moral effort, and prove itself the highest utterance of Him who in the million cravings of man for righteousness has always been, *is* always, making Himself known?

There are who hold life like a precious stone,
Hither and thither turning it to see
The rich light play in its mysterious depths;
And other men to whom life seems a bridge
By which they pass to things which lie beyond;
And others still who count life but as wine,
In which they drink their pledges to their friends.
But then there are to whom life's dearness lies
In that it is the pressure of God's hand,
With which He holds our feeble hand in love,
And makes us know ourselves in knowing Him.

There is a stronger and stronger reluctance to have religion treated purely as a regulative force for conduct. That it will surely be, but that it will be most surely if it be primarily considered as the power of a higher consciousness, the power by which the soul knows itself divine, and enters into conscious communion with God. So, if I could do what I would, I would

reveal the power of religion to a soul, and thus it should arrive at lofty contempt for sin, which should be its perpetual safety and strength. And is not this the real thought which was in all the ancient talk about works and Faith?

> As when a mother proudly holds the hand
> Of children, walking one on either side,
> Who fight their fights across her, and yet still
> Are one in being hers, howe'er they fight;
> So walk we 'mid our struggling fears and hopes.

The way in which the fact that Nelson was mortally wounded was kept from the knowledge of the men as they fought on to victory at Trafalgar. (See Rossetti's Sonnets, p. 271.) Some people seem to think they can do so with a dying doctrine.

The Banyan Tree, dropping its supplementary branches, which take root; then the main trunk decaying, and the tree supported by these secondary supports. So of institutions and doctrines, and their history and first evidences.

"Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

The tragedy and misery of having falsehood at the very seat of power, not merely an accident of the life, but in possession of its very citadel.

In addition to his letters and the note-book from which these extracts are taken, Mr. Brooks kept a journal where he records his impressions of travel. By its aid we may follow the lonely man in his wanderings from place to place. It is too voluminous to be given in full, but a few extracts from it, which are as characteristic as they are beautiful, bring us near to the man himself, nearer than his friends could come as he moved in and out among them.

BERLIN, Thursday, September 7, 1882.

The first day in Berlin certainly does not impress one with anything like brightness or gayety. Everything is dull and lumbering. The people, for the most part, very homely, the shops tiresomely ugly, and the whole having the look of a piece of coarse material which has not well taken polish, perhaps which has not yet found the right way of being polished, but has tried other people's ways and so has failed. At the same time there is an evident strength, the constant suggestion of not being yet

finished, but having a future, and the general homeliness in which the simplest affections show out not unpleasingly.

He comments on the picture of George Gisze, the merchant, by the younger Holbein in the Museum: —

Berlin, Friday, September 8, 1882.

It is a picture perfect in its kind, of the best sort of northern life and mercantile character. No southerner, no dealer with the abstract as the business of his life, ever looked like that. He knew affairs. The lovely green wall, before which he sits, is covered with the apparatus of concrete concerns. He writes and receives letters, which are what fasten men to common, present things. And yet he thinks. These eyes look beyond his ledgers. And he has suffered. Not idly is his motto written on the wall, "Nulla sine merito voluptas."

Where shall such a merchant meet such a painter now? It is a sober strength which comes from such a picture, a genuine inspiration to good and faithful work.

Sunday, September 10, 1882.

Took tea with Baron George von Bunsen and his family, who were most interesting people, old friends of Stanley's, son of the famous Bunsen, now member of German Parliament, a broad churchman and liberal in politics. Is under prosecution for libel by Bismarck, who, it seems, makes three hundred such prosecutions every year. Baron Bunsen gives but poor accounts of religious conditions. Liberal church empty; dogmatists and unbelievers have things their own way. But it is good to hear of the power of what he calls the second class, — professors, judges, etc., — who are the real power, the higher society having no power to oppose them.

Tuesday, September 12, 1882.

Spent some time in the Kunst Gewerbe Ausstellung, where they have a sort of show and salesroom of the present artistic manufactures of the town. One thing pervades it all, a certain heaviness and lack of inspiration and careless ease, which is the delight of all such work. "Go to, now, and let us make our furniture beautiful," they have said, and the result is what we might have expected. The old German work is delightful because it is unconscious and quaint, very little of intrinsic or eternal beauty in it. Take the unconsciousness away and let the race *try* to be beautiful, and they fail just where the Greeks, whom they seem to worship with a sort of despairing adoration, so wonderfully succeeded.

BERLIN, September 15, 1882.

I paid a long visit to Dr. Carl Abel, and found a very intelligent and learned man. He told me of the strong tendency which he believes exists at present among the better German classes towards religion; not distinctively towards Christianity, but in general towards theism, although some of it still keeps a pantheistic aspect, towards reverent thoughts of the mystery of the causal powers of life and death. Lotze, who seems to have been highly honored here, represents the real tendency of German thought. Of course there is also the growing irreligiousness of a great busy community, and there is the narrow materialism of absorbed scientists, but these are special phenomena with their own explanations. . . .

Monday, September 18, 1882.

In the morning to the Royal Library, — a free public library, where whoever will may come and read, and with simplest precautions books may be taken out. — every way apparently as free as our own Public Library. It is the love and care for learning that mitigates the hardness of this northern city. Without that, and with its all-pervading military habits, it would be barbarian. In the library are many interesting manuscripts, but perhaps the most interesting is the Bible and Prayer Book which, on the morning of his execution, Charles I. of England gave to Archbishop Jaxon. How comes it here?

Dined at Baron von der Heydt's. A lovely view over a quiet lake not far from Potsdam, royal estates all around. Dr. and Mrs. Henry Potter dined there; also Dr. Strauss, the court preacher at Potsdam. . . .

BERLIN, Wednesday, September 20, 1882.

The beautiful picture of the dead Christ in the Museum, which was formerly ascribed to Mantegna, is now called by the name of John Bellini. It is rather hard to give up the old association, and though no doubt the evidence is sufficient, one cannot help feeling that the old name suited best the picture's character. It is a greater picture than Bellini, with all his wonderful sweetness and beauty, ever made. The greatness of the Christ, and the tenderness of the sorrowing angels who support him, are both wonderful.

A pleasant dinner at Dr. Abbott's with Herr von Bunsen, Dr. Abel, Mr. Sargent, our new minister, and Dr. Frommel, Hof Prediger, the last a very interesting man, full of eloquence and imagination, a bit too declamatory for private life, but very earnest. He differs altogether from Stöcker about the Jew ques-

tion; thinks Christianity is suffering the reward of its misdoings but sees the outcome in the return of the Jews.

BERLIN, Friday, September 22, 1882.

A long morning with Herr von Bunsen at the Falk Real Schule in the Charlottenburg district. The bright little boys and their oral arithmetic, the tendency to guess, the frequent mistakes, but the general quickness and correctness. The gymnasium full of boys of about fifteen at their physical exercise, the absence of manly games among German boys, the consumptive look, the pale faces and thin frames. Then the melancholy religious teaching, boys being taught to analyze and explain the Epistle to the Galatians, evidently very tiresome to them; a strong confirmation of the belief that the Bible is not suited to such ways of being taught. . . .

BERLIN, Saturday, September 23, 1882.

I leave Berlin to-day after a little over two weeks' visit. The people impress me not wholly pleasantly. The enormous power of the army overshadows everything. Great commercial activity is everywhere. Social life is generous and free, and in its best specimens unsurpassed doubtless in all the world, but in its ordinary aspects it is crude and rude. A coarse personality is everywhere, and through the whole community there runs a certain restlessness and fear, a disappointment that the nation has not won, out of the wonderful success of 1870, the advantages which were so confidently looked for; a sense of constant pressure from without, the two great neighbors, France and Russia, never being forgotten for a moment, and a sense of watchful surveillance within, which makes liberty a partial and *always precarious* possession.

WITTENBERG, Sunday, September 24, 1882.

A delightful Luther Sunday. In the morning at eight to his old parish church, where a dull sermon wearied a quite numerous congregation. The singing was good, and all the time there was the association of his having preached there, and of this having been the place where first, in 1522, the communion, in both kinds, was given to the laity. How formal an event it sounds, and how essential it really is. The standing of the people while the text is read is very good. The Augustinian Convent, with the great Reformer's rooms, is a perfect monument. And that strange wife of his, who is said to have been so pretty, and looks so ugly in all the pictures, gives a homely reality to it all. His little fourteen-year-old girl's picture, hanging in the chamber where he died, is very pretty. . . .

HALLE, Monday, September 25, 1882.

Halle has grown greatly since I saw it seventeen years ago. Now it has 80,000 people, and all the new fine streets which every growing town, it seems, must have. But still the University is here, and Francke's Institute. The latter is enormous, and seems as if it must be very difficult to guard from false developments, and perhaps also from corruption. But its look of simplicity is very charming, and the German teacher, with his class of girls, was the very picture of unsophisticated earnestness. One is ready very seriously and literally to ask who has left a more enviable name in the world than Francke. The University has the same simplicity. Its class rooms are as plain as rooms can be made, and even its Fest Hall has not succeeded in being fine. But its library building is superbly arranged. Professor Conrad went through the buildings with me, — a youngish man, Professor of Political Economy. I took tea afterwards at his house: a strong man, talking as they all talk about the poverty of Germany and the crushing effects of the war. I saw with him the very curious and interesting cast from Luther's face after death, which is made into a sitting statue, and, with his own Bible before him, sits at the window and looks into the market.

EISLEBEN, Tuesday, September 26, 1882.

Professor Conrad rode with me in the train almost to Eisleben, getting out at the station before, where he has a little country place. He talked of the Church and its lack of hold upon the people, their slight religiousness. He ascribed it to the dead life of the clergy, who study theology but not life, cultivate the head and not the heart, and have not sympathy with the people. It is the old story, with probably about the usual amount of truth in it. At least he earnestly regretted that there was not more religion. He talked also of the superabundance of students, more than Germany can provide for in learned occupations. Divinity students are increasing. . . .

WEIMAR, Wednesday, September 27, 1882.

The poetic character of this town, with its long worship of Goethe and Schiller, has something artificial, an eighteenth century look about it, but very pretty, and the town suits it perfectly. It is like a very well-kept room of an unforgotten but dead friend. One can see Goethe going in and out of Herder's door, and the park all about the town is a beautiful setting for it. And Luther preached here in the Stadt Kirche, they say, on his way to Worms. . . .

Weimar and Gotha, September 28, 1882.

Of all the pretty Thuringian towns there seem to be none so pretty as these two. Weimar is a monumental town. It is a sort of German Concord, with most characteristic differences. . . . The new Museum, quite at the other end of the town, has the Odyssey frescoes of Preller, which are models of their kind of decorative art. The pale and quiet colors keep the dreamlike vagueness and distance of the whole story. No one can help being interested, but no one can become anxious or excited over the doings or the fate of these far-away people. It is as if the transparent veil of twenty-five centuries were between them and us. Then, in the Bibliotek, you come to the startling reality of Luther's coarse and ragged cloak which he wore when he was an Augustinian monk at Erfurt.

Frankfort, Sunday, October 1, 1882.

There must have been something in the early Reformation times which tended to bring out the best German character. Luther is constantly interesting. It must have been partly the fresh sense of discovery and the feeling of an opening future, which is always suited to the German mind, and inspires it to its best. It may also have been the presence of conflict, which the German also loves. But, whatever it was, it has strangely disappeared. Modern German Protestantism is the driest thing. It seems to have had no power to develop any poetry or richness. At present it seems to be ground between the upper millstone of a military state and the lower millstone of the learned universities. It was almost a relief to be again in the Catholic worship in the Cathedral here this morning.

Heidelberg, Tuesday, October 10, 1882.

. . . In the early evening on the great terrace, where after all is the finest point of view. I watched the lights gradually kindling in the darkening town, and thought of the Reformation breaking out at point after point in Europe. . . .

Heidelberg, Wednesday, October 11, 1882.

Goethe chose a most beautiful spot in the Elizabeth Garden for his point of outlook over the town, which looks very grim and gray and sets off richly the broad sweeps of color which are on either side of it. A still finer point is further on towards the brink of the castle hill, where the garden seems to sweep out for the very purpose with a sudden jut into the air. Here the leaves were falling thick as I sat taking my last view of it all to-day. Last Sunday the English minister preached a very dreary and

dull sermon about "we all do fade as a leaf." Here was the real sermon. It was inspiring, but terrible to see each leaf fall, carrying with it its whole history since it was a bright little green thing last spring, falling with such perfect quietness, but having done its duty all summer. . . .

WÜRZBURG, Sunday, October 15, 1882.

It is something of a notable Sunday in Würzburg to-day, for it is the anniversary of St. Burkard, one of the many planters of Christianity in this region, — for it seems to have been planted and destroyed and replanted again and again. This morning the Mass in the Neumünster Kirche, under which St. Kilian, the martyr, another of the early apostles of Würzburg lies buried, was fine and crowded. The singing of the people was splendid. There was a strange spontaneousness about it. It burst out almost as if it were a common thought of the moment. So different from our "giving out" hymns. . . .

LEIPSIC, Thursday, October 19, 1882.

The religious question in Germany has suffered from that fate, which always is disastrous to it, of being made a political question. But leaving aside those whose whole interest in the question is to be explained on political grounds, there remain certain clearly recognizable classes: First, the Virchows and Haeckels, the simply naturalistic people, whose hatred to church and religion is something quite unknown among us. Second, the opposite extreme, the dogmatic churchmen, whose whole theological position is retroactive and obstructive. Third, the liberal church party, who esteem the church purely for its social and police value, and take little or no interest in its missionary aspects. Such are some of the rationalistic preachers. Fourth, there is not clearly shaped nor very prominent a school of thoughtful, earnest, and enlightened men, to whom the real future of Christianity in Germany belongs, the men of reasonable faith like Lotze.

LEIPSIC, Friday, October 20, 1882.

The life of young students here is very curious, supposing them to be real students, and genuinely in earnest with regard to what they are about. They are all specialists, none of them are seeking a complete or rounded education. Each of them is dealing with a people not imitable by him, however admirable they may be in themselves, out of whose learning he is to pluck the special knowledge he desires. And they are mostly at an age when a special hero-worship or enthusiasm seems to satisfy the life and when the habits of the life are being very deeply founded. There

certainly could be no circumstances in which the value of loftiness of purpose and purity of life could come out more strongly, — and with many it does seem to have these inspirations, I mean among the young Americans.

BERLIN, Saturday, October 21, 1882.

As one gets back again to Berlin, after a month's absence, there is a new sense of how modern the town's life is, and of how plain and prosaic the people are. German art so lacks spontaneity, is so scholastically overridden, and German taste is so enterprising and so bad. One is very much struck with the lack of humor which is the rectifying sense. There is immense heartiness and good feeling, enthusiasm for country, pride in their heroes, and devotion to ideas; but of easy and graceful expression of it there is very little. The public monuments are generally most unpleasing. The officers of the army are the only well-built and well-dressed men. The streets lack lightness and liveliness. . . .

BERLIN, Monday, October 23, 1882.

The minute divisions of the Established Protestant Church of Prussia within itself are very complicated and numerous. They suggest, of course, the one thing to be said in favor of a State Church, that it keeps the different schools of thought in association with each other. On the other hand, it certainly develops animosities and jealousies which are exasperated by the forced union of antagonistic minds. It is the old question which we have settled for ourselves by the free liberty of sects. In all their preaching there is too much eloquence and too little thought.

BERLIN, Friday, October 27, 1882.

A visit to Dr. Hermann Grimm, the author of the "Life of Michael Angelo," "Life of Goethe," etc., translator of some small parts of Emerson, lecturer on art in the university. The picture which, from his point of view, he gives of religion in Germany, and the way in which it has affected his whole feeling about religion, is most interesting. He speaks of all that goes on in the churches as something that does not appeal to him in any way, and so he never goes to church. He claims that there are no men who are what Schleiermacher seems to have been, distinct both from the dogmatists on one side, and from the equally acid rationalists upon the other. And certainly I myself have failed to find any such either in personal intercourse or in reading contemporary books. Professor Grimm then curiously talked of a certain power which distinctly belonged, he said, to the Roman Catholic ceremonial, and made many educated men

feel it as they felt nothing in Protestantism. It was historical and it was self-possessed. The priest at the altar, with a certain disregard of the people, busied himself directly with God. He did not attempt to teach what is unteachable, but he stood between the soul and God, and in some vague way made the divine present. Strange enough, surely, to find a man like Professor Grimm feeling all this, and at the same time feeling the power of the preaching of Channing and of Parker, of both of whom he spoke. He speaks hopelessly of religion in Germany, but surely there can be no room for despair until first the trial of a voluntary religion shall be made, and some attempt at a higher priesthood than either the Romanist's or Channing's shall be seen.

BERLIN, Saturday, October 28, 1882.

It is strange how, in a great gallery like this of Berlin, one finds his special mood met by one class of pictures and special rooms attracting him on special days. . . . One day you go there and Holbein's portraits fascinate you completely, and satisfy your cravings, while, if you wander into the other room, the faults and crudities of Botticelli are all that you can see. But to-day his St. John in the Madonna picture seemed full of mysterious beauty, and even the Eve, with yellow hair on the black ground, appeared to appeal to something very real in one's power of enjoyment. . . .

BERLIN, Monday, October 30, 1882.

Professor Zeller's lecture room at eleven o'clock was crowded with students who had come to hear him discourse on the History of Philosophy. He was talking especially of the Greek philosophies as they influenced mediæval times. The lecture was interesting, but still more interesting the audience. One wondered what had brought them there, and what they proposed to do with the knowledge they were getting. They had not the look of pure students for the pure sake of knowledge, nor did they seem intellectually ready for great thought. On the other hand, the profitable purposes to which such knowledge could be turned it was impossible to see. Professor Herman Grimm, who lectured from one till two on the Earliest History of Christian Art, gave a very good sketch of the changes of early German art in the way of representing the persons of the Trinity. A well-put, intelligent account, with nothing particularly suggestive or profound. In the afternoon I walked a long, long way, and came at last down Schleiermacher Strasse to the Dreifältigkeit Kirchenhof, where I saw Schleiermacher's tomb, and in the evening, on my way home from hearing Pastor Frommel talk to the coach-

men and postilions, I passed the Dreifältigkeit Church, where Schleiermacher used to preach.

Berlin, Tuesday, October 31, 1882.

It is very interesting indeed, in the Dorotheen Burial Ground, to see the two quiet simple monuments of Fichte and Hegel facing each other across the narrow path, which was all wet this afternoon with rain, and covered with dead autumn leaves trodden into the ground. Fichte's monument bears on one of its three sides his name, with dates of birth and death; and on another that of his wife, with the assurance that she was the worthy wife of such a man, and on the third, the Old Testament text which tells how those who turn many to righteousness shall shine like the stars. One feels how *late* all German greatness is. In the Reichstag Chamber the things that interest you are the seats of Bismarck and Von Moltke, and the tablets of great Germans in the corridors go back no farther than a century. . . .

Dresden, Saturday, November 4, 1882.

One comes back to the sight of anything which he has seen in his mind's eye, so long as he has seen the Dresden Madonna, with a sort of fear whether, in all these years, the memory has not been deceived by the imagination; whether, dreaming of the world's most perfect picture, his dream has not passed into a region where no actual power of human art can follow it, and so the point from which it started will fail to satisfy one who comes back to it. This is the sort of question which is in one's mind as he passes through the curtained doorway which leads into the shrine of the great picture. And he finds it greater than his dream! A deeper wonder than his memory has been able to carry is in the Mother's eyes. The Child looks into a distance farther than his thoughts have run. The faint, rich heaven of angel faces behind the scene is sweet and holy beyond any conception which his senses have been fine enough to keep. Before the picture begins to open to him again its special treasures of detail, it blesses him with this renewed knowledge of the wonderful power of the highest art.

Dresden, Sunday, November 5, 1882.

Among the religious manifestations of Germany one finds it hard to discover any trace of that which in England and America seems to many of us at the present day to be most full of attractiveness and hope, — the devout and spiritual rationalism of Maurice and Erskine and Washburn, all the more spiritual for the freedom of its thought, free in its thought just because of the profoundness of its faith in God. This may exist, but it is cer-

tainly not a prominent or powerful element in the religion of the land. There is Pietism; there is scholarly Dogmatism; there is hard, critical Liberalism; but unless it be in some trace of Schleiermacher's influence, or possibly in some power of Tholuck and such men as he, making their followers broader than they were themselves, it is hard to find the religious life of which I speak. The Orthodox all call Schleiermacher pantheistic, as if every attempt to depict the essential closeness of God's life to His world must not incur that charge.

DRESDEN, Tuesday, November 7, 1882.

After seventeen years I come back to the Sistine Madonna, and find it greater than I thought. One of the things that most impresses me about the picture is the wonderful life that is in it. There is such a stillness in it that it hushes the room in which it hangs, but yet it is all alive. The Virgin is moving on the clouds. Her garments float both with the blowing of the wind and also with her motion. Strangely different it is in this respect from the many pictures in which the Divine Group simply stands and meditates, or gazes from the canvas. The nobleness of the arrangement, too, is most impressive. Every rule of highest art is there, but swallowed up by the sublime intention of the work. The pyramid of figures has built itself. What, one wonders, were Raphael's feelings as he sent his work off to Piacenza? Did he know what a marvel he had done? For among the wonderful things about this picture is the immeasurable degree in which it surpasses everything else of Raphael's.

DRESDEN, Wednesday, November 8, 1882.

A perception of the wonderfulness of the art of painting comes nowhere more strongly than in some of the great portraits. Here are the Rembrandts, which get, more than any others, the total conception of the man they portray. No detail detains you. Just as it lay in the artist's mind, a distinct human thing, not a mere composition of features and beard. The person looks out at you from the canvas. There are the Vandykes, so full of lofty refinement, gentlemen and ladies always, appealing to the part of us which always feels the power of good taste, even in Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. Titian, with the sumptuousness of Venice, and yet able to portray something as sensitive and delicate and shy as the timidity of the girl in white, who holds the fan, full of the quality as distinct from the quantity of color. Battoni's St. John Baptist, which one sees through the door if he turns his head from looking at the Madonna, is a beautiful, sunny, living picture.

PRAGUE, Friday, November 10, 1882.

Two figures occupy the eye at Prague. One is John Huss, who once was university professor here, and who has left behind him a power that passed through the great defeat as a spirit passes through a solid wall and leaves the wall puzzled and defeated behind it. Huss's power is in the liberal thought and intelligence of the university to-day. There is nothing left of him by way of relic except a very doubtful house, which perhaps stands where he used to live, and may have in its walls some of the old material of his. The other figure is Count Wallenstein, the very type of earnest, fiery mediævalism, strong, able, true to conviction, narrow, cruel, dark, and spreading darkness. . . .

VIENNA, Monday, November 13, 1882.

The first sight of Austria to one who comes from Germany is full of suggested contrasts. The people in Vienna are brighter and handsomer than in Berlin. The whole movement of life is gayer. But at once is felt, what I believe all later observation will confirm, that the people to whom we have come are not the really interesting and respectable people we have left. Germany teems with ideas, conceives of itself as having a mission in the world, and expects a future. Neither of these things is true of Austria.

VIENNA, Wednesday, November 15, 1882.

In the Belvedere there is a picture of St. Catherine of Sienna, which, if the story of that very unpleasing person, that canonization of hysterical young womanhood, is ever to be put in paint at all, paints it aright. It is hard and white, but there is a real ecstasy about it, the ecstasy of intense, distracting pain. It is no comfortable damsel, pluming herself on the romance of a celestial lover, and enjoying the éclat which her adventure brought her among her earthly friends who were less fortunate. It is the eager, straining, yearning after a mysterious love which is, indeed, more than life to her, for which she would rejoice to die, nay, for which she is dying as we look at her. She does not make the subject pleasing or profitable, but at least it gives the only ideality of which it is capable.

VIENNA, Thursday, November 16, 1882.

A figure carved on a gem such as are the most beautiful in the great collection here seems to have reached a sort of apotheosis. It floats in light. When it receives the sunlight through it, it seems to bathe itself in the luminous color, and yet to keep its own brilliant identity and shape, to be a brighter and distincter form of light within the light that bathes it. Somewhat as we

conceive of how in the great world of spirit one spirit, while it is part of all around it, has its own special personal glory intensified and made more personal. There is also something in the sense of fineness and eternity combined with the brightness and glory of a gem that makes it beautiful and impressive to the imagination. Size is nothing except to connoisseurs. There is a very small green stone down in the corner of the case hung in front of the window which is glorious.

VIENNA, Friday, November 17, 1882.

In the great Treasury there is what seems as if it must be the most glorious opal in the world. It is as large as a small pear, and as it hangs there with the light upon it, it quivers through and through with fire. The flame which you see seems not to come from any surface lustre, but out of its very heart. The mystery of it and the life of it, every one must feel. Indeed, standing before the whole wonderful collection one feels very strongly the preciousness of precious stones. It is no fanciful or conventional value, but something which springs as truly from a real relation to human nature, though on another side, as the value of a beautiful face or of a noble thought. It does not depend on rarity. If sapphires like that which tops the Imperial crown were as plentiful as are gray pebbles, the healthy eye would see their beauty all the more, not less.

VIENNA, Saturday, November 18, 1882.

In the Belvedere the greatest wealth is in the paintings of the Venetian school. Titian is there in quite bewildering profusion, but, as seems always true, it is not in his great compositions such as the Ecce Homo, which is here, that he is most admirable, but in the single portrait where an individual life glows with the richness which it seems to have gathered from generations of ancestors who have basked in the sunlight of the south. On the other hand, Tintoretto, who is represented here only by some noble portraits, is equally great in splendid compositions, as Venice bears abundant witness. There is at least one glorious picture of Giorgione's, where the vine-crowned youth is caught by the mysterious person who holds him by the collar and gazes into his astonished face. Only those two heads, but wonderful union of color and expression.

VIENNA, Wednesday, November 22, 1882.

One building at least our cities at home cannot share, and that is the barracks of an army. One sound is not heard on our streets, with which, in the streets of Europe, one's ears become

awfully familiar. It is the bugle which summons the soldiers to their drill. They may say all that they can about the value of the military discipline in Germany and Austria as a school for raw youths, and we ourselves may sometimes fear lest, in the absence of anything corresponding to it among ourselves, a certain tameness may settle down upon our young men's life, and heroism and obedience to authority may fail; but, after all, when we come to speak seriously about it, words cannot express the privilege we enjoy. Of course its danger and responsibilities come with it. Its dangers are those to which I just alluded. Its responsibilities are summed up in the duty which must rest upon us of finding new and higher cultures for the virtue which the army does no doubt rudely train, and of developing a purer and loftier social life out of a soil which is not cursed and exhausted by the rank weed of military life.

VENICE, Thursday, November 23, 1882.

The Pont Ebba route from Vienna to Venice is the very poetry of railroad travel. It is very long. We left Vienna at seven in the morning and did not arrive much before midnight. As we left, Vienna looked its dreariest, dark, cold, and rainy, with the comfortless, need-driven people crawling to their early work. But soon after we got out of its gloomy shadow, came the approach to the hills, and they were streaked and flecked with snow. Sometimes a sloping side would be completely covered, then the fields of thin snow would try to make their way up to the heights, for all the world like great waves breaking on a rocky shore. . . . The afternoon, rich with sunset, lights up the valleys, which seemed to lead to heaven; the moonlight superb and full on mountains made of silver, and afterwards on cold plains and marshes which stand guard round Venice.

VENICE, Friday, November 24, 1882.

Strange how there is nothing like St. Mark's in Venice, nothing of the same kind as the great church. It would have seemed as if, standing here for so many centuries, and always profoundly loved and honored, it would almost of necessity have influenced the minds of the generations of architects, and shown its power in their works. But there seems to be no sign of any such influence. It stands alone. Either because it seems a work beyond all chance of being copied, or else, as is more probable, because the whole disposition to be consistent in architectural work, to preserve characteristic styles in certain places, is a modern and artificial idea; or perhaps because the Eastern influence, which made St. Mark's, died away, and Western influences,

such as made the Frari and Salute, came in instead. Whatever be the reason, there it stands alone, and there is nothing like it in the rest of Venice.

VENICE, Monday, November 27, 1882.

Venice has two aspects, one sensuous and self-indulgent, the other lofty, spiritual, and even severe. Both aspects appear in its history, and both are also in its art. Titian often represents the former. The loftier, nobler Tintoretto gives us the second. There is something in his greatest pictures, as, for instance, in the Crucifixion, at St. Rocco, which no other artist approaches. The lordly composition gives us an impression of intellectual grasp and vigor. The foreground group of prostrate women is full of a tenderness. The rich pearly light, which floods the centre, glows with a solemn picturesqueness, and the great Christ, who hangs like a benediction over the whole, is vocal with a piety which no other picture in the world displays. And the Presentation of the Virgin, in Santa Maria del Orto, is the consummate presentation of that beautiful subject, its beauty not lost in its majesty.

VENICE, Thursday, November 30, 1882.

The sun arose to-day at a quarter past seven superbly over the Lido, and promised Venice at its best and richest. But directly after sunrise came the clouds, so that the last day here is cold and dreary. But in the Academia there is the sunshine of three hundred years ago. Paris Bordone's glowing picture of the Fisherman who brings the Ring of St. Mark to the Doge, burned like a ray of sunlight on the wall. Carpaccio's delightful story of St. Ursula brought the old false standards of other days back to one's mind, but brought them back lustrous with the splendor of summers that seemed forever passed, but are perpetually here. Tintoretto's Adam and Eve was, as it always is, the most delightful picture in the Gallery, and Pordenone's great St. Augustine seemed a very presence in the vast illuminated room.

VENICE, Friday, December 1, 1882.

As one who parts from Life's familiar shore,
Looks his last look in long-beloved eyes,
And sees in their dear depths new meanings rise
And strange light shine he never knew before;
As then he fain would snatch from Death his hand
And linger still, if haply he may see
A little more of this Soul's mystery
Which year by year he seemed to understand;

So, Venice, when thy wondrous beauty grew
Dim in the clouds which clothed the wintry sea
I saw thou wert more beauteous than I knew,
And longed to turn and be again with thee.
But what I could not then I trust to see
In that next life which we call memory.

CHAPTER XVII

DECEMBER, 1882–MARCH, 1883

INDIA. LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL

THE journey to India was strewn with letters all along the way. In his leisure on shipboard he recalled his friends, and seemed to be taking a review of his life. His imagination was excited by the fascinating interest of the land to which he was going, — the first home of the human race, where religion was in strange and rich exuberance, as was outward nature. He was to realize the brilliant pictures of Oriental life and history, with which he had long been familiar through books. With his power of vision in reading life and detecting its hidden meaning, the opportunity meant to him a vast increase in knowledge and in wisdom. But with this prospect before him, his memory carried the past and made him feel the changes in his life. To his aunt, Miss Susan Phillips, living in the old house at North Andover, he had written while he was in Vienna: —

> It is eighteen years since I was in Vienna, on my first European journey. Then I was on my way to Palestine. One difference between that year abroad and this I feel all the time. Then the old home in Chauncy Street was still there, and father and mother were both waiting to hear what one was doing, and one of my pleasures was to write to them and to think how I would tell them all about it when I got back. I miss all that part of the interest of travel very much now. Sometimes it is hard to realize that they are not still there, and that I am not to write to them. At this distance all that has come since I was here before seems like a dream.

He wrote to the Rev. Frederick B. Allen, the assistant minister of Trinity Church, who had kept him supplied with

information in advance, as to the preachers on successive Sundays: —

Berlin, November 1, 1882.

My dear Allen, — I can't tell you how constantly and earnestly I thank you, first for the devotion with which you are looking after that blessed Parish on the Back Bay, and then for the fulness with which you have told me all about it. I put one of your kind letters next my heart and go out on some delightful excursion, with the comfortable sense that everything is right at home, and that the Church would just as lief have me here as there. When I get back I hope you 'll have a host of things saved up that I can do for you in small token of my gratitude. My advices thus far have covered the visits of Bishops Beckwith and Williams. The former I hardly know, but I have pleasant impressions of him. We smoked together in Stephen Tyng's study at the last General Convention in New York. I am glad you liked him. And all the people who have written to me about his preaching are quite enthusiastic. Bishop Williams is a jewel of a man, — the Prince of all our Bishops. I hope that —— is safely over, and will not come again. Did he really ask to be invited? The insolence of the wretch! I shivered all over when I opened a paper one day and saw the paragraph headed "Trinity Church on Fire." Fortunately I did not pack my trunk for home until I had read on and seen that the fire was out and that the bill was only fifty dollars. Then I gave thanks for the escape, and concluded to stay. But I am awfully sorry to hear how much trouble the bad roof is causing. I hope that Mr. Richardson, since his return, has given his mind to it, and made some helpful suggestions. By the way, when the time comes, why can't you see that the vines are properly covered for the winter? I have always seen to that, and I doubt if anybody would look after it if you did n't. How I would like to see you all, and shut the study door and have a good long talk with you and Parks and Percy. But the Unter den Linden is rattling with carriages under my window, and across the street the hosts of unknown German youth are thronging into the University, and just above us there is a crowd of people waiting to see the Kaiser start out for his drive, and Boston is thousands of miles away. Be sure that I think of the dear old place more confidently and happily because you are there running Trinity Church. My best love to your children. I hope the new house is all you wanted it to be.

Ever affectionately yours,

P. B.

On December 1, he sailed from Venice for India, on the steamship Poonah, by the way of the Suez Canal, then a new experience to travellers. To Rev. Arthur Brooks he writes: —

STEAMSHIP POONAH, GETTING PRETTY NEAR ALEXANDRIA
December 6, 1882.

So far the voyage thither has gone very well, but has not been particularly interesting. The first days out of Venice were very rough, and many of the passengers were sick and most of them uncomfortable and cross. We took most of our passengers at Brindisi, and since then the weather has been better and the sea more calm, so that the souls of the Englishmen begin to revive and they are growing a little bit more sociable. They are mostly the sort of Englishman who is full of information and intelligence, totally destitute of imagination or of humor, and absolutely determined to bring all the world to his own standard. He makes you mad and amuses you and wins your respect all at once, all the time. . . .

I have got lots of books about the country, and by the time we get to Bombay I expect to have learned a good deal about it and to be somewhat prepared for what I have to see. It all looks more and more attractive the more I learn about it. Your young friend, Evart Wendell, opened correspondence with me soon after I left Berlin, and proposed to go to India if his father would consent; and the result was that he joined me at Venice the day before the steamer sailed and is with me now. I find him a very bright, pleasant, good-natured boy, and he will make excellent company, I think.

What has become of Bishop Littlejohn since he tried to sit down on the two young giants of the Boston Club and found it such uncomfortable sitting? And have you read Allen's paper in the Princeton? Is it not a genuine contribution to a rational philosophy of that whole movement of which we are a part, and whose meaning in the midst of the ages has been often such a wonder to those who were in the very midst of it? . . . I want to see what Chunder Sen thinks about it all when I see him next month. . . .

It is hard to believe that almost six months of my year is gone. It has been all that I hoped; and while I am in no hurry for the rest to go, I shall be glad to get back into the stream of work again. Your letter makes me feel very much outside of it.

To the Rev. George A. Strong, rector of Grace Church,

New Bedford, he writes after the manner of an old and familiar friendship: —

December 5, 1882.

I am glad the consecration ceremony is safely over, though I can't help feeling as if we consecrated it long ago. But now the Bishop has been there, and he feels better about it if you don't. A large part of our relation to our bishops seems to consist in efforts on our part and theirs to make them feel good. How well I can see the whole scene: Bishop Paddock's arrival with his bag; his breaking up the service into little bits among the clergy like the five loaves and the two fishes, to be set before the people, and his voice beginning the sentences as he went up the aisle, and the sermon and the collation and the Episcopal departure. But, dear me, how far away all that is, and how absurd for me to get mad about it at this distance! It is a lovely forenoon, halfway across from the heel of Italy to the mouth of the Nile. The stewards are setting the table for lunch, and through the open skylight I can hear the brogue of the Englishmen on the deck, who are my fellow passengers for Bombay. The Lascar sailors, who are all Mohammedans and never heard of Bishop Paddock, are going back and forth in their red turbans, and the wind that comes in through the portholes is like June.

Truly the Diocese of Massachusetts need not trouble one here. And not only a few thousand miles, but almost six good months of pleasant wanderings, are between me and it. Many a time in these months I have found myself on ground where you and I have been years ago together. London and Paris and Geneva and Chamouni and Maggiore and Domo d'Ossola, and a lot of other places, all brought back recollections of that first journey when we were young. Dear me, a week from to-morrow I am forty-seven! Tell M—— I have not forgotten about the French novels, but so far my reading has not run that way. All summer I read nothing, and this autumn up in Germany I confined my reading to their crooked text and queer constructions, trying, as much as my time would allow, to get the hang of what they were thinking about, and what books they were writing. It was all very delightful, and I shall always look back on it, especially upon my life in Berlin, with the greatest pleasure. When you get this I shall be in Bombay, and now my only reading is in Indian books, which will prepare me somewhat for that absurd land. In March I shall come back to Europe. April I expect to spend in Spain, May and June in England, and, through it all, I shall wish ever so many times that I could take a train for

New Bedford and have a good long talk by your fireside. Cooper and I have arranged that you are certainly to go to the General Convention in Philadelphia next autumn as a sort of Delegate at Large. Don't fail! My love to M——, and my best regards to the Hathaways and other New Bedford friends.

Good-by, dear fellow. Lunch is ready!

Ever affectionately yours, P. B.

He kept his birthday on December 13, when he was forty-seven, by a letter to Mr. Robert Treat Paine: —

Steamship Poonah, December 13, 1882.

Dear Bob, — Halfway down the Red Sea and a glorious morning! What can I do better than to have a little bit of a talk with you and answer the letter which I know you have written to me, and which I shall get at Bombay. I am the more moved to it because I have a birthday to-day and am forty-seven years old. It is a sort of comfort to talk with an old fellow who was forty-seven long ago, and who makes one feel young by contrast. Well, I don't believe that many fellows have had a happier forty-seven years than I have had. It seems quite absurd, sometimes, when I think how everything has gone about as I should have wished. How good everybody has been to me, and how the world has kept its troubles out of the sea! Why, here is this Red Sea. Everybody has been talking about how uncomfortable it always is, how you can't breathe for the heat, nor sleep for the closeness of the nights; but here we are, and it is like an exquisite June day at home, and the punkas are swinging from mere habit; and this morning came two splendid showers such as the Captain says he never saw at this season on the Sea before. They are a queer set, the people who are on board, — almost all Anglo-Indians, full of intelligence and as hard as rocks. They hardly talk anything but India, which, of course, is very good for us who want to learn all we can about the country we are sailing to, but very monotonous, I should think, for them. We have been on board now two weeks, and have ten days more of it before we reach Bombay. Everybody has settled down to the life. This morning, as I passed the captain's cabin, he was quietly painting a picture, and the boys and girls are getting up concerts and farces as if they meant to live upon the Poonah all the rest of their lives.

The Church seems to flourish splendidly without its minister or its two front roofs. I hope that Trinity House got all the money that it wanted, and I hear good news from the Chapel.

Every Sunday I think of things that I would like to say, and preach myself little sermons. But I am afraid that I shall kill you all with much preaching when I get home. Good-by, my dear fellow, and my best love to you all. Ever your friend,

P. B.

To Dr. Weir Mitchell he writes, dating his letter from the Red Sea: —

December 15, 1882.

Dear Weir, — I hope that you are well, and your wife, the little lady, and Jack, — all of you well and happy. How I wish that you were here, and that, instead of this poor letter-writing, we could go up on deck and get into the breeze which comes over from the Mocha Hills, and light our cheroots and talk out the last six months. That is quite long enough, I think, for old friends to be out of hail of one another, and so I want to send you at least this Christmas and New Year's greeting, and let you know that I keep thinking of you and of the pleasant old days, one of the pleasantest things about which was that I saw you all the time.

I have had, since June, a summer in France and Italy, and an autumn in Germany, where I studied their ways and what they call their language, and went to lectures in the University, and made some pleasant friends, and, what is most of all, stopped preaching. On the 1st of December I sailed from Venice for Bombay, and ever since that we have been lounging along in a slow old craft, crossing the Mediterranean, running through the Suez Canal, and now, all this week, sailing down the Red Sea. To-night we came to Aden, and to-morrow we shall be out in the Indian Ocean. My fellow passengers are Englishmen, hard, narrow, and intelligent, like all their race. They are of all sorts and classes. Some of them have titles; all of them have brogues. Here is the General who led the cavalry charge at Tel el Kebir, and Lord Charles Beresford, who ran his little boat in under the forts at Alexandria, and the ritualistic head of the Missionary Brotherhood at Delhi, and the Judge of the Hindu court at Hyderabad. Among them all one finds plenty of interesting information about India, — enough to make him very glad that he is going to have a two months' visit there, and thankful, from the bottom of his heart, that he has not got to live there, but can come away when the two months are over. It must be an awful thing to be a conquered race with the Englishman for your master.

Good-by, my dear fellow. May God bless you always.

Your old friend, P. B.

On the 23d of December he reached Bombay, and was in India at last. His first act was to telegraph home his safe arrival, and then the vision of the gorgeous pageantry began. Of his first impressions on the day of his arrival he writes: —

> We drove about the town and began our sight of Indian wonders: Hindoo temples, with their squatting ugly idols; Mohammedan mosques; bazaars thronged with every Eastern race; splendid English buildings where the country is ruled; a noble university; Parsee merchants in their shops; great tanks with the devotees bathing in them; officers' bungalows, with the handsome English fellows lounging about; wedding processions, with the bride of six years old riding on the richly decorated horse behind the bridegroom of ten, surrounded by their friends, and with a tumult of horrible music; markets overrunning with strange and delicious fruits; wretched-looking saints chattering gibberish and begging alms, — there is no end to the interest and curiosity of it all! And this is dead winter in the tropics. I have out all my thinnest clothes, and go about with an umbrella to keep off the sun. This morning we started at half past six for a walk through the sacred part of the native town, and now at ten it is too hot to walk any more till sundown. But there are carriages enough, and by and by we go to church. I was invited to preach at the cathedral but declined.

Although his anticipations were great, he writes that he finds the country far more interesting than he expected. He remained in Bombay for a week, where every facility for seeing what was most important to be seen was afforded him under the best guidance and advice. He lunched, by the invitation of the Governor, Sir James Fergusson, at the Government House, where he met very pleasant people. He made excursions to old Buddhist temples in the vicinity, and to the Ellora Caves. But the heat was so excessive that he suffered, and was glad to escape to a cooler climate. From Bombay he went to Ahmadabad, taking letters from Sir James Fergusson to Mr. Phillpotts. Here he struck Mohammedan influences, and visited the great mosques. From thence he came to Jeypore, with letters to the President, Dr. Stratton. The Rajah sent him in a carriage to the entrance to Amber, from whence he made the ascent on elephants to the deserted town, with its splendid palaces and

temples. At Jeypore he preached in the English church. On January 8 he reached Delhi. Here his young travelling companion, Mr. Evart Wendell, was taken ill with the small-pox, so that two weeks were spent there waiting for his recovery. He felt deeply the kindness shown to him under these circumstances by the English residents, Mr. Robert Maconachie, of the English Civil Service, and his wife, who surrendered their house to the invalid. He himself put up at the Cambridge Mission, with Rev. G. A. Lefroy, whose acquaintance he had made on the steamship Poonah, and his companions, Mr. Carlyon and Mr. Allnutt, of whom he writes: —

Three young fellows, graduates of Cambridge, scholars and gentlemen, live here together, and give themselves to missionary work. They have some first-rate schools, and are just starting a high-class college. They preach in the bazaars, and have their mission stations out in the country, where they constantly go. I have grown to respect them thoroughly. Serious, devoted, self-sacrificing fellows they are, rather high churchmen, but thoughtful and scholarly, and with all the best broad church books upon their shelves. They are jolly, pleasant companions as possible, and yesterday I saw a cricket match between their school and the Government school here, in which one of these parsons played a first-rate bat. Under their guidance I have seen very thoroughly this wonderful old city, the great seat of the Mogul Empire, excessively rich in the best Mohammedan architecture.

To Mr. Robert Treat Paine: —

Lahore, January 15, 1883.

I wish that I could give you some idea of the enjoyment I have had in the last three weeks. Ever since I landed in Bombay it has been one ever-changing and always delightful picture, but a picture which not only delighted the eye with color, but kept the mind busy with all sorts of interesting thoughts. I cannot begin to tell you about it. That will come in the long evenings when we sit together over your fire or mine, and I tire your patience out and you make believe that you are not bored. But do you know I have seen the Brahmin and Buddhist Rock Temples at Elephanta and Karli and Ellora, in many respects the most remarkable monuments which religion ever wrought? And I have seen the exquisite art of Allmadabad and Jeypore,

and I have been at the great seat of the old Mogul power at Delhi, and I have studied the most perfect mosque that ever was made, with a tower like a dream, at Kittub, and now I am in the land of the Sikhs, and to-morrow I shall see the Golden Temple at Umritsar, and before next Sunday I shall have looked at the Taj at Agra, the gem of all the gems of India. And all the while the most interesting problems of the past, the present, and the future, have been crowding on the mind. The efforts of these conscientious, blundering Englishmen to do their duty by the Hindu, whom they don't like, and who don't like them, are constantly pathetic. I have just been spending some days with a household of five young English clergymen at Delhi, who are doing the best kind of missionary and education work. They are splendid fellows, whom you would immensely like. The hospitality of everybody here in India, and the way they put themselves out to make you comfortable and to let you see everything, is a continual wonder and embarrassment.

Well, when I try to talk about it all, it is so immense that I talk like an incoherent fool, but I have got it all safely put away in my mind, and I hope the poor old mind is the better for it. In the midst of it all you may be sure that I think of you all very often, and would like to see you step out from some old Mufti's tomb some day more than I can tell. I am on my way to Calcutta, which I shall reach early in February, then to the mountains, then to Madras and Ceylon, whence I sail again for Aden some time in March. My best love to you all, and may God keep you all safe and happy.

Your old friend, P. B.

Through the kindness of his parishioner, the late Dr. Samuel Eliot, he carried letters of introduction from Sir Richard Temple to the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Charles Atchison, by whom he was invited to a "swell dinner in a gorgeous tent, with about thirty persons, and no end of picturesque servants to wait on us." While he lingered in Delhi he preached in the English church. One who heard him for the first time, with no previous knowledge of him, recalls how he listened in wonder and a sense of awe. As the congregation were leaving the church he heard the comments on every side: "It was a wonderful sermon!" "Who is he?" "He must be some man of high distinction in the world."

From Delhi he made a trip to Amritsir, in the Sikh country, — a people with a religion of their own.

At Amritsir is their great place of worship, the Golden Temple, a superb structure, with the lower half of most beautiful mosaic and the upper half of golden plates, standing in the middle of an enormous artificial lake, called the Lake of Immortality. There is a beautiful white marble bridge connecting the island with the shore. I saw their picturesque worship one morning, just after sunrise.

He was so much associated with the English at Delhi, that he felt as if an American must be a strange sort of creature. The English Civil Service he admired as something which ought to be a pattern to all the world. He found Delhi so "wonderfully interesting," as the old centre of Mohammedan power in India, that he did not regret his enforced detention there. From Delhi he went to Agra, visiting the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful building in India; then to Cawnpore, where he was interested in the mission work, and saw the Divinity School; from there to Lucknow, where he again met with English missionaries; then to Allahábád, at the meeting of the Jamná and the Ganges. He was now in the region where Buddhism originated, and made a pilgrimage to Asoka's Pillar. And so he came to Benares, the most sacred city in India, with its five thousand temples, one of the most ancient cities of the globe. Here he paused for a moment, and letters were written to Herr von Bunsen and to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Brooks: —

Benares, January 28, 1883.

My dear Herr von Bunsen, — Do you really care to know that this last week I have seen the Taj Mahal? It is one of the few buildings which, like a few people whom one sees in his life, make an epoch. In the midst especially of this Indian architecture which, rich and interesting as it is, is almost always fantastic and profane, what a wonder it is to find, as the culmination of it all, as the perfect flower which has grown out of all this gross and heavy soil, a building whose one absorbing impression is its purity. One almost feels that here that essence of pure religion which is lurking somewhere under all the degradation and superstition of this land has broken forth in an exquisiteness which

surpasses anything that even Christian architecture has attained. Some day you must come and see it, and get a new memory and dream for all your life.

India has interested me intensely. Its past and present and future are all full of suggestion. I long to see Christianity come here, not merely for what it will do for India, but for what India will do for it. Here it must find again the lost oriental side of its brain and heart, and be no longer the occidental European religion which it has so strangely become. It must be again the religion of Man, and so the religion for all men. At present the missionary efforts are burdened with Englishism and Americanism, and the country does not feel them much; but they are getting broader, and the larger religious life which I am sure has begun to come at home, must be felt here.

Thank you truly for your kind letter to Mr. Grant Duff, whom I shall be very glad to see if he is in Madras when I am there. From what I see in the papers I fear that he will be away, for which I shall be very sorry.

And very many thanks for your kindness in sending me your paper on the Liberal Party in Germany. I have read it with the greatest interest, and it has taught me much. I wish I could ask you some of the questions it suggests.

May God bless you and yours always.

Most faithfully yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

January 30, 1883.

DEAR LIZZIE. — Since I wrote to you last we have come over from Benares, and to-day have been making a delightful excursion to Buddh-Gaya, where, as Edwin Arnold tells us so prettily, Gautama sat six years under the Bo tree and thought and thought and thought until, at last, "was the Dukha-satya opened him," and Buddhism began. In these days, when a large part of Boston prefers to consider itself Buddhist rather than Christian, I considered this pilgrimage to be the duty of a minister who preaches to Bostonians, and so this morning, before sunrise, we started for Gaya and the red Barabar hills. We had slept in the railway station, which is not an uncommon proceeding in the out-of-the-way parts of India, where there is no pretence of a hotel, and where you don't know anybody to whose bungalow you can drive up as you can to that of almost any man you ever bowed to in the street. They are a most hospitable folk. Only when you go to stay with them you are expected to bring your own bedding and your own servant, which saves them lots of trouble.

Think of my appearing at your door some afternoon with a mattress and Katie. We had to drive ten miles, and as we went the sun rose just as it did on Buddha in the same landscape in the fifth book of the "Light of Asia," which, as you see, I have been reading with the greatest interest. We had to walk the last two miles, because the ponies, who must have been Mohammedans, would n't go any farther. But it was a glorious morning, and by and by we suddenly turned into an indescribable ravine. One tumbled mass of shrines and topes and monuments hundreds on hundreds of them set up by pilgrims for the last two thousand years, and in the midst, two hundred feet high, a queer fantastic temple which has been rebuilt again and again, but which has in it the original Buddha figure of Asoka's time, a superb great altar statue, calm as eternity, and on the outside, covered with gold leaf, the seat on which the Master sat those six long years.

The Bo tree has departed long ago, and the temples were not there when he was squatting and meditating, but the landscape was the same; and though this is one of the places where thousands of pilgrims come from both the Buddhist and the Brahmin worlds, the monuments which they had set up were not as interesting as the red hills on one side, and the open plain on the other, which Sakya must have seen when he forgot for a moment to gaze at the soles of his own feet, and looked upon the outer world. It is a delightful country, this India, and now the climate is delightful. The Indian winter is like the best of our Indian summer, and such mornings and midnights you never saw.

At Calcutta he remained for nearly two weeks. Here as at every other point his highest interest culminated in the missionary work. He was studying the situation with an open mind, ready to see things as they actually were, unbiassed by the conventionalities of missionary enthusiasm. He was deeply interested in Chunder Sen, and immediately on his arrival at Calcutta made the long anticipated call on the Hindu reformer. In a very important letter to Rev. Arthur Brooks he gives the impressions he has formed: —

February 2, 1883.

Dear Arthur, — Calcutta itself has not many sights, and so it is the people whom one wants most to see. This morning I spent two hours with Keshub Baboo Chunder Sen. And I 'll tell

you about him. I told old Mr. Dall, the venerable Unitarian missionary here, that I wanted to see the head of the New Dispensation, and the minister of the Brahma Somaj (which is another name for the same thing) sent back word that he would be at home at nine o'clock to-day. On the Circular Road, one of the chief streets of the city, there is a big house all surrounded on three stories with verandas, standing inside a garden, around which is a high pink-washed wall. On the gate-post is inscribed the name of Lily Cottage, which, I believe, was the title which a previous occupant gave to the place. Driving in under a great *porte cochère*, we were shown up to a very large, high parlor in the second story, where we waited for the prophet. It was furnished comfortably but not tastefully in European style, with rather cheap pictures on the walls. I noticed especially an engraving of the Queen, which had been presented to Keshub by her Majesty; also a very poor little painting of the man himself, sitting on the Himalayas with a woman by his side, he holding a long guitar-like instrument in his hand, and clad in the skin of a tiger. At one end of the room hung a familiar chromo-lithograph of Christ, after Carlo Dolci, holding the sacramental cup, and with the right hand raised in blessing, — a large, cheap Christian picture. While we were looking about, Chunder Sen came in, a rather tall and sturdy man of forty-five, with a bright, kindly, open face, a round head, and black mustache and somewhat short-cut black hair. He wore the Eastern white mantle thrown over his shoulders, and apparently covering a more or less European dress. He gave me a most kindly greeting, and at once began to talk. I asked him questions, and he answered freely and at length. It made me feel very like an interviewer, but it was the best way to get at what I wanted. He said that the central position of Brahma Somaj was pure theism. It stood fairly between Indian Pantheism on one side and Indian idolatry on the other, insisting fully on the Unity and Personality of God, and freely calling Him "Father," believing in this God's perpetual and universal presence. It found his prophets everywhere, and aimed to hold all the good and true of all systems and all teachers "in Christ." He mentioned, especially, Socrates, Mohammed, and Buddha. When you tried to find just what he meant by holding the truth of them "in Christ," he eluded you. He constantly asserted that he held Christ to be in unique sense the "Son of God," but said he could not any further explain his meaning of that phrase. He rejected all idea of Incarnation. Nor would he own that Christ, in his historic teaching, was in any way the test by which other teachers

should be judged. He talked much of "Communion with Christ," but defined it as such profound contemplation of his character as produced entire sympathy with him, not allowing anything like personal intercourse with a Christ now living and communicating with us. Still he clung strongly to that phrase "in Christ." He described very interestingly the "Pilgrimages" of the Brahma Somaj to Socrates or Buddha or Mohammed or *Carlyle*, which consist of gathering in front of the church and singing hymns and reading some of the great teacher's sayings, and then going inside and sitting still and entering into communion with his character. Besides these, and as something more sacred, they have occasionally the Lord's Supper, which is celebrated with Indian sweetmeats and water, and centres in mystic contemplation of the character of Jesus. They have also a baptism, which is quite optional, and strangely keeps association with the Hindu ablutions on the one hand and with Christian baptism on the other. He was very interesting in his account of how he freely uses the terms of the old Hindu mythology, talking of Siva and Vishnu and Parvati as different sides of Deity, and hoping so to win the people to spiritual views of what they have long held materially, and to construct in their minds a unity out of the fragments of Divine Ideal, of which their books are full. Thus he hopes some day to appeal to the common superstitious Hindu mind, though thus far the movement has been mostly confined to the higher classes, who have been reached by English education. He said some fine things about the orientalism of Christ and Christianity, and about the impossibility of India ever becoming Christian after the European sort. At the same time he said unreservedly that the future religion of India would be a Christ religion. The asceticism to which he clings is of a very healthy human sort, rejecting entirely the old ideas of the Fakirs. He pointed to the picture on the wall and said that there he had had himself painted as a Vedic Rishi, but had especially taken care to have his wife painted by his side to show that the true asceticism kept still the family life. As to the peculiar worship of their society, he told of the new "Dance" which has been lately introduced, and which has been much abused. It is, according to him, neither more or less than the Methodist camp-meeting principle of the physical expression of spiritual emotion putting itself into oriental shape. For himself he eats no meat and drinks no wine, but these restrictions are not enforced nor universal, though they are very commonly observed as a protest against the self-indulgence into which modern India is largely running as it departs from its old faiths.

All this and much more was told with a quiet glow and earnestness which was very impressive. The basis and inspiration of it all was intuition. There was no reference to any authority. Indeed he almost boasts that he never reads. Even his Christ seemed to be One of whom he knew not so much by the New Testament as by personal contemplation. He shrinks from dogma and definition, and eludes you at every turn. He is the mystic altogether. As we got up and went out we passed a room where his household and some other disciples were at morning worship. Eight or ten men sat cross-legged on the floor with closed eyes, while one fine-looking fellow in the midst murmured a half-audible prayer. In one corner of the room was a rustic booth devoted to supreme contemplation, in which sat one worshipper, who seemed more absorbed even than the others. At the feet of the men lay drums and other musical instruments, to which they would by and by sing a hymn. We had heard them singing as we sat talking with Keshub Baboo. Behind a thin curtain you could just see the women's fans. Chunder Sen stood and looked in with us at the door and told us all about it, and then bade us a cordial farewell and promised some of his books and a photograph of himself which he has since sent.

This is enough, perhaps, of Chunder Sen! but I thought you might care to hear of what has interested me immensely. It is Indian mysticism fastening on Christ and trying to become the practical saviour of the country by him. They hold in full the idea of special national religions all embraced and included within the great religion of the Divine life made known in Jesus. Surely nothing could be more interesting than this. It is not Christianity, but it is the effort of India to realize Christ in her own way, — so far as I know, the only such attempt now being made in any heathen land. Already the natural divergences have shown themselves. There is the Adi Somaj, or old society, which desires to return purely to Vedic religion and will not hear of Christ because he is not in the Vedas; and there is the Sadharar Somaj, or advanced school of Free Religionists. There is also the Arya Somaj, which still calls itself Brahminic, and hopes to reform Hinduism from within. The first three together have some one hundred and sixty congregations in India, of which some forty are of the Brahma Somaj. I have been much interested in what the people here who care about religion say about Keshub and his new dispensation. Some of the missionaries and other Christian people call him impostor out and out, and do not believe in his sincerity. I have been unable to get from them any grounds of their disbelief in him except that they think him

conceited, and that he went back on some of his precepts about infant marriages in order to marry his daughter of thirteen to the Rajah of Kushpahar. An intelligent Brahmin, with whom I talked, spoke of him with contempt and said his movement was fast dying out, and told of a strange new life in Hinduism, very much as the Orthodox churchman talks of Unitarians. Strangely enough, it is from high English churchmen that I have heard the most thoughtful and interested comments on the work. The Bishop of Bombay, a ritualist of very narrow sort, declared it to be most interesting, and the Bishop of Calcutta told me to-day that while he had no sympathy with mysticism and thought that Brahma Somaj would come to nothing because it had no doctrinal basis, yet he counted Chunder Sen his friend, and praised his spirituality and earnestness. Our friends of the Cambridge Mission at Delhi were full of watchful interest in the new movement. Joseph Cook, when he was here, almost offended some of the missionaries by his interest in and praise of Chunder Sen. And some of the missionaries of the German mission believe in his personal character, and watch his movement with much hope. Old Mr. Dall has never given in adherence to anything but the pure theism of the New Dispensation, but is constantly with them, and naturally enough is claimed by them as more theirs than he will himself allow.

I am almost ashamed of having written so much about him, but it does seem to me to be the very kind of thing for which we are all looking. Brahma Somaj is not the end. It is only the first sign of the real working of the native soul and mind on Christ and his truth, which must sometime find far fuller light than it has found yet. I send you a copy of its paper of January 14, which has (beginning on the first page) an article on Christian Mission Work in India, which I think must stir the heart of every missionary. The whole movement and its leader believe intensely in the Holy Spirit. And I believe that such embodiments of Christianity as India will sometime furnish, and such as this New Dispensation faintly and blunderingly suggests, will not merely be different from European Christianity, but will add something to it, and make the world of Christianity a completer thing, with its eastern and western halves both there, than it has ever been before. These are my views. Sometime soon I will write to you about something else. Now good-night. On Sunday I shall go to the cathedral in the morning and to Brahma Somaj in the afternoon.

While he was at Calcutta he took a long journey for the

purpose of seeing the Himalayas. He writes to Mr. William G. Brooks describing his impressions: —

CALCUTTA, February 11, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM, — This week I have seen the Himalayas. Last Monday we left Calcutta at three o'clock by rail; at seven we crossed the Ganges on a steamboat, just as if it had been the Susquehanna. All night we slept in the train, and the next day were climbing up and up on a sort of steam tramway, which runs to Darjeeling, a summer station at the foot of the highest hills, but itself a thousand feet higher than the top of Mt. Washington. There the swells go in the hot months, but now it is almost deserted. We reached there on Tuesday evening in the midst of rain, found that the great mountains had not been seen for eight days, and everybody laughed at our hope of seeing them. We slept, and early the next morning looked out on nothing but clouds. But about eight o'clock the curtain began to fall, and before nine there was a most splendid view of the whole range. In the midst was the lordly Kinchinjinga, the second highest mountain in the world, over 28,000 feet high. Think of that! Certainly, they made the impression of height, such as no mountains ever gave me before.

By and by we rode about six miles to another hill called Senchul, where the tip of Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world, 29,002 feet, is visible. That was interesting, but the real glory of the day was Kinchinjinga. We gazed at him till the jealous clouds came again in the afternoon and covered him; then we roamed over the little town and went to a Buddhist village a couple of miles away. The people here are Thibetans by origin, and they keep associations with the tribes upon the other side of the great hills. A company of Thibetans, priests and Lamas, had come over to celebrate the New Year, which with them begins on the 9th of February. They had the strangest music and dances, and queer outdoor plays, and we were welcomed as distinguished strangers, and set in the place of honor, feasted with oranges, and begged for backsheesh.

The next morning there were the giant hills again, and we looked at Kinchinjinga (I want you to learn his name) till eleven o'clock, when we took the train again for Calcutta, and arrived there on Friday afternoon about five. It was a splendid journey, and one to be always remembered. On my return to Calcutta I found two invitations waiting: one was to dine at the Government House with the Viceroy on Thursday evening. Of course, I was too late for that, and was very sorry, for now I shall not

see the great man and the viceregal court at all. The other was to an evening party on Friday, given by the Rajah Rajendra Narayan del Bahadur, "in honor of the late British victory in Egypt." Of course I went to this, and it was the biggest thing seen in India for years. It is said to have cost the old Rajah a lac of rupees, or $100,000. At any rate, it was very splendid and very queer, — acres of palace and palace grounds blazing with lights, a thousand guests, the natives in the most beautiful costumes of silk and gold; a Nautch dance going on all the time in one hall, a full circus, — horses, acrobats, clowns, and all, only after native fashion, — in a great covered courtyard, supper perpetual, and the great drawing-room blazing with family jewels. I stayed till one o'clock, and then came home as if from the Arabian Nights, and went to bed.[1]

Leaving Calcutta, he came to Madras. While there he made a trip to the Seven Pagodas, which only needed the company of his friends to have been complete to his imagination. Of this trip he wrote several weeks later to Rev. W. N. McVickar: —

Dear William, — How often I wished that you and Charles Cooper were with me off in India. There was one time especially when I imagined what it would be if you two fellows were burning tobacco on the same scow's deck. It was on the trip to the Seven Pagodas, as they call themselves. We drove five miles from Madras and came to a canal where there were three boats lying, queerest boats that ever were made. One was for us, me and my small companion, one for our servants and their cooking, and one for a Brahmin gentleman who had offered to go with us and was very wise in Indian Archæology. He might not go in our boat because we had no caste, and he must cook his own victuals and eat by himself. But save at eating time he came and sat with us. And all night long we crept along, drawn not by horses nor by mules after your Pennsylvania fashion, but by a score of naked savages, who shone in the moonlight and every now and then broke out into wild songs as they trotted along the shore. The nights were glorious, with such an atmosphere as we never see even in Boston, and the Brahmin (whose name was Pundit Natesasastri) talked eloquently and looked picturesque and told all about his strange life and wonderful belief. And I smoked and wished you fellows were there. And the next day we saw the most wonderful rock temples and hid ourselves from

[1] Published in *Letters of Travel*, p. 260.

the midday sun at the feet of Siva and Parvati, and then came back to Madras by a second night journey like the first. And all the while Cooper and you were writing sermons when you might just as well have been with me as not.

This letter to the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, gives us a specimen of his humor: —

CHEDAMBARAM, February 22, 1883.

DEAR COOPER, — In case you do not know where Chedambaram is, I will tell you that it is just ten miles from Vaithisvarankoil, and it is hotter than Philadelphia in fly time. I have been celebrating the birthday of Mr. Washington by firing off bottles of soda water all the morning ever since we came in from our early visit to the wonderful pagoda which is the marvel of this beautiful but benighted heathen town. The only way to see things here in Southern India is to start at daybreak, when the country is cool and lovelier than anything you can imagine. The palm-trees are waving in the early breeze. The elephants go crushing along with painted trunks and gilded tusks. The pretty Hindu girls are drawing water at the wells under the banana groves. The naked children are frolicking in the dust of the bazaars. The old men and women are drinking their early cocoanut, and you jolt along on the straw, in your creaking bullock cart, as jolly as a rajah. So we went this morning to do homage to the false gods. Vishnu had gone off on a pilgrimage, and his shrine was empty, but Siva was at home, and the howling devotees were in the middle of the morning service. They must have been about at the second lesson when we arrived, but, owing to the peculiar character of their language, it was not easy to make out just what stage of the morning exercises they had reached. But it didn't much matter, for immediately on our arrival the worship stopped where it was and the officiating clergyman came forward and ridiculously presented us with a lime each, and then tried to put a garland of flowers about our Christian necks. This last attention I refused with indignation, at his making a heathen so summarily out of a respectable presbyter of the P. E. Church from Bishop Paddock's diocese. He gracefully intimated that he didn't mind my being mad but would pocket the insult (or do whatever a fellow does who has no pocket, or indeed anything else except a dirty rag about his loins), provided I gave him the rupee which he expected all the same. While I was doing this there was a noise like seven pandemoniums outside, and soon in through the gate came a wild crowd

of savages yelling like fiends and carrying on their shoulders a great platform on which was a big brass idol all daubed with grease and hung with flowers. This was Vishnu, just returned from his sea bath, and in front of him came the craziest band of music made up of lunatics banging on tom-toms and screeching away on brazen trumpets three feet long. We saw the ugly Divinity safe in his shrine, and left the pagans yelling in their joy at getting their ugly image safely home.

By this time the sun was blazing, as I said, and we came home to the bungalow, which does duty for a tavern, and set a small Hindu to pulling away at a punkah rope at the cost of three cents a day. Then we cut up our sacred limes and poured soda water on the juice of them and made a drink which I advise you to try if ever you have to spend a hot day in Chedambaram. Then we breakfasted on rice and curry and fried bananas, and then I thought I would write to you and send you my blessing out of the depths of this Hindu darkness.

I can't tell you what a delightful thing this Indian trip has been. From the snows of the Himalayas down to these burning and luxuriant tropics, from the wonderful beauty of the exquisite Taj of the Mohammedan Emperor at Agra down to the grotesque splendor of this great Brahmin sanctuary which we have seen to-day, everything has been fascinating. Oh, if you and McVickar and George Strong had been with me all the way! I have had a pleasant young companion, who has behaved beautifully except when he got the smallpox in Delhi, and kept us there two weeks. But Delhi is, after all, the most interesting place in India, and if he was going to do it he could not have chosen a better place. We were guests there of some fine young English missionaries, who behaved splendidly under the affliction which we brought down upon them, and I went about with them and saw the ins and outs of missionary life which, when the right men are at it, is a splendid thing.

The hot season has set in within the last few days and we must be away, but I shall leave these gentle Hindus and their lovely land with great regret. Now we are on our way to Ceylon, and two weeks from to-day we sail from Colombo back to Suez, and then comes Spain. Are you right well, old fellow, and does the dear old study look just the way it used to do, and are you counting as much as I am the time when we shall meet again there at General Convention, and talk it all over and abuse the ——s in the dear old way?

Ever and ever yours,

P. B.

To the Rev. Percy Browne: —

P. & O. Steamship Rohilla, On the Ganges, February 13, 1883.

My dear Percy, — For almost five months I 've carried in my visiting case the letter which you wrote to me away back last September, and I have greeted you in heart a hundred times as I have looked at it. Now, how are things going with you, really? One or two glimpses I have had of you in other letters, — once preaching at the reading desk of Trinity (for which I thank you heartily!), once getting sat down on by a Brooklyn bishop for some first-rate sentiments on missions, once or twice at the Club, and all the rest my imagination has supplied. But now it is time that I should tell you how heartily I wished you all Christmas and New Year's good things. The New Year came in on me in the midst of an all-night ride on the way back from the wonderful Buddhist Caves at Ellora, — a night ride undertaken to escape the blazing January sun. It was all very different from the last old year's night, with its watch-meeting and the walk home in the snow, and Allen coming in just after with John the Baptist in his arms, and the long, peaceful smoke together with which we welcomed 1882. I could only address the heathen Hindu who was driving me, and wish him, in a tongue he could not understand, a Happy New Year, to which he responded with a friendly grin and grunt; but for the moment his grotesque figure, in his dirty turban, represented the human creatures whom I cared for most, and you may be sure that I did not forget you and all that I hope to enjoy with you before the year is out, as we rattled on in the moonlight. The year is more than half over. Germany was very delightful, but it has sunk back now into the distance behind this wonderful India, whose pictures of strange life and suggestions of strange thoughts have been before me for the last six weeks, — a perpetual surprise! Every morning to come out and find the Brahmins and the idols and the palm-trees and the temples and the color and the sunshine still there, and that it was not a mere spectacle of last evening's theatre or a dream of last night's sleep. And all the while Boston is there, and you and the other fellows are getting thick in Lent. What are you lecturing on this year? Last year, I think it was the great Christian heroes, was n't it? When Lent is over you will go to work on your convention sermon, and I know that those who sit and listen every year will hear this year some healthy, human, and divine truth, by which I pray thus early that they all may get the edification and blessing which they ought. And then, as if after the diocesan convention all the world must rest, summer will come,

and the pretty Marion house will take you all in again. Before another winter comes my wanderjahr will be over, and I shall be there again to see how much you all have outgrown me while I have been playing by the Spree and the Ganges. I wonder what changes I shall find. One thing I know I shall find, — and it makes me almost homesick when I think of it, — that you have not forgotten your old friendship, but will come in to my fireside and let me come out to yours, and we will console one another's old age and trot down the further side of the hill of clerical life together hand in hand. God bless and keep you always, — you and the wife and bairns, to all of whom I send love, and am more and more affectionately yours, P. B.

To the Rev. George A. Strong: —

Tanjore, February 23, 1883.

Dear George, — It is the loveliest Indian night, and I am sitting on the veranda of a travellers' bungalow, and it is cool, which is more than could have been said of any house to-day since breakfast time. What can I do better over my after-dinner cigar than have a little talk with you? Oh, that you were here, and that it could be real talk and not this miserable pen-and-ink business. But that must wait for six months yet. Then we will do it to our hearts' content.

A travellers' bungalow is a sort of government institution which exists in every considerable town in India which has no hotel, and in some that have. It takes you in, — gives you a bedstead. You must bring your own bedding, your own servant, your own victuals, and here you live as independent as a prince, or pack up and are off when you have seen the sights or done your business. The sight of Tanjore is a glorious pagoda, — a vast pyramidal Hindu temple, two hundred feet high, rich with all sorts of grotesque sculpture from top to bottom, and glowing with all sorts of colors, — red and brown and yellow and green and black, — all mellowed and harmonized with ages. Inside there is a hideous shrine with a hideous idol, but the outside is a marvel, and it stands in a great area dotted with palms and guavas, and with a lot of little temples sprouting as if from the roots of the big thing. This is our latest wonder; but every day for the last two months has had its spectacle, and such a sky has been over all all the time as even New Bedford never sees. . . . It has been a great success. Everybody has been very hospitable, and the only wonder has been to find each morning that it was not all a dream and has not vanished in the night. But it is almost over now. Next week we shall be in Ceylon, and

on the 7th of March we sail from Colombo to Suez, and shall be in commonplace Europe again before we know it. And how has the winter gone with you? While we are dodging the sun and lying low all the midday, you are burning your cheerful fire and trudging through the snow to comfort sick New Bedforders. And just now it is Lent, I think; I am not sure. A day which I believe was Ash Wednesday I spent up at Darjheeling gazing at the Himalayas. I have no daily service and no Confirmation Class. All of these things seem like dim memories, but I am glad that some of you are more faithful than I am, and are doing the Gospel work while I am loafing here among these naked heathen. It is wonderful how little clothes an utter absence of the Christian faith can get along with! I have almost wished I was a heathen for this one privilege of heathenism at any rate. I wonder how the new Church goes, and whether Mr. Hathaway and Colonel Fessenden still drop in of evenings (remember me kindly to them if they do); and whether you still write sermons on old scraps of paper and then copy them (I wish that I could hear one of them day after to-morrow). I do not wonder whether, for I *know* that you and M—— sometimes find time for a thought of your old friend. P. B.

TUTICORIN, INDIA, March 1, 1883.

DEAR MRS. PAINE. — This place with the strange name is the last place in India. We came here yesterday fully expecting to sail away this morning, but the steamer which is to take us to Colombo has not yet arrived, and so we shall have to spend the whole day waiting. It is terribly hot, but the picture that one sees from the veranda of the little Inn is pretty enough. The shore is lined with native boats, which are loading and unloading, and perpetual lines of black figures are wading back and forth with bales on their heads, bringing cocoanuts on shore and carrying Chilis and other Tuticorin produce out to the vessels. They seem to be enjoying both the water and the sun, and the chatter which they keep up is deafening. The children play in the sand in the foreground, and the women take the bales at the margin of the water and tug them up the beach. In the distance through the trees I can just see a bit of a native temple and of a Roman Catholic church.

And this is the last of India. I look back on two months of as delightful travel as I have ever enjoyed. To be sure, there is about a week of Ceylon yet to come, but that is not really India and will be an experience by itself, a sort of hymn after the sermon before we turn our faces homewards. India itself is over,

and the whole already begins to blend into the sort of dream which one has of a country where he has hurriedly travelled for a little while. But its interest has been very great indeed. To speak of only one thing, the constant suggestions about our own Christian faith which have come from the daily sight of heathen worship and missionary effort have given me much which I shall never lose. Christianity grows very simple when one sees the need of it here. God forbid that it should come to these poor people, burdened with the elaborations and distinctions which it has accumulated among us. I hope that I shall be able to preach with a clearer sense of what the heart and soul of the whole matter really is, because of what I have seen in India.

I have met with the kindest hospitality everywhere, and have made some friends whom I shall always value; but, dear me! the new friends cannot be like the old ones, and many a time I have dreamed of the day when I should come back to you all at home, or, what I hope will take place first, meet you all somewhere in Europe in the summer. I hope there are letters over there in Colombo to tell me of your plans. What you are doing now I can pretty accurately picture. You are happily settled in the new house, I am sure, and every now and then I think I hear a bit of a speech on charity organization wafted on these soft spicy breezes. My best love always to all from the oldest to the youngest. God keep you all safe and well.

Always your friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

From Madras he went to Ceylon, where he spent a week, visiting the Buddhist shrines, talking with Buddhist priests, and especially interested in the Buddhist schools and in the contrast between Buddhism and Hindu religion. As he could quickly extract from a book its essence, so from conversation and observation he was quick to see the significance of the actual situation. The whole man was alive to the greatness of the opportunity presented to him. In his spare moments he was reading important books on India, — the writings of Hunter and Wilkins. On the religion of India he supplemented what he saw by the works of students such as Max Müller, Barth, and Rhys Davids. Trevelyan's "Cawnpore," the writings of Meadows Taylor, Macaulay's essays on "Clive" and "Warren Hastings," furnished him with information which he coördinated with his own experience. He mentions "Mr. Isaacs," a novel by Marion Craw-

ford, which has caught the real life of the people as he himself had seen it, "The atmospheric contrast between the Englishman's sharp, clear concreteness and the Indian's subtlety and mystery very well brought out." He found a new interest in reading again Arnold's "Light of Asia." Over Bishop Heber's "Journey" he brooded, admiring its spirit, and gaining great reverence for the man.

Into his note-book there went some of his deeper reflections. First impressions of a country have their value as compared with those which a long sojourn induces. In this case the personality of the observer, his comprehensive outlook, his psychological penetration, his knowledge of man, and his genius for religion, all combine to give interest and worth to the thoughts that follow: —

IMPRESSIONS OF INDIAN RELIGION.

Hinduism, the great stock faith. Its wonderful pliability, philosophical and idolatrous both; subtle and gross at once. In neither aspect morally elevating.

From time to time moral reforms, which afterwards degenerate into either, first, theological differences, like Buddhism, and Jainism, its successor; or second, political and military movements, like Sikhism.

These reform movements always taking place, but always being reabsorbed by the superior strength of the great Hindu system.

The new theism is a stronger movement, because it has affiliations with the two great forces which are moving in the outer world.

The strongest point of present Hinduism is probably transmigration. Its effect on habits, no meat eating. Caste is its great social light and safeguard, keeping its central core solid and compact. The true Brahman cannot travel, must prepare his own food, etc.

Then comes Mohammedanism, sharp, precise, simple, and intolerant, — without philosophy, cutting right through the whole life of the nation, like a wedge. Existing principally in the north.

Sikhism was originally a sort of attempt to reconcile Hinduism and Mohammedanism, but this character has long since gone out of it.

The Brahmanical doctrine of *Identity*, the assurance that sin and misery alike consisted and resulted in the separation of the

personal soul from the *Atman*, the universal self, the absolute existence, and that the struggle of man must be towards, as the reward of man will be in, his reëntrance into the Eternal Identity by the death of his own individual will or desire. The idea also that all the finite world is a delusive dream, a *Maya*, with which the Eternal Being amuses itself, as it were, and which must disappear as the mist disappears above the river which runs on still. All this which we reject entirely as a philosophy, or answer to the problems of existence, has yet in it a wonderful power of appeal to some moods of almost all our natures, which is quite sufficient to make us understand how it could have been, and is still, held by multitudes of souls.

First the worship of Nature and her great objects and forces; then the sense of a creative and governing power behind all; the analysis of this power into a mythology, — this seems to have been the course of Hinduism. The simplicity of the Vedic deities, Indra, Agni, and Surya; the Puranic deities opening from the three, — Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva (probably something to do with aboriginal gods which the Aryans found), through the incarnations of the second and the progeny and the harem of the third into a countless pantheon. Along with this ran the deification process, always manufacturing new deities, and the priestly impulse making more: for superstition, being childish, is always desiring more, and discontented with what it has; and priesthood hardly ever restrains but always stimulates and tries to satisfy this longing. These three together are the causes which produce a mythology: —

(1) The naturalistic, analyzing the natural process. (2) The historic, enlarging real personalities. (3) The priestly, making gods at popular demand.

The three kinds of deities represented in Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva: the mysterious, the familiar, and the awful, found in all religious systems as the conception of God formed by different nations.

With all the tremendous exaggerations of space, time, and size, in these Hindu stories, you can get nothing more than the universal and perpetual human passions. Heroes and gods thirty feet high, living ten thousand years, can, after all, only love and hate and wish and dread.

Buddha called a Vishnu incarnation by the Hindus, and his unorthodox teaching considered to be for the sake of deluding God's enemies, — a most ingenious and theological device.

The Krishnu stories, showing how men will play with their religion.

Siva is pure spirit, although to render himself perceptible and conceivable, he deigns to assume a body composed "not of matter, but of force." The modern sound of this last notion.

The subordinate value of the Trinity idea (Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva), in Hinduism portrayed in Barth, p. 186 and preceding pages.

The Vedic religion develops but feebly and hesitatingly the notion of divine personality. *Kâma* (desire) stirring in the self-existent mass is vaguely but profoundly declared to be its origin. Then the personal god *Ka* (who?) is evolved into the absolute *Tat* (that). (See Barth's "Religions of India," p. 30.) This is very sublime, surely, but the definiteness with which it seems to point out a central will soon disappears in the multitude of powers, each of whom has a name which, while it seems personal, really characterizes only an abstract force.

The old Brahman said, "God is everything, and the earth and all things sensible are illusion (Maya)." The modern scientist says, "The sensible things alone are real, and God is all a dream." Somewhere these two, getting entirely around the circle, must meet.

Hunter, p. 212, describes the present relation of the people to the Hindu triad. Brahma, only a handful of worshippers; Vishnu supplies a worship for the middle classes; Siva, a philosophy for the learned, and a superstition, cruel and pale, for the lowest classes. Is there not something like this in the Christian's relation to different conceptions of God and Christ?

Strange lack of creative power in modern Hinduism, their architecture is all old.

The endless hope of Brahmanism, which is transmigration, becomes by and by the dread and despair of Buddhism, which only comes to escape from it in Nirvana. The relapse again into the hopelessness in later Hinduism.

Talk with Brahman gentleman on road from Amber back to Jeypore. His disbelief in Chunder Sen; unwillingness to be himself a priest and make profit out of his religion. Declaration that he would be cast out by his family if he did so. Assertions that Brahmanism was better than Christianity because it taught mercy not only to human creatures but to beasts. Dislike of Christian missionaries because, as he said, they do not live good lives, which seemed to be a judgment not from moral standards, but from a purely sectarian one, with regard to religious observances, etc. Comparison with Roman Catholic missionaries to the advantage of the latter. The way the Roman Catholics adapt

themselves to the people, take their dress and ways of life. He alleged a want of sympathy of Protestant missionaries with the people; says that baptism is a great hindrance, expects vaguely a day when all the religions — Mussulman, Hindu, and Christian — will coalesce. Believes in a present awakening among Brahmans, makes much of Fakirs and the theurgic power of a pure life, which point, however, is largely technical. Believes in cure of diseases and inspired sight of truth. Fully adopts the esoteric view of the gods. Idolatry only for lower classes. Talks much of Mohammedan oppression, but believes that when the Mussulman conquered the Hindu that Hinduism was degenerate, and needed the discipline. Thinks the same of British dominion, which he does not regret.

The way in which the great temples at Madura and elsewhere, with their courts of public resort, and their places for the sale of goods more or less connected with the worship, remind one of and throw light upon what one reads of the Temple at Jerusalem.

In the temple at Madura, above a miserable tank, is the carved image of a Brahman murdering his father; said to signify that even that crime this tank can wash away.

The great pagoda at Chedambaram is the most terrible specimen of pure idolatry. All refinements and subtleties and spiritualizations fade away in the presence of such brutality and darkness. All comparisons with the darker sides of Christian history become mere fallacies.

The awful state of morals at Delhi; unnatural crimes of the most awful sort. Traceable, perhaps, to the practices of early marriages and early exhaustion, and of the isolation of women and consequent constitution of society solely by men. The country regions better than the city. The absolute failure of Hindu religion to restrain passion. Certainly occidental morals must come in; and if in the West those morals rest on Christian faith, it must be that the Christian faith shall be brought here as their basis.

As Mr. Brooks passed from India to Ceylon, he had received more favorable impressions of Buddhism than of Indian religion. A few of his remarks on Buddhism will serve to show that he did not fail to do justice to its truth, while discerning its weakness. But for Buddha himself he had a feeling of reverence.

As one sees the Buddhists in Ceylon, there is certainly a look of intelligence such as one does not easily find in the ordinary

Hindu. There was nothing which we saw (at least in India) like the Buddhist temple at Colombo, or like the instruction scene at Kandy.

The three Buddhist notions of (1) *Skandha*, or the composition of each man out of elemental conditions, which disunite at his death, and even if they unite again to make another being, who is his true successor, they do not make him. (2) *Karma* (act), or the perpetuation of the results of a life in the succeeding being, something quite distinct from transmigration. (3) *Nirvana*, the final falling back of this special phenomena of life into the mass of universal existence; an anticipation of this in present life, indifference and rest. In all of these a constant extinction of personality both human and divine.

It is clear enough that the Buddhist did and does draw a distinction, perhaps too subtle for our minds to follow, but still real to him, between Nirvana and personal annihilation.

Buddha's Bo tree, occupying almost the same place in Buddhism that the cross does in Christianity. It marks the difference. The first religion saves by contemplation, the other by active sacrifice. No such power given to Christ's *temptation*.

The pathetic connection of Buddha's doctrine of the misery of life and the hope of ceasing to be, with the miserable circumstances of the special life which he saw about him; with the German pessimist it is all different; a fancy theory.

The great remonstrance against caste is the noblest part of Buddha's teaching.

The lapse into the worship of Buddha (a false personal religion) shows where the weakness of his system lay. Original Buddhism a *religion of character*.

The analogy of the Vedic religions, of Brahmanism, of Hinduism, and of Buddhism, on the one hand, with primitive Christianity and the early dogmatism and mediævalism and the Reformation on another, and with the patriarchal system and Mosaism and Pharisaism and Christianity on yet another, is illustrative of the whole constantly repeated movement of human nature. The step from Vedism to Brahmanism being associated with the rising authority of the priesthood, and with the loss of the free knowledge of the language of the Vedic hymns, corresponds exactly to the change which took place as the simple substance of the apostolic Christianity passed over into the highly organized ecclesiastical and dogmatic systems of the Latin Church.

There is much both in Brahmanism and Buddhism that throws light upon the varying understandings of the "New" or "Second birth," which have played so large a part in the contentions and

speculations of Christendom. Each of these systems, according to its intrinsic nature, has its own understanding of the idea and phrase which both contain. Brahmanism (see Barth, Religions of India, p. 51) applies it to the boy's formal entrance on a certain period of life, his established manhood. Buddhism, on the other hand, makes it mean the perception of profounder truth which comes with the awakening of the spiritual nature by contemplation. Both of these unite in Christianity with the idea of moral determination (transformation where the nature has been going wrong) to make that complete notion of fulfilled life which is what the phrase is always struggling for, what it means in the supreme use of it by Jesus.

Mr. Brooks could not fail to observe the society into which he was thrown in India; and upon this, as upon Hindu and Buddhist types of religion, he comments in his note-book. The Anglo-Indian, the English officials, and the Civil Service, the missionaries whose acquaintance he cultivated, are alluded to in these extracts: —

England came into India with a conquest of violence and fraud; and, having established herself, she proceeds to govern the country without sympathy but with careful justice, establishing the most perfect Civil Service in the world. That service is something at which we never cease to wonder. Highly paid, well selected, free from political subservience, so that a very large part of them to-day are enemies of the present government, they are the most conscientious, faithful, incorruptible body of servants, I believe, that are administering the government of any country anywhere in the world.

The thoroughly high character of the English lieutenant-governors. Sir Charles Atchison, at Lahore, Sir Alfred Lyall, at Allahabad, Sir Rivers Thompson, at Calcutta, Mr. Grant Duff, at Madras, Sir James Fergusson, at Bombay, and Lord Ripon, as viceroy: all (especially the first four) men long and intimately acquainted with India.

English colonel's statement (at Jeypore), that the more an Englishman sees of other people the more he dislikes them. If this were true, what a great incapacity it would show for the work on inferior races, which in these days seems to be more and more intrusted to the Englishman. There is no love lost between the two races in India.

The naturalness of the great Mutiny here; in some views it is just what Englishmen would most praise if it were not against

themselves. Of course, it was savage; but they were savages, and the English had done very little to make them anything else.

The Anglo-Indian has a sort of mental and moral thin bloodedness which somehow or other the English seem able to bear less than most races. The first-rate Englishman is the best thing in the world.

The very great assumption of the old Anglo-Indian that he knew more about the worth of missions than the missionary; the liking which he often has for R. C. missions, and even for native idolatries.

The society of India is either gross heathenism, with its almost total absence of higher things, or English civil life, full of the littleness of officialism, disliking the country, anxious to be away, and with more or less of spite or mutual jealousy. Among these, apart from its direct religious power, how valuably comes in the sweet, unselfish life of such works as the Cambridge Mission.

His final impressions give the missionaries in India and the English Civil Service an equal place with the great Hindu Temple Taj and the great mountain Kinchinjinga. He had felt some doubts and misgivings about the actual results, as about the methods of missions when he went to India. These had disappeared, and in their place rose enthusiasm and gratitude and hopefulness. Thus, in most of his letters he speaks of missions, and repeats his statement so often, that some repetition here will be excusable. To Rev. C. A. L. Richards he writes: —

These missionaries are really splendid fellows, many, *most* of them. One hears from them far more intelligent talk about religion and the relation of Christianity to other faiths than he would hear from the same number of parsons at home (outside the Club). They and the civil servants of the English government are doing much for India. Oh, for a Civil Service such as this at home! I think, next to the Taj and Kinchinjinga, that is the most impressive sight that I have seen in this strange land.

The missionaries are as noble a set of men and women as the world has to show. Tell your friends who "do not believe in Foreign Missions" (and I am sure there are a good many such) that they do not know what they are talking about, and that three weeks' sight of mission work in India would convert them wholly.

He stood in Henry Martyn's pulpit, and the words inscribed upon it, "He was a burning and a shining light," became luminous with a new meaning. Some of his reflections on missions, which ever afterwards remained prominent in his mind, should here be given: —

Bishop Heber's clear belief in the possibilities of Indian character, along with his clear conception of their present degradation. See his "Journey." The way his character stands out ideally in the history of Indian missions.

The Bishop of Calcutta, (February 3) talking about the foolishness and uselessness of trying to take the Hindu's view, — "Give them the Englishman's and let them find out their own." Poor talk.

Curious article in "Home and Foreign Church Work," asserting the need of asceticism in India. I do not believe it.

Missions in India; their naturalness when one is on the ground. Impossible to think of English people not having them, and so of all Christian people with reference to the whole heathen world. Some 300,000 to 400,000 Protestant Christians now in India.

The question how missions look to one in a heathen land; — intensely practical and absolutely necessary. And, also, as it must be in the case of the missionary himself, it brings itself to a personal question, Can this man be lightened with the Light? The great 250,000,000 are a paralysis. This man is an inspiration, and his conversion or the struggle for it keeps hope alive.

The really unanimous testimony to the Indian's untruthfulness. The awful business of haggling in the bazaars. The Indian's own account of it, — that it is the result of endless conquests and successions of tyrannical dynasties.

The first sense of tameness in the converts, — loss of their first rude and fierce picturesqueness. This to be watched over, but still it must come to some extent. The maniac among the tombs turned into the well-dressed man going home to his friends.

How much there possibly may be in the Anglo-Indian's statement that the Christian convert is less trustworthy than the Hindu. Possibly something. His associations are broken, and he lacks whatever good influence there possibly may be in loyalty to caste. He has a strong restraint in fellow-men's judgment. His neighbors despise him. Fear for such, — the case in all transition times. Think of old Corinth, and what its magistrate must have said of Paul's converts, "Have any of the Pharisees believed in Him?"

I do not know of any country where religious statistics would

mean so little, or, at least, would have to be taken with so much careful reserve as in India. Whole districts have been nominally converted for the sake of food in famine times; and there is something disheartening in the way in which Europeans of all kinds distrust the converted Hindu more than his heathen brother. Still I believe beyond all doubt that the missionaries are doing a great work, and that the time is not far off when it will show; but it must be by some more intimate reading of the thought and genius of the people than has yet been made; not merely plucking brands from the burning, but by putting out the fire.

The Indians have the primary affections very strong, — parental and filial affections, love of kindred, kindness for creatures, craving for immortality, sense of wonder. These are what Christianity starts with, and what it is to build into completeness.

After all, the Hindu mind, haunted by the conception of escape and holiness, has something pathetic and sublime about it. No comfortable settling down to life. Somehow the touch needed, which shall move all this power into the region of moral life; — there is where it seems powerless now. The old paradox of much religion and no morality, which we settle far too easily and offhandedly when we decide that the religion is hypocrisy.

The only advantage in the multitudinousness of denominations in India is the chance that it may leave the question open for the promotion of the national Christianity. Perhaps there was no other possible way for this to come about but by the variety of approach, making the establishment of any one type impossible, — the way this possibly might impress a Hindu.

Certainly the change to the newer forms of appeals for missions involves the confidence in a higher condition, in the working of better and nobler motives in those to whom we appeal. It may be a question whether men are ready for it, but here, as always, I believe very much in the possibility of making them to *be* by assuming that they *are*. Certainly we see the reverse of this constantly. Men are made unfit for high appeals by the assumption that they can only respond to the lower.

One high appeal for missions ought to be the need of Christianity for a broader and completer life, — what these other people will do for our Christianity if they become Christians. I think we often understand missions best if we think of the converting power, and that which it tries to convert, as individuals rather than vague masses. Surely one man may say to another, "I want you to believe my truth, partly in order that by the way in which it influences you and by the form in which your mind apprehends it I may be able to see new sides of it and understand

its richness more." The moon would know more of what light is, if it could study the earth on which the sun's reflected light shines from itself.

The reconstruction and simplification of Christian theology is imperatively demanded by missions. Indeed the missionaries are quietly doing it, almost unconsciously doing it, themselves. Christianity as a book religion, resting on the infallible accuracy of a written word, or as a propitiatory religion, providing a mere escape for hopeless culprits, or as a doctrinal religion, depending on the originality of some statements of truth, all of these aspects of it fade; and Christianity as a personal faith revealing *in* Christ, not simply *by* Him, the present living fatherhood of God, becomes the powerful and precious substance of our faith.

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